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AUGUST
1949



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THE RED NAPOLEON**

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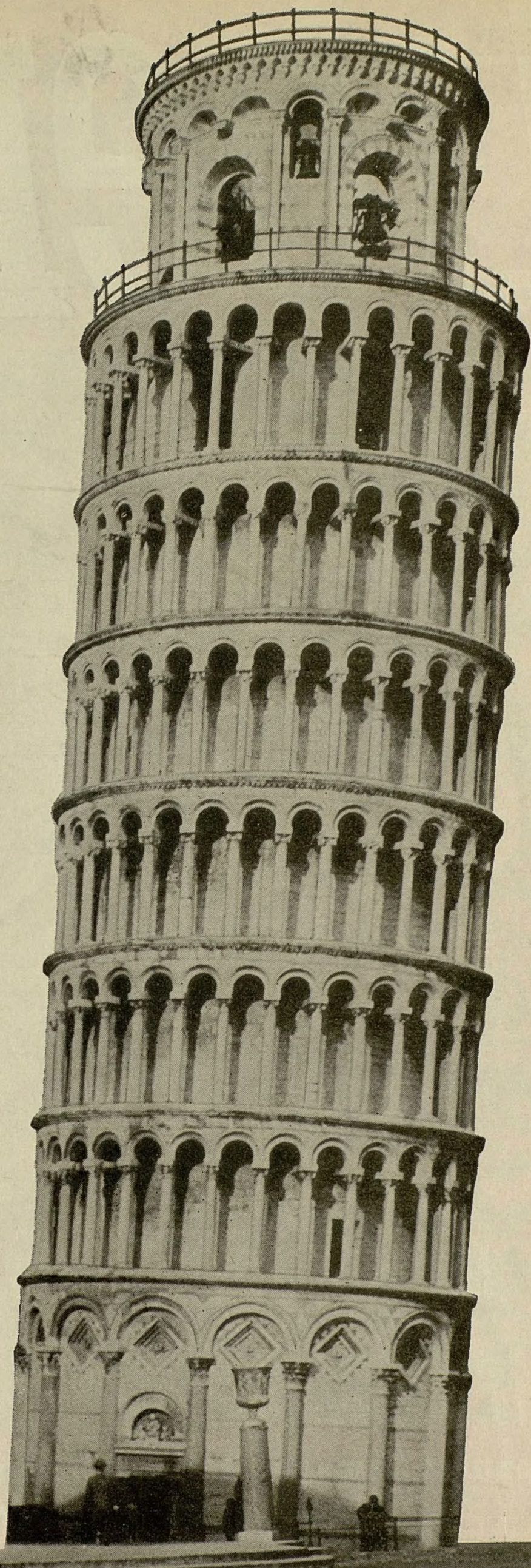
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◆ When Congressman Dewey Short, author of **ARE CONGRESSMEN PEOPLE?** (page 18), rises to address the House, members of both parties and even jaded pages, flock out of the cloakrooms to listen. The Congressman is known as the silver-tongued hillbilly and the sage of the Ozarks. Despite the homespun implication, he has studied at Harvard, Oxford, and Heidelberg and taught philosophy.

◆ If you look closely at the illustration on pages 20 and 21, you will see some of your favorite celebrities. The illustration is for Thyra Samter Winslow's story **TECHNIQUE**, and shows the Cub Room of New York's Stork Club. At the table farthest left is the club's famous bossman, Sherman Billingsley, and with him are two famous Hearst columnists, Dorothy Kilgallen and Walter Winchell. Seated to the right of the beautiful girl in the forefront of the illustration are singer Morton Downey, society columnist Igor Cassini (Cholly Knickerbocker), and J. Edgar Hoover—all Stork Club regulars.

◆ We are told that at least one other U. S. institution besides Liberty is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this year—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one of the oldest and perhaps the biggest of California's film factories. We will always remember the thrill of seeing Ramon Navarro and Francis X. Bushman in *Ben-Hur*; Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in *Min and Bill*; Lionel Barrymore in *Grand Hotel*; Laughton in *Mutiny on the Bounty*; and Garson and Pidgeon in *Mrs. Miniver*. The *Big Parade*, *Trader Horn*, *Dinner at Eight*, and *The Wizard of Oz* also pleasantly stir the embers of memory—to mention but a few big Metro hits. And where would movies have been without Metro's big find—a fellow named Clark Gable!

◆ We have seen all manner of expense accounts—or "swindle sheets" as they are called—in our day, but none quite so fascinating as the ones filed by Ed Cunningham, our foreign correspondent. Receipted bills from Hotel Excelsior in Rome, Excelsior Hotel Italie in Florence, Quisisana & Grande Albergo in Capri, and stubs of sleeper tickets to Casablanca and the like arouse Wanderlust in us. Ah, well—if we can't have Capri, there's always Staten Island!

(Continued on page 6)

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CONTENTS • AUGUST

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG, Publisher; DAVID BROWN, Editor

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Ed Cunningham, Europe and the Orient

ARTICLES

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE BIG CARRIER THAT WASN'T BUILT.....	13
Stacy V. Jones	
HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST STUDIO.....	16
ARE CONGRESSMEN PEOPLE?.....	18
Representative Dewey Short	
SIN STREET.....	22
Steven Casey Williams	
IF YOUR CHILD GETS POLIO.....	26
Nanette Kutner	
WHISTLE STOP.....	28
Elizabeth Wilson	
HOW TO SELL YOUR HUSBAND SUCCESS.....	30
Elmer Wheeler	
HAPPINESS, INC.....	34
Clint Mosher	

STORIES

IS MY FACE RED?.....	14
Elliott White Springs	
TECHNIQUE.....	20
Thyra Samter Winslow	
THE KID GROWS UP—Short Short.....	24
Ernest Lehman	
A BULLET FOR MY LOVE—Part II.....	32
Octavus Roy Cohen	

HOME AND PASTIME

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TELEVISION, 51; HOW TO BUY A TV SET, 52; HOW TV WORKS, 56; WILL PRICES COME DOWN? 56; WILL YOU LOVE YOUR '49 TV SET IN '59? 57; TV STARS OF TODAY, 58; HOW TO ENTERTAIN THE TV WAY, 61; HOW TV WILL AFFECT FAMILY LIFE, 62; WHEN TV WILL HIT YOUR HOME TOWN, 64; TV SHOW OF THE FUTURE, 66

BOOK CONDENSATION

THE RED NAPOLEON.....	83
Floyd Gibbons	

FEATURES

SHORT CUTS.....	6
Nanette Kutner	
MY TWELVE MOST DIFFICULT QUESTIONS.....	7
Bob Hawk	
CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	8
WASHINGTON.....	9
Stacy V. Jones	
SHANANAGRAM.....	10
VOX POP.....	10
MOVIE REVIEWS.....	36
Elizabeth Wilson	
SHOPPING.....	74
Eileen Burke	

COVER

Kodachrome by John Randolph—Guillumette

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after your
next raise...

...will you still be broke?

ONE of the tragedies of business is that so many executives and promising young men just manage to scrape by year after year regardless of how much money they make.

Often, men of inferior ability and earning power are better off financially — better able to provide for their families and meet emergencies.

The reason, of course, is that some men fail in understanding the all-important fundamentals of intelligent buying and saving. They are defeated by budgets and sound financial planning.

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It is one of the fascinating delights of business to see what a single year can do in the lives of ambitious men working under systematic guidance. The Institute works no miracles, but it does provide a program so complete and

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There is no charge for "Forging Ahead in Business" for the simple reason that it is worth only what you make it worth. Some men glance through it, and toss it aside. Others have found a fortune in its pages.

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◆ We have been beseeched by the Inner Sanctum of Successful People, Inc. (who could resist?), to attend a luncheon at which the program would be outlined. This group, headed by a New York business man, is promoting the idea of success to the nation's youth. While the notion of promoting success to anybody might seem a bit unnecessary, it is a vital task in a day when the germ of collectivism has revived the jingle, "The world owes me a living." The Boys Clubs of America are working with this new organization and the project strikes us as a capital idea.

◆ The perils of prognostication are grave indeed in the business of telling magazine readers what will appear in a publication's next issue. An illustration that must be redone, a revision, or even a last-minute change of editorial heart can be the reason. In the case of Carmen Lopez' excellent short story, *THE BISHOP'S STAIRCASE*, announced for (but not published in) this issue, it was simply a matter of lack of space—or, more specifically, unwillingness to cut a good story more than is warranted. You will read it—barring any of the aforementioned circumstances—in the September issue.

◆ September *Liberty* brings Ed Cunningham back—continuing his series, *What It's Like Overseas Today*.

Floyd Wendt brings you a startling exposé of conditions in Chicago. And if you want the straight answer to that provocative question, *IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MODELS?* read Cynthia Hope and Frances Ancker's informative article. On the fiction side, Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain bring you a memorable short story entitled *NOBODY'S DOG*. Fans of George Harmon Coxe will be pleased to know there's a new Coxe story in the September *Liberty*. There are also short stories by Rupert Hughes and Frederick Nebel, and, of course, another installment of the exciting Octavus Roy Cohen serial, *A BULLET FOR MY LOVE*. All the usual departments will be on deck plus a condensation of James Michener's Pulitzer prize-winning book, *TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC*. This is the book on which the Broadway hit, *South Pacific*, is based. Twenty cents at your nearest newsstand is the price of admission.—D. B.

EDITED BY NANETTE KUTNER

◆ Kathryn Murray, who is married to Arthur Murray, America's best-known dancing instructor, used to be a schoolma'am.

The Murrays are the parents of twin daughters, one of whom will be married this summer. And entertaining her daughters' beaux gave pretty Mrs. Murray the idea for this Short Cut.

Said Mrs. Murray, "During the hot weather when the young people (and we always have a lot of them around the house) call for plenty of iced drinks, I make crushed ice in a jiffy by putting ice cubes through the meat grinder, using the coarse attachment. This new use doesn't hurt the meat grinder!"

DOG DAYS When my dog frets because of the heat, I dig a small hollow in the ground and soak it with water. Then I get an old pillow



slip and fill this with cracked ice. I put the slip in the hollow, covering it with a thin layer of dirt. My dog is comfortable for the rest of the day.—Robert Faiss, N. Las Vegas, Nev.

PICNIC CLOTH I solved the problem of that flying picnic cloth by sewing a pocket in each of its four corners. Now, when we go on a picnic, it's a simple job to put a rock in each one of those four pockets. The rocks hold the cloth firmly in place.—Mrs. Elwyn R. Sneed, Aberdeen, Wash.

GARDEN HOSE If last year's garden hose has innumerable little leaks, go over the whole length with pliable roofing paint. This treat-



ment will close all the tiny breaks and will make your hose last more than a year longer. A painter taught me this trick 30 years ago.—Mrs. Pat J. McCormack, Pasadena, Calif.

MORE PICNIC I fill drinking straws with mixed salt and pepper, leaving about an inch empty, to fold over. I cut them in half for two eggs in lunches. I always keep a few filled. This saves time when in a hurry.—Mrs. Anna Olsen, Maywood, Ill.

WARM-DAY CAKE These hot days I hate to use my oven more than is

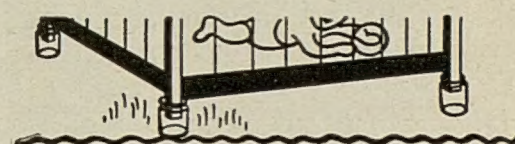
absolutely necessary, so I bake individual shortcakes in my *electrified waffle iron* and use a rich drop biscuit batter. This enables me to



treat my family to homemade shortcake and at the same time keep my kitchen cool.—Mrs. Bessie Tole Colorado Springs, Colo.

IRONING-BOARD TABLE As I do a lot of entertaining in my two-room apartment, I often need an extra table, so I set up my ironing board. I drape it with either a long tablecloth or a gay and festive piece of crepe paper or plastic material hanging to the floor. This gives it a gala dress. Many are the dishes that can be placed on the board and it takes up little space.—Mrs. E. Solomon, Chicago, Ill.

BABY PEN Before solving the problem of moving baby's play pen to follow the sun (or the shade on hot days), I had to take the baby



out of the pen, carry the pen folded, to the new location, set it up again, and once more get the baby and put him in the pen. Now I set each pen leg in one of the little glass jars that contained baby food. Then the pen, with the baby in it, glides easily. The legs do not dig holes in my lawn and they are clean when I have to set the pen indoors.—Mrs. Dorothy W. Koehler Fontana, Calif.

HOT JELLY When pouring hot jelly or jam into jars, I use a damp dishcloth folded into a 2½-inch band wrapped around the top of a jar. I tightly hold the ends, as a handle. This avoids spilling around the jar and burning fingers. Also no wiping off of jars is necessary.—Mrs. L. Anderson, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR MOSQUITO BITES When my ankles are badly bitten, I get instant relief by applying colorless nail polish to the bites.—Mrs. Harriet Pratt, Alma, Mich.

For each Short Cut published, *Liberty* will pay \$15. Short Cuts must be from your own experience or observation, and the source given. Only acceptances are acknowledged. All contributions become the property of *Liberty Magazine, Inc.* Address contributions to Short Cut Editor, *Liberty Magazine*, 37 West 57th Street, New York City 19, N. Y.

My Twelve Most Difficult Questions

By **BOB HAWK** Noted Quiz Master on CBS Camel Show



Bob Hawk

Following are twelve questions that have never been satisfactorily answered by quiz contestants on my show. If you can answer any one of them, you may consider yourself better informed than all the thousands of persons I have quizzed in more than a decade on the air.

- 1—*What is a "Yankee dime"?*
- 2—*Based on the 1946 timetables, what is the fastest scheduled train run in the United States?*
- 3—*Who was the first Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court?*
- 4—*Five-tenths per cent of what extract is used to give ice cream "body"?*
- 5—*Give within ten the number of muscles you have in your body.*
- 6—*What is the usual shape of a natural grain of table salt?*
- 7—*How many quarts of average milk are needed to make one pound of butter?*
- 8—*Who was the first living American to have his name inscribed on a postage stamp?*
- 9—*What is the name given to Domenico Theotocopuli?*
- 10—*What is the largest waterfall in the world and where is it located?*
- 11—*How much snow would be needed to equal, on the average, about one inch of rain?*
- 12—*Who painted the famous picture called Washington Crossing the Delaware?*

Answers will be found on page 82

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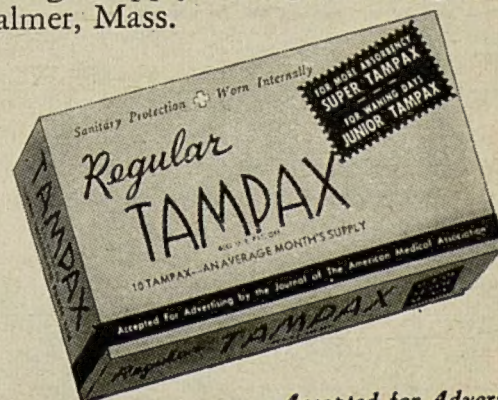


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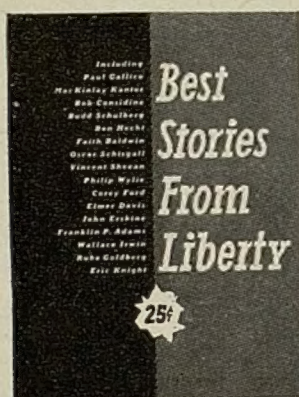
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By TED SHANE

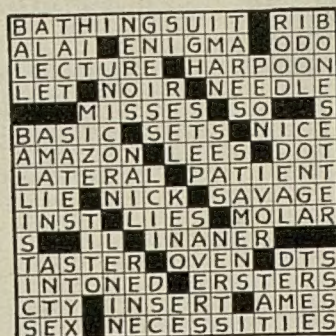
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Every General of the Chairborne Division'll have to operate one in the next war
- 10 It's a\$ \$carce a\$ hen's\$ etcetera\$
- 14 Moneyed darling of maharajahs
- 15 Member of flyers' union, being worked to death by the queen
- 16 You just couldn't get one out of Washington (two words)
- 17 Tale twister; press agent
- 18 What the printer does after he cuts the deck
- 19 How folks are at Lake Placid
- 20 It has its ups and downs but bears watching
- 21 Animated water pipe
- 22 Island where women hunt bear (Well, I'm not sarong!)
- 24 Emergency turbines (naut.)
- 26 Sounds fishy
- 27 What Toscanini beats up his musicians with (pl.)
- 30 Purée of red ink (two words)
- 33 Sardonic comedy
- 34 Would you call a New York mailman the this of Manhattan?
- 35 Radishes Leave Hints (abbr.)
- 36 Chops
- 37 They get you in the end
- 38 Men in underwear running around in circles
- 39 Twisted elm
- 40 M.D. feelings
- 41 Treedshananagramatically
- 42 A woman'd give her right eye for a few big ones
- 44 Boston-American Colonial Line, ran from Charlestown to Lexington

- 45 Molehillbillies
- 46 Male Frog
- 47 Did anybody ever do this to the Letter from Three Wives?
- 50 Little Man
- 51 Super braintrusts (abbr.)
- 55 Crapshooter's motto: Roll 'em and - - -!
- 56 Beat out Shakespeare
- 58 Pertaining to a laymanly body of water
- 59 One of the Carnegies
- 60 Borscht-fed female
- 61 Laurence's mother, Mae Olivier
- 62 Part of the Mount Palomar overhead
- 63 It's guaranteed to help us climb out of a depression

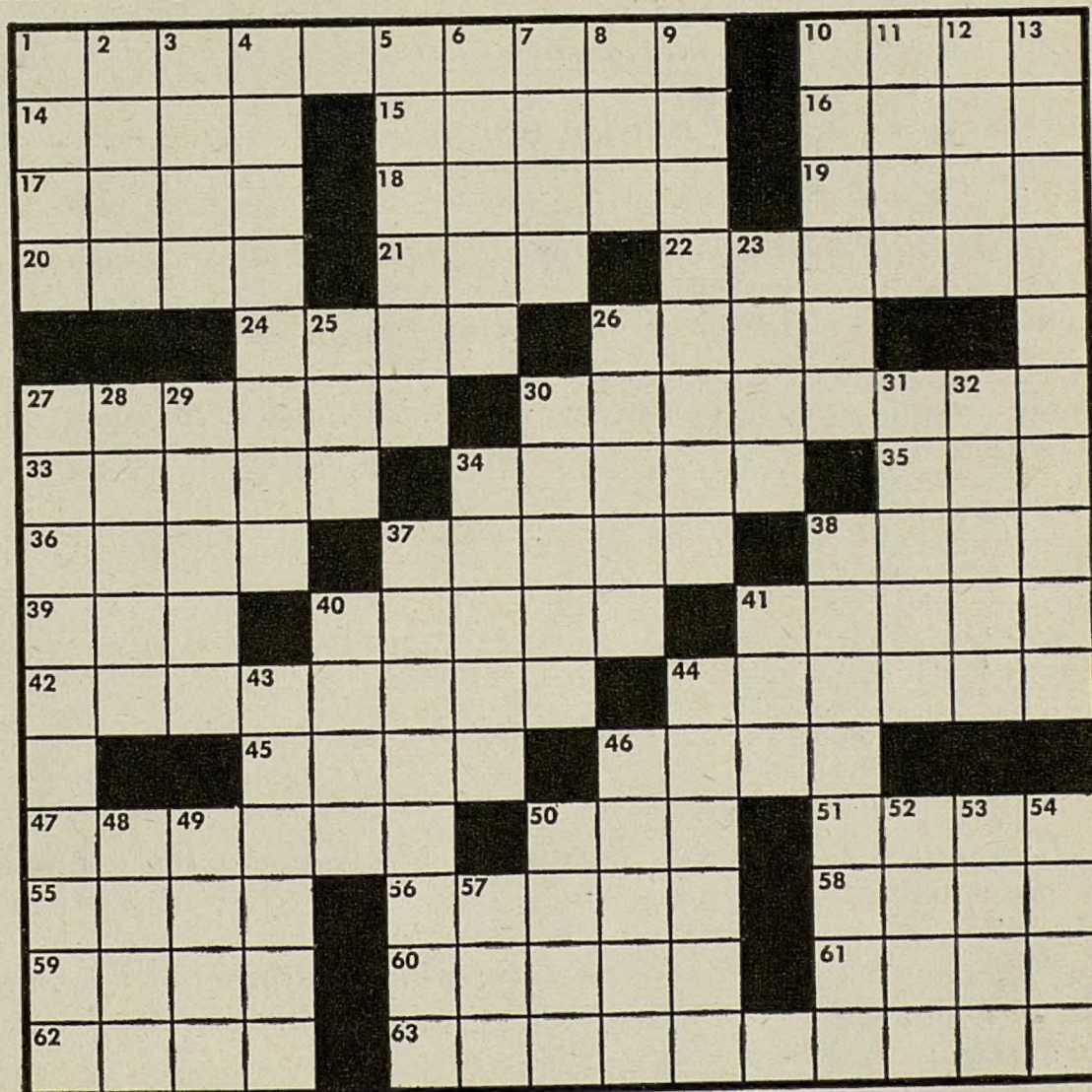
VERTICAL

- 1 Guys who never steal your gals (sez you!)
- 2 Teamsters form one
- 3 Aberdeen cornflakes
- 4 Hairpins for giantesses
- 5 Hangouts operated by a lot of handy little jerks
- 6 Hangouts for a lot of prominent Westerners
- 7 This bridge even costs Culbertson money



July Answer

- 8 Bachelor unit
- 9 Smoochers, found in sparking places
- 10 Jack Benny keeps millions in these
- 11 Turkish favorite of ours
- 12 Riverbed mattress
- 13 A section of the Old World
- 23 Great moving force that's stopped horse stealing
- 25 Kind of port a sailor'll drink in a storm
- 26 Our opponents in the cold war
- 27 They say buy-buy in sign language
- 28 What a stinker it can be!
- 29 Hic from the Deep Souze
- 30 Scotch Longfellow
- 31 Beat the eardrums
- 32 Some worry a lot, build a house on it. Others worry a lot, get this
- 34 Scotch poet, quite "hot" in Brooklyn
- 37 She's slow afoot, hates to take orders, may be good mudder
- 38 Put on paper hats and went "Zowie!"
- 40 Device for seeing through stone walls
- 41 Headquarters where family growler keeps hind-quarters
- 43 Pop-eyed rubberneck
- 44 After steaming open a letter, be sure to do this
- 46 Afterthought at the races
- 48 What the pin-up with the pretty pins sure was
- 49 Room for Franco
- 50 Ranger with B.O.?
- 52 Glamor guy—the Lass's favorite
- 53 Shovel it into the yakata-and-yawn orifice
- 54 Kind of face Al Capone liked to see around
- 57 French wisecrack



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

WASHINGTON

By STACY V. JONES

NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU? Your best bet on weather predictions is your local radio station, or the telephone company, if you live in one of the seven cities where you can get it by dialing. For farmers, fruit shippers, public-utility operators, and others to whom hot spells and cold fronts mean profits and losses, the Weather Bureau also puts out a five-day forecast twice a week through the newspapers and broadcasters.

Somewhat apologetically, because it's experimental, the Weather Bureau has begun publishing twice a month an "outlook" for the next 30 days, obtainable by mail subscription through the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., at \$4.80 a year. This includes, for example, a résumé of pressure, temperature, and rainfall from mid-June to mid-July, and probabilities from mid-July to mid-August, for the country as a whole. It's valuable chiefly to business men—say an ice-cream manufacturer or a packer in Chicago who wants to guess next month's demands—but not for popular use.

Among the close students of climate are the makers of air conditioners. The old complaint that everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it is no longer true, at least indoors. Incidentally, research by Weather Bureau officials has traced this remark to Charles Dudley Warner, editor of the Hartford Courant in the 1890s, instead of Mark Twain, who usually gets the credit.

Amateur prophets who want to check their skill can find various sources in the Price List of Publications, a copy of which will be sent free by the Chief, U. S. Weather Bureau, Washington 25, D. C. A set of the educational series will also be sent free to any teacher who so identifies himself, but others pay 20 cents. This kit includes a sheet of pictures identifying cloud forms, from cirrus to cumulo-nimbus mammatus, a subject on which there is great public interest. For more detail, ask the Superintendent of Documents for Cloud Forms, a booklet sold at a dime.

TREES Don't tell him we said so, but your congressman can send you a copy of the 1949 Yearbook of Agriculture, entitled *Trees*, which should be ready shortly. Each representative has a quota of 400, and each

senator, 550; after they're exhausted the only source is the Superintendent of Documents, who charges \$2 a copy. In more than 900 pages, 16 of them in color, the yearbook will reveal all the layman wants to know about trees—the best kinds for your property, how to care for small forests and their wildlife, how to identify different woods, descriptions of the national forests and parks, and a vacation guide. Edited by Alfred Stefferud, it has contributions by 150 government and other experts.

A FRESH START Perhaps one of your friends will be among the 250,000 persons who (provided the average holds) will be seriously disabled this year. If so, you may be able to do him a great favor by directing him to the nearest state agency that conducts vocational rehabilitation in co-operation with the federal government.

The blind, deaf, legless, armless victims of polio and other diseases, and those handicapped in many physical and mental ways have been helped by this joint state-federal service to become self-supporting again. Even paraplegics—men and women whose legs are paralyzed because of injury to the spinal cord—are literally getting on their feet. The Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, as part of the Federal Security Agency, handles the federal end.

Nationally, 53,000 rehabilitations were chalked up last year, and the expected figure for 1949 is 65,000. Medical examination, counsel, training, job placement, and follow-up are free. To the extent that the person is unable to afford them, the agencies also furnish medical treatment, appliances, tools, and temporary maintenance during training.

Each state office is usually in the capital city, but the agency titles vary. Write Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, D. C., for a copy of the booklet, *Vocational Rehabilitation*, which gives general information and the address of your state office.

FARM LOANS If you want a Federal Land Bank farm loan, the place to apply is near by and not in Washington. For a long-term first-mortgage loan (usually at 4 per cent), see your local National

Farm Loan Association. To get a short-term loan for production purposes, try the Production Credit Association in your area. These are both local units of the Farm Credit Administration, a division of the Department of Agriculture.

As there are 1,200 National Farm Loan Associations and 500 Production Credit Associations distributed throughout the 3,000 agricultural counties, there is likely to be one close to you. If you don't see it listed in the telephone book, ask the county agricultural agent.

In case you're not eligible for the co-operative FCA loans mentioned, look up the Farmers Home Administration supervisor in your county, or ask the county agent where to find him. The Farmers Home Administration provides direct government credit for farm purchases, operating expenses, or (in the West) water supply.

SHAKY GROUND FLOOR Be wary of oil and gold-mining shares offered you under high pressure from the Toronto area. A flood of get-rich-quick sales literature may be followed by a long-distance call. A voice with personality then urges you to rush your check for shares at 30 cents, as only a few are left at this price.

Most of these offerings are illegal, according to the Securities and Exchange Commission, as the stock hasn't been registered and the promoters depart from the truth. One salesman caught on this side of the border got ten years, and another forfeited \$50,000 bail.

Always ask for a prospectus on any new security and look to see whether it shows registration with the SEC. Registration is aimed at adequate disclosure, but of course doesn't guarantee an investment. You can still lose your money. A card to the commission's office at Washington 25, D. C., will bring you general information in a pamphlet, *The Work of the Securities and Exchange Commission*.

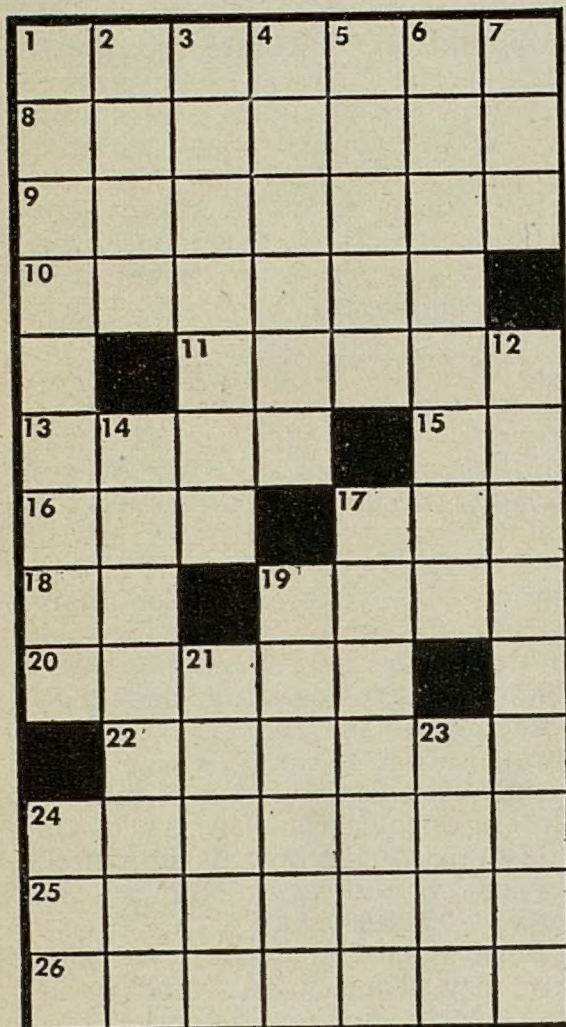
U. S. JOBS Although you may read that government bureaus are dropping many employees, the Civil Service Commission is actively looking for certain specialists and clerical workers. Around the country there are openings for medical officers (\$4,479 to \$6,235 a year), nurses, dietitians, and librarians (all at \$2,974 and \$3,727), stenographers (\$2,284 to \$2,724), and typists (\$2,086 to \$2,724). For men who like to work in their home towns there are frequent openings for post-office clerks and carriers. In Washington there's a good market for cartographers and cartographic draftsmen.

But don't come to Washington looking for a government job. Ask the Civil Service secretary in any first- or second-class post office, who will tell you what examinations are open.

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagrammatical
Cockeyed Quizword

By TED SHANE



ACROSS

- 1 Grr! Ma'am, I jest ain't got none when I speak!
- 8 Spring the sea leer
- 9 Find best smeller in scene
- 10 What game is played under tables with a male and female dog?
- 11 Art, he has romantic trouble
- 13 Name the Prince of operas (it's GI, or something)
- 15 Chemists et a symbol
- 16 Eulenspiegel got lit
- 17 1/2¢ for Hirohito (and a bit of a yen, too)
- 18 Oh, for a bit of a laff!
- 19 Alias sargos
- 20 We'd give 2¢ for old Anglo-Saxon caste dough
- 22 Get a priority on a ton of poi
- 24 Inge can unseat mind of Hun
- 25 Lovin' eyedolizers, or dears
- 26 Are foot pads necessary for glamorous hoofings?

DOWN

- 1 Griff's hit poorly in Clark's stadium
- 2 Twoer can become oner in Separation Center
- 3 Cool Hal with high spirits
- 4 Me, Tree, am a got-togetherer
- 5 A-I Man has nutty quality
- 6 Yakateet sets in rear

TATTLER
AIRLINE
PREPIN
IDAS DO
ORDER
COMMUTE
AMIMEN
SELLING
LINER
LB LAMA
EATTEV
ABILENE
DESERTS

June Answer

VOX POP

Liberty

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Jim Picks One

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Just finished reading *The Lamp*, by Arthur Mayse (June). This is a perfect example of what Hollywood should buy for the movies. I heard they are trying to get out of a slump. Gangster pictures won't help them. There aren't that many gangsters in the U. S. A. to attend movies to learn the latest wrinkles in the business. I admit there are a lot.



Still, they are outnumbered by average parents who would let their kids buy a ticket to a show like *The Lamp*. How about it, C. B. or D. Z?
—Jim Dygert.

We Knew All Along

DES MOINES, IOWA—With all due respect, Bob Eisenhauer, Wymore, Nebr., is wrong in "correcting" your card trick, published on page 52 of the April issue.

In his letter, printed on the June Vox Pop page, he says the jack and queen should have been transposed. They should not! Correct arrangement is as you originally gave it from the bottom. 3-8-7-A-Q-6-4-2-J-K-10-9-5. I've known the trick for many years.

Watch the double "e" in queen, Bob.—L. R. Page.

Home Remedy

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—I have been a reader of your magazine for more years than I like to admit. Father Time, having forced me to the side lines of this great game called life, I have more time to go down Mem-



ory Lane, and if advice is in order, I would say that when life appears to have not given you a fair shake, just drift down Memory Lane once in awhile, especially to the scenes of your childhood, and if a glow of happiness does not come to cheer you up, then you had better see your doctor.—David McBride.

Wrong Number?

BALTIMORE, MD.—I have been an almost constant reader of *Liberty* since 1927. Does that entitle me to ask a point of information?

[Sure does.—Vox Pop Editor.]

In Ed Cunningham's article in the June issue, *What It's Like Overseas Today*, he mentions the ME-190. Could he possibly have meant that to be the FW-190? I knew of the ME-109, -110, -210, -410, and the FW-190, but I never heard of the ME-190.

I would appreciate a little clarification on this matter and, more particularly, some info on the ME-190 if I am incorrect in assuming that a mistake was made.—Robert Marks.

We couldn't get hold of Ed Cunningham to ask him, but maybe some of you readers can come up with an answer to Robert Marks' query.—Vox Pop Editor.

We'll Never Forget

SAFFORD, ARIZ.—For the love of Mike—and everybody else! Where are you Easterners going to learn your geography lessons? The Grand



Canyon—every inch of it—is in Arizona! The Colorado River runs through Grand Canyon, yes, but every inch of it is in Arizona!—Mrs. Arthur W. White.

Mrs. White, you've been reading *Liberty*. In Horace Coon's article in the May issue on vacation trips for less than \$150, one of the trips suggested was a seven-day tour to the Grand Canyon of Colorado. For "Colorado" read, of course, "Arizona." Our face is the color of a Colorado sunset, or an Arizona one—whichever is redder.—Vox Pop Editor.

She Looked Again

TARZANA, CALIF.—Am I just dense, or is there some hidden significance to the naked lady used to illustrate Martha and the Buffalo Sky in the May issue?

The story says, "She looked at herself in the mirror—a thin young girl in a plain usually oversized dress."—Nadine McCarthy.

Salute to a Smart Woman

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mme. Perón is a remarkable woman (The Hushed-up Truth About Eva Perón, June issue). She need not worry about votes. A smart lady knows

how to look after herself and 16,-000,000 Argentinos.

I am sorry she dislikes the American working woman. It is unfortunately too true that so many of our American women are frivolous. But not all of us.—*L. Johnson.*

Cheer for Fatheads

MOUNTAIN HOME, TENN.—With reference to A Hair-Raising Story in the June issue of Liberty, I can't



resist the crack that apparently fatheads do not become bald.

No, I am not bald-headed—that is, not very.—*Harry V. Talbert, DDS.*

All He Needs Is Help

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Listed by the War Department as the first Air Corps enlisted man to go blind as a result of a wound received in the European Theater of Operations during World War II, Thomas J. Coburn, of Forty Fort, Pa., completed the first step toward successful rehabilitation on June 13, when he received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Wilkes College in Wilkes-Barre.

The first portion of the dramatic and courageous story of Sergeant Coburn was told in the October, 1942, issue of Liberty in a story called The Flight of the Bomber Phyllis, written by Donald Wilhelm. The blow which forever blotted out the world for the flyer came while he was manning his top-turret guns in a B-17 bomber 29,000 feet over a German submarine base on the coast of France.

After almost two years of hospitalization and training for the blind, Coburn made arrangements to enter Wilkes College. He and "Hap," his Seeing Eye dog, soon became familiar figures on the campus. Tommy earned better-than-average marks. He had to work lots harder than most students. Each day he would arrive for class with his recording machine—including a miniature microphone which could be fastened to the instructor's coat. At the end of each day the recordings made in class were typed on his Braille machine at home for reference and study.

Now Tommy has one desire—to
(Continued on page 12)

Her eyes light up for the man with *P.A.**



Pipe Appeal—that extra-masculine attractiveness that appeals to the ladies—is an added advantage of the pipe-smoking man. And with Prince Albert in his pipe, a man has a smoke that's rich-tasting and mild.

P.A. means Pipe Appeal*
P.A. means Prince Albert*

Light a pipeful of Prince Albert and you'll see what we mean by real smoking joy and comfort. P.A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco tastes rich—smokes mild and tongue-easy. It's specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Get P.A., America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

New HUMIDOR TOP—locks out air
—locks in freshness—flavor

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN
CIGARETTES WITH RICH,
TONGUE-EASY P.A.!"

THE
NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



BUT CAN IT BE FOUND IN THE BIBLE?

People often indignantly demand that Catholics prove their teaching from the Bible.

The Bible is their "rule of faith"...and they argue that every man has the right and ability to discover for himself, by his interpretation of the Bible, what he must believe and do in order to be saved.

We do not question the sincerity of these people and we applaud all who strive earnestly to understand and observe the Scriptures. But—are they right in calling the Bible, privately interpreted, the sole source of Christian teaching?

"Hold the teachings that you have learned," wrote St. Paul, "whether by word or by letter of ours" (2 Thess. II:15). He refers to Christian teachings, some oral, some written...and demands that *all* be received.

Christianity did not begin with the Bible. It began with the coming of Christ. The Lord instructed His Apostles to "go forth...teach all nations"—and to insure that His truths would always be maintained, Christ established His Church, "...the pillar and mainstay of the truth" (1 Timothy III:15).

The last part of the Bible...written by St. John...was not completed until 60 years after the Crucifixion of Christ. There was no Bible in anything resembling its present form until nearly 400 years after Jesus had died on the Cross. And the widespread distribution of the Bible as we know it today was impossible until the invention of printing, some 1400 years after the Savior's death.



By what "rule of faith" did the millions of Christians live during those 1500 years?

The answer is, of course, that the teaching of the Church was the rule of faith for the Christian world. And St. Paul reminds us that Christianity consists of

"one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" (Eph. IV:5). "God is a God of peace, not of disorder," St. Paul said further (1 Cor. XIV:33).

Yet today we have nearly 300 different religious denominations in the United States, all calling themselves Christian...all professing the Bible as their rule of faith...and all differing to some extent or another in their understanding of what the Bible means. Could Christ have left a "rule of faith" that would permit such confusion? Would He have left the interpretation of His Word to the fallible and changing judgments of men—when our very souls depend on a correct understanding and observance of the things Christ has taught us?

Because this question is all important...because it certainly does matter what a man believes...we invite you to examine the rule of faith of the first Christians—a rule that is still maintained by the Catholic Church. Because the Bible is God's Word, and because He gave it to us for a purpose, we invite you to see what this purpose is. We have an interesting pamphlet on the correct use of the Bible, and we offer it for the inspection of all who are sincerely interested in following the teaching of Christianity as Christ revealed it. Ask for your copy of Pamphlet No. 13—L.

**SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Religious Information Bureau**

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

VOX POP

Liberty

**THE VOICE OF
THE PEOPLE**

(Continued from page 11)

set up an agency in the north-eastern portion of Pennsylvania to help other blind veterans. All through his college courses he was preparing for the day when that dream would be realized.—*Thomas J. Moran, Director of Public Relations, Wilkes College.*

Right to the Jaw

BOSTON, MASS.—I'd like to discuss some time in person with the author his article. As it is, I am forced to take time out to do so in print. The article? You Can't Be a Champion on a 30-Hour Week, by Gene Tunney (June).

Easier to loaf than to work? Mr. Tunney, do you think young people have lost all self-respect? The man who counts among those young people I know today, mostly veterans, is the man who has a job. There is a feeling of shame among those of my acquaintance who are forced to seek public assistance. Here they are trained for a society which has not the jobs to offer them.

There are a few little guys like myself, who will never, we fear, be champions—we are able to judge the stuff of which we are made—but we'll do the best we can. If we're imposed upon, either by our bosses or by our government—or by an external agency—let the imposer beware.

I've blown my stack for now, so here's thanks to our democracy for a chance to reply to points with which I disagree in your article.—*Matt Krenn.*

The Winnah!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The article by Gene Tunney in the June issue of Liberty, entitled You Can't Be a Champion on a 30-Hour Week, is one of the most informative articles on the American way of life that I have read in the last 15 years.—*Robert E. Hower.*

A Hope We Share

MANTECA, CALIF.—Thank you for the articles on faith which frequently appear in your magazine. More such articles are sorely needed and I hope you will make it your policy to print regularly such material.—*Geo. L. Bradley.*



How an artist visualized the big carrier.

Official U. S. Navy photo

The inside story of the big carrier that wasn't built...

By STACY V. JONES

The battle of the brass rages unabated and the latest Air Force victory (?) could cost American lives in a future war

READING TIME 16 MINUTES When the new Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson abruptly ordered work stopped on the 65,000-ton carrier U.S.S. United States, such rejoicing arose from partisans of the Air Force that anyone might have thought a great enemy ship had been sunk in a crucial battle.

The issue was beclouded at the time by the violent controversy of the Big Carrier vs. the B-36. Arguments by extremists in Air Force and Navy left the public with the impression that the heavy bomber and the carrier plane were mutually exclusive.

There were charges that the Navy wanted to steal strategic bombing from the Air Force, and, conversely, that the Air Force was about to take over naval aviation while the Army swallowed the Marines.

When the smoke cleared away, the Navy had been halted, at least for the present, in the development of its next logical weapon. And its morale, especially among the flyers, had suffered a blow.

Several questions remained. Did the cancellation mean a new over-all strategy? Did it mean that the Navy would never do strategic bombing? Did it mean that the Navy would never drop an atomic bomb?

The behind-the-scenes moves immediately before the cancellation are illuminating:

Johnson, who, as Assistant Secretary of War ten years ago, had worked hard for an expanded Air Force, took over on March 28 the tough job of Secretary of Defense that had broken his predecessor, James Forrestal. On April 15 he wrote a (Continued on page 40)



Is my face red?

Is it true what they say about redheads? Ask Joe

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

READING TIME 18 MINUTES I was traveling north on the Florida Limited and went back into the observation car in the middle of the afternoon. There I found my old friend Joe Gish reading a batch of telegrams. He looked natural except for his face, which was the same hue as the lining of a bullfighter's cape.

"Hello," I greeted him as I sat down in the next chair. "You must have been deep-sea fishing for weeks to judge by the bright glow of your rosy cheeks. Did you get a sailfish?"

"No," he informed me. "Your surmise is incorrect. I haven't been fishing."

"Then it was something you eat, no doubt," I persisted. "Your complexion has much in common with an embarrassed beet."

"Yes," he admitted, "my face is sort of red. But it is pale now in comparison with the crimson shade it attained in Palm Beach. You should have seen it the day before yesterday."

"What happened then?" I asked. "Did you get it slapped by the whole Junior League, or did you open the wrong door?"

"Haven't you heard the story?" he demanded suspiciously.

I maintained that I had heard

no rumor of his adventures as I had arrived in Miami by plane just in time to make the train. After this reassurance he agreed to tell me the story, and here is Joe's explanation for his scarlet cheeks:

◆ I got on this train at Palm Beach [said Joe]. I've had the boat down there since the fifteenth. The season hadn't really opened, so I was anchored off Bradley's, taking life in easy stages until I saw another yacht coming through the inlet the other afternoon. It was low tide, and when she got just opposite me she managed to hang up on a sandbar. She tried to free herself but couldn't, and as I had nothing better to do for the moment, I got in the speedboat and went to investigate at close range. I was just circling the stern when a woman came to the rail and stared at me inquiringly. There was something familiar about her silhouette, but I had to get up close to recognize her. And what a shock I got then! It was Mary Conway! Ever know her? Well, knock wood quick! All my worst scars date back to the days of her youth. I haven't been near a redhead since. The day I met her I went on the rocks and followed her around thereafter for

months with a sprig of mistletoe in one hand and an orange blossom in the other. I never made any progress, because she always preferred a good fight to any of my subtle maneuvers, but I did keep ahead of the pack. In a final burst of amorous exasperation and youthful enthusiasm I tried to emulate the caveman and sweep her off her feet. That was a serious tactical blunder, and when I got out of the cast I found she had given me the air for an English aviator with buck teeth.

I went to Europe to forget, and later read in the papers that she had married John MacIntyre, a big pork-and-squeal man from the West. That was the last I had heard of her, though I hadn't for a moment forgotten her. Now here she was again, looking none the worse for wear and waving to me to come aboard.

She greeted me pleasantly, even enthusiastically, and I inquired solicitously for her husband. She told me he had been dead for two years and I offered my tardy condolences. I explained that I had been in the Orient, so had missed the sad news.

"Well, I'm glad you are back," she said. "And what are you doing here? Are you the harbormaster?"

That was the old Mary, all right—always ready for a fight or a frolic.

"Not exactly," I told her. "I came over to offer my assistance to the owner of this boat. When the tide comes in, I'll be glad to pull him off this bar with my boat."

"How nice of you," she said. "As
(Continued on page 42)"





Photos by Bob V

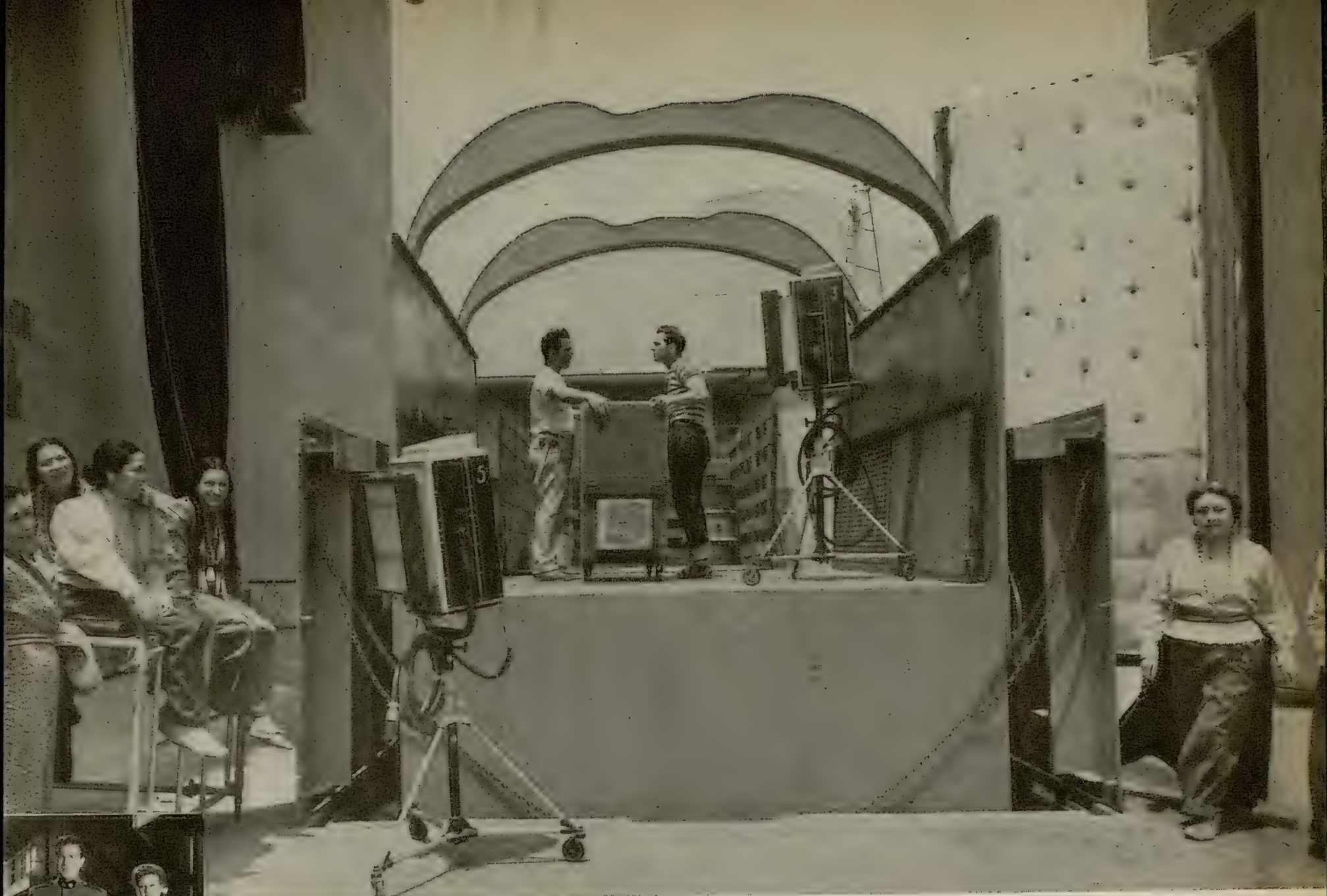
The \$3,000,000 Nassour Studio at Sunset Boulevard and Van Ness Avenue is Hollywood's busiest movie lot. It is run by the Nassours, William at the left, and founder Edward.



Facilities of all sorts, such as a studio hospital, are provided for the safety and comfort of personnel. Here Dr. F. A. Damewood, of the hospital staff, bandages a cut on Joan Van Dyke's leg.



Betty Dugue, a studio secretary, gets a massage from Frances Bassett. There's also a barber shop. Such services make the Nassour Studio popular with everybody from grips to film stars.



Other movie lots are larger, but Nassour has just about everything. This elevator can lower a five-ton truck to underground workrooms. Note the bit players in costume. They are resting between scenes.



Pick Powell and Evelyn Keyes

Hollywood's Newest Studio

The Nassour brothers have built a shiny modern picture plant with many wrinkles new even to wrinkle-conscious Hollywood

◆ The Nassour Studio is not only Hollywood's newest movie-making lot, it is one of the busiest and most progressive. More than 100 feature pictures have been made there during the past two years. Covering seven acres in the heart of town, the studio has completely soundproofed and air-conditioned sound stages. The compactness of the plant was achieved by installing the camera department, electric shops, massage rooms, and technical departments in air-conditioned basements under the stages. The studio is so compact that not even the Nassour brothers can drive their cars onto the lot. With all equipment at arm's reach, producers find they save time and money. Actors love the studio for the many services it provides.



In smog-conscious Los Angeles even the studio incinerator has been designed with care. Fog nozzles stop smoke from going into the air even when the incinerator is operated at its full capacity.

Are congressmen people?

Congressmen, when they aren't being cussed out by the folks back home, are expected to provide everything from personal loans to laws for the eradication of flyspecks

By REPRESENTATIVE DEWEY SHORT

(Republican) of Missouri



READING TIME 9 MINUTES When I first came to Congress I was somewhat taken aback at being called such names as skunk, liar, and thief. I had been a minister and a professor of philosophy, so I was accustomed to hearing about brimstone, but it startled me to be told that hell was really too good for me. After 17 years in the House I am no longer so thin-skinned.

A Congressman is a sort of national whipping boy. People blame him for high taxes, bad business, poor crops, or just rheumatism. Once he understands that it's impersonal, he doesn't mind the cussing. The big pressure groups use name-calling in a somewhat different way. They have organized it on a national scale. When they are trying to get a bill passed or killed, I get the same epithet from all parts of the country: I am a heartless politician, or an enemy of labor, or a dis-solute wet, or an isolationist, or I have been bribed by some foreign country.

A Congressman can vote right ninety-nine times out of a hundred, from the standpoint of one of these vigorous organized minorities, but if he votes anti just once, he is marked for slaughter. Every group wants taxes lowered and wants government expenses cut, provided the cut comes out of somebody else's pie.

In this Congress we have had teachers and Parent-Teachers Associations demanding federal aid for education. (My state, Missouri, would have to lay out \$1.56 in order to get \$1 back.) The Townsendites shake their beards and threaten to purge us if their pension bill isn't reported out of committee and passed. Government employees are after more pay. The farmers want help on soil conservation and rural electrification. The powerful veteran lobbies are out for more allowances. The men still in the service want more pay and faster promotions. And so on.

Besides the mass pressure bills, we get many requests for special laws. A boy of 12 once asked me "to pass a law that we all between one and 18 years old can go naked and don't have to wear overalls." He said it would help out his Papa a lot, as there were eight boys in the family. "God intended for people to go naked," he concluded. I answered his letter sympathetically, but said I thought it was hardly a subject for federal legislation.

In the period of nation-wide daylight saving during the war I also sympathized with an indignant Missourian who urged me to "pass a law that the sun got to get up one hour early every day and set one hour later."

Recently somebody from my home town of Galena

wanted to make it a penitentiary offense to manufacture No. 2 burners for kerosene lamps. "We want No. 3 since we can't have electric lights," said the anonymous letter. "Also find some factory that will make several million quick—at about 15 cents each."

A man who lives in Virginia seriously proposed during the war that I, "in collaboration with someone in the Senate committee of Commerce," submit bills "to raise [his] civil service status to that of a five-star admiral in the Navy Pay Corps" and make funds available for a trip to San Diego, where he would take steps to stop the Pacific fighting.

Another, whom I suspect of pulling my leg, asked me to start a Congressional campaign to eradicate flyspecks. He wanted to be made director, at \$6,000 a year, of a new bureau to provide diapers for the flies.

I did get one private bill passed during the war. A military plane flew so low over a farm near Purdy, Missouri, that the stock ran around in panic and a horse was killed. With affidavits from everybody but the horse we got a bill passed forbidding airmen to fly below a certain height, and the farmer was reimbursed.

I receive gratis from all parts of the country plans that citizens have drawn up to end poverty, insure peace, install the perfect government, and incidentally get even with their enemies.

Nowadays a Congressman gets more mail in a single day than Daniel Webster or Henry Clay received in a whole session. He is little more than a messenger between his constituents and the multitude of government bureaus. Perhaps that's the reason we don't have many Websters or Clays nowadays: members don't have time for study and reflection.

◆ My district is a thousand miles from Washington, but the people have been made government-conscious by the New Deal, and I am their channel to bureaucracy. One veteran claimed that the VA had given him false teeth that didn't fit, and to prove it he sent me the teeth. When my Ozark friends come to town, they want train and plane reservations, passes to the White House and Congressional galleries, hotel rooms and what not. We're glad to see them and do what we can.

It isn't a life of leisure that Congressmen lead. Some members go to their offices at seven or eight in the morning, but I can get more done by a later schedule. For example, I work while other people are at dinner. My day goes something like this: Arrive at the office about 9.30; read mail and dictate, with interruptions, till 10; committee meetings or conferences with Senate



When they came in, all the regulars—celebrities in their own right, or relatives of celebrities—turned to stare at them.

*what can a woman do when her husband
is in love with another woman?
sometimes it's a matter of*

Technique

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

READING TIME 49 MINUTES When they came into the Stork Club, all the regulars who dined there—celebrities in their own right, or relatives or friends of celebrities, and the thin sprinklings of the rich and uncelebrated who came to look at celebrities—turned to stare at them. This was a triumph. Most diners at the Stork Club felt themselves too important to look at anyone else.

Zara Evans and Kent Crane were high on the success ladder. They were suave and cool. They smiled and nodded to their friends. Sherman Billingsley had greeted them, and now they were given the best table—a reward for accomplishment. Zara and Kent stopped a moment to chat with Walter Winchell and Dorothy Kilgallen, knowing they would be mentioned in their



Zara and Kent smiled and nodded to their friends. They were given the best table—a reward for accomplishment.

columns. They said "How are you?" to Morton Downey, Igor Cassini, and J. Edgar Hoover, seated at a near-by table—not, of course, waiting to find out how they were.

Zara waved away the menu. She allowed herself orange juice to accompany Kent's very dry Martini, clams while he had a thick soup, two lamb chops and spinach while he dined on a mixed grill and a huge baked potato and hot rolls on which he piled good sweet butter. Zara had dieted for so long it never occurred to her that her eating habits were unusual—when you're in the theater you have to look well.

Zara Evans did look well. Near perfection. She might have passed for one of the modern mannequins in a Fifth Avenue shop window, and she knew she was undoubtedly

being sized up for a fashion column. She sat very straight, her chin up. She wore her dark hair smooth, brushed back from her brow. The color on her lips and fingertips was so light that, from a distance, she seemed to wear no make-up. Closer, you saw the results of the skill with which she'd applied brown to her eyebrows, a shadow of blue above her eyes, a thin elongation of black to the corners of her eyes. Her face seemed to shine slightly, as if she were powderless, the result of an expensive lotion. Her gown was black and skillfully molded to accentuate the curves of her warmly slender figure, her mink stole forming a flattering background. She wore a single strand of pearls that were obviously real.

"Quite a crowd," said Kent. Zara smiled across the table at him. She

liked the way he looked—everything about him. His tweed suit was just unpressed-enough-looking; his shoulders were broad; his hair, slightly tinged with gray, wasn't quite smooth. He ate what he liked and yet his figure was only slightly heavier than it had been when they were married, fourteen years ago. He looked hearty, immensely fit, masculine.

Fourteen years! It didn't seem possible. Fourteen years of being one of Broadway's successful couples. There weren't many of them—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic, Betty Field and Elmer Rice, Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay, Moss Hart and Kitty Carlisle.

Each year Kent wrote a play for
(Continued on page 72)

Sin Street

By STEVEN CASEY WILLIAMS

Illustrated by Bernard Simpson

READING TIME 33 MINUTES S m o k e . weirdly tinted by soft theatrical lights, hung thick in the long narrow room. The noise was so great that sound somehow seemed to have a physical value. Against the shouts, squeals, and laughter of 70 happy tipplers at the bar and at the intimate tables, a bored foursome thumped out something achingly unmusical in be-bop time. A few couples, plainly concentrating on matters far removed from ballroom dancing, glided tightly over the small dance floor.

The scene was the interior of one of the honkytonk spots that have blossomed on a small strip of New York's 52d Street.

I had been at my table scarcely ten minutes when I suddenly sensed someone at my side, and turned to find the grinning face of a woman.

"Figured you was lonesome, honey," she said in a snug voice, "so I came over. Mind?"

She squeezed my arm. "You're

sweet. How about a drink for baby?"

Before I had time to reply, my uninvited companion, who wore a startlingly low dress and an overdose of cheap perfume, nodded to an approaching waiter. The waiter, perhaps by coincidence, had a junior-size highball on his tray. He served it to the woman.

"Here's how, sweetie," she toasted. She touched the glass to her lip and put it down. The waiter whisked it away and soon he was back with a fresh drink. He added \$1.80 to my check. Two minutes later my "date" had deserted her drink and me and was running her fingers through the hair of an elderly gentleman at another table.

Things like that—and far worse—happen 365 nights a year along this strip of street in the heart of the greatest and "best policed" metropolis on earth. To this strip, New Yorkers and out-of-towners come in droves nightly to observe, participate in, and support a caldron of unregeneracy that would set a blue-ribbon sinner to drooling into his hashish.

Fifty-second Street is a lane of



One honkytonk strip of New York's 52d Street is just about the wickedest half-block in America.

Liberty's reporter gives you the shocking low-down

extremes. In addition to the honky-tonks, it contains a number of good, reputable restaurants, including swank "21," several decent saloons, some business establishments, rows of brownstone dwelling places, a modern skyscraper (the Esso Building), and some well-known, reputable night clubs. Two of the best-known clubs are Jimmy Ryan's, which features hot Dixie-land jazz music and no further entertainment; and the world-famed Leon & Eddie's, which has been on 52d Street for 20 years.

"She's really something, this here Fifty-second Street," observed a man who should know—we'll rename him Al—"really and truly something. Sure, she hands the suckers a laugh and a high time, but take it from me, friend, she's mean and low-down. You want to forget who told you this—a guy can get hurt around here—but this strip's got about everything in the book. What you can't find here ain't worth finding."

"You don't mean *vice*," I said significantly.

Al grunted. "Friend, she crawls. Why, there's enough stuff here to make your head spin faster than a two-bit reefer."

I repeated what a high city police official had told me a few hours earlier: "You won't find any vice in New York, because there isn't any."

"Maybe you won't find it on the

steps of the library," said Al, "but if you just keep your eyes open around Fifty-second Street you'll see all you can take."

While the customers come to witness the goings-on, they devote much of their enthusiasm to the comings-off. The big attraction of the moment is girls who perform with their clothes both on and off.

Since the city now refuses to license old-fashioned burlesque strip-teasers, there are numerous new names for it, but the over-all name, apparently acceptable all around, is "interpretive dancing."

◆ Not long ago a policeman interpreted one such performance as being lewd, and hauled torso-tossing Winnie Garrett ("the Flaming Redhead" and also "the Nude Look") into court. Miss Garrett, whose 135 pounds are distributed impressively, told the magistrate that the officer had misinterpreted her number, which among other things consists of strange body jerks and quivers; also, she said, the policeman was wanting in his appreciation of things classic.

"You cannot blame an artist," she said, "if an audience makes a vulgar misinterpretation."

The judge felt she had something there and dismissed the case.

Whatever the public's interpretation was after reading about the case in the newspapers, it reacted in a spirited fashion. Miss Garrett received thousands of letters, which included congratulations, denunciations, and offers of marriage. She also received a \$250-a-week in-

crease in salary when the publicity lured more customers.

Another 52d Street dancer, colorful Zorita, received even more publicity when her case came to the courts, but she was less fortunate in final results. The authorities applied a surprise twist when, instead of attacking her dance, they attacked her dancing partner, a snake named Elmer.

Elmer, a ten-foot python, served as Zorita's main item of habiliment during her torrid numbers. She would dance practically naked and Elmer would just slither all over her. She was hauled into court on a charge of being cruel to *animals*. (This led to numerous interesting discussions on whether or not a snake was an animal.)

"There are things in this complaint that are not fit to print," the judge said. Zorita was fined \$50. But worse than that, her work permit was taken up. (Without a work permit from the police a performer may not work in New York.)

When it was brought to her attention that a correct interpretation of her dance was lacking, Zorita explained:

"It is a story. This old Greek king, I am his daughter. I love this boy, just a guy. Papa don't like him, so he makes him a snake. That's Elmer. I dance with my own true love."

It is interesting to speculate on the interpretations of some of the other strip-tease performers operating on 52d Street.

There is, for example, the young woman named Jean Valdez who calls her number an "exotic novelty." It is a three-phase number.

(Continued on page 70)





The Kid Grows Up

*It was a tough spot for a promising young ballplayer—
damned if he lost the game and doomed if he didn't*

By ERNEST LEHMAN

Illustrated by H. Winfield Scott

Liberty SHORT SHORT • READING TIME 7 MINUTES

◆ Gee, I miss the kid. That's the trouble with baseball—one mistake and they chase a guy back to the minors.

It was something like living my whole career over again, rooming with the kid and nursing him along, feeding him every little trick I had picked up in eighteen years of major-league campaigning and seeing him become the greatest rookie first baseman since Lou Gehrig. Too bad I couldn't teach him to stay away from the gambling joints across the river.

I still remember how startled I was that night, when I woke up and saw him at the open window of our hotel room, staring out at the rain.

"What is it, kid, what is it?"

"Nothing," Petey muttered. "Go on back to sleep."

"How much they got you hung up for this time, Petey?"

He whirled around. "None of your business! Why don't you lay off?"

"Sure, kid, sure." He was right.

"Aw, I'm sorry, Mike. They really got me over a barrel for good!"

"Frankie Ray?"

"Who else?" He shrugged hopelessly.

"Much?"

"He just—yesterday he tore up my I O U for ten Gs."

I felt my heart sink. "Nice of him."

"Yeah. Nice of him." The kid strode to the phone and asked the desk for WE 6-1212. He listened to the weather report and then banged the phone back on the cradle. "Tomorrow—sunny and mild." He pounded a fist into his palm.

"O.K., sunny and mild. Then what do you say we turn in? The Sox are throwing McFadden at us tomorrow and I got enough trouble seeing that curve ball of his without bloodshot eyes." I snapped off the light.

"Mike?"

"Yeah, kid?" I yawned.

"Aren't you going to ask me why Frankie Ray tore up the I O U?"

"Look, Petey," I said, "maybe I can't bat my weight any more, but I can still add two and two. It's tomorrow's game, isn't it?"

He flopped down on his bed, and then I heard him bawling quietly

into his pillow and I was glad for his sake that the lights were out. You know, when a guy hits at a .346 clip and leads the league in RBIs his first season in the big time, and is a dead cinch for the Rookie-of-the-Year award, you tend to forget that he can still be just a baby at heart.

"I should've listened to you, Mike," he was choking. "I should've quit the first night they nicked me. Now it's too late."

"It's never too late," I lied.

"But—but he said if I don't lay down for him tomorrow and make sure we blow it to the Sox, he'll louse me up with the commissioner or he'll have his gorillas break my arms some night when they catch me alone on a dark street. You don't know this Frankie Ray. He'll kill if he has to. He'll—"

"Take it easy, kid. The fellows in the next room—"

"It's only one game, Mike," his voice pleaded with me. "We're not going any place and the Sox are stuck in the second division too. What's one game more or less?"

I had to think about that for a long time. Finally I said, "Sometimes a guy finds he don't want to live with himself any more, once he's done something like laying down out there for dough. But I don't know. Maybe you're the kind of guy who wouldn't be damaged by his own crookedness. Maybe you could get away with it and *not* be ruined as a ballplayer."

"But they'll ruin me if I *don't*!" he cried out.

"Look, I'm not saying you're not on a spot. But remember, no one got you on it but yourself."

But before I went to sleep I



prayed it would rain tomorrow and every day. And I prayed that the team would fall apart.

◆ It didn't rain. And the club didn't fall apart.

McFadden was having one of his hottest days for the Sox, but old Lew Sickelman was matching him every inch of the way. I couldn't bear to watch the kid in the dugout. He looked sick with fear and he couldn't keep his eyes off the box behind third, where Frankie Ray and his boys were chewing on their cigars and waiting patiently for who knows *how* much dough to fall into their laps on a sure thing.

Twice the kid came up with men on base and twice he went down swinging. But that could have been nervousness. About what happened in the seventh, I don't know. The kid was supposed to be one of the best fielding first basemen in the majors, but he dropped an easy third-out throw and allowed Bleeker to score from third for the Sox with the first run of the game.

Anyway, we went into the last of the ninth trailing one to nothing on the kid's error, and you couldn't get him to look you in the eye.

Sukey Lyons struck out to start the last half of the final frame. Tammerock tried to drag a bunt and was nipped by a whisker. And that left it up to me. As I stepped to the plate I glanced at the kid kneeling in the batter's circle waiting to follow me if I drew a life. Our eyes met for a moment, and then I was up there waving a stick at McFadden. I was the last out. If I died, the game would be over and the kid would be off the hook.

The first pitch was high and wide

and I missed it by a foot for strike one. I must have been in a fog. The second pitch cut the outside corner before I even saw it. I was too busy wondering if the kid had actually been laying down and destroying himself, or if he had just blown up under the strain. I didn't get time to think about the third pitch at all, because McFadden hit me with it and I trotted down to first.

The kid strode to the plate.

I glanced over behind third base. Frankie Ray and his boys weren't sitting calmly in back of their cigars now. They were standing up like everyone else, only they *weren't* hollering for the kid to belt one.

McFadden came in with his curve ball, the kid took a wild swing and missed for strike one. Hanson cocked his arm and I hustled back to the bag. Stealing second on *that* guy's arm would be suicide. McFadden's next delivery was a pitchout but I wasn't moving. Then he slipped his fast ball past the kid's knuckles for a count of one and two, and the kid was only one strike away from freedom.

McFadden went to the resin bag and Petey fingered his cap nervously. His face was as white as the foul lines. He glanced at the box where Frankie Ray was watching him. He looked into the dugout where our guys were shouting and pleading for a long one, and then he looked down to first where I was inching off the sack, and I could almost feel him trying to come to a decision—the toughest decision a twenty-year-old kid would ever have to make inside a ball park.

McFadden toed the rubber. He took a half wind-up. Then he shot a quick glance at me and blazed

one toward the plate. I saw the kid's shoulders hunching. I saw those powerful arms whipping the bat around. I heard the crack of the bat against that speeding fast ball, and I knew then, even as I saw the pill rising up, up, up, far out toward the left-field bleachers and the crowd let out a mighty shout, that the kid had made his decision and made it well. And as the ball landed up in the stands and I jogged past second, I knew that the kid had finally come of age and I felt a thrill go through me like it was I who had made that decision and belted the homer.

Above the roar of the crowd I was aware of Frankie Ray standing there in his box behind the dugout, his face dark and violent, and if there was any doubt in my mind as to what was in store for the kid, the doubt was erased when I saw that face.

I don't know. I guess I must've been thinking about the great years that might have stretched ahead for Petey. I must've been thinking what a shame it was that a kid like that, who had become a man with one swing of his bat, could be ruined by a hood like Frankie Ray. I certainly must've had *something* on my mind. Why else would I have done what I did?

◆ Anyway, I'm down here with the Norfolk club now, and the kid's up there having himself another great year in the majors. That's good enough for me. And who knows, maybe all I wanted, really, was to get my name in the record books: Mike Kagel, the guy who lost a ball game by forgetting to touch third on the way to the plate. ◆ ◆

 IF YOUR CHILD
GETS POLIO

PARENTS! Don't dare miss

this article. Your child's life
may depend upon it



*What would you do if your child
should be suddenly stricken with
infantile paralysis?*

And the blow is always sudden

READING TIME 13 MINUTES Last year was one of our deadliest polio years. Will this summer be another nightmare? Whose child will be stricken? How much can you depend on the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for funds and help? And how do you go about obtaining such assistance? What mistakes should you avoid? To this end—in the hope of enlightening you—Liberty assigned me to interview parents of polio-stricken children. From their experiences you, the uninitiated, can reap valuable knowledge.

To begin with, each polio case differs. Take the experience of Mr. A, who lives in New Jersey. He told me that last September his 17-year-old daughter came home with a headache. By the following evening she had fallen a victim to polio and, in Mr. A's words, "she could move nothing but her eyeballs."

Mrs. B, living in a Midwestern city, says her Molly, aged six, played on the sidewalk all one afternoon, but that night said, "I don't feel so good." As any mother might, Mrs. B gave Molly a physic. The next morning Molly was paralyzed from the waist down.

Mr. X, father of four, living in a New York suburb, described how polio struck in his family. "Our number three daughter, Hedy, had just learned to ride her 'pass me down' two-wheeled bike. All one Labor Day she sped up and down our short block. Came evening and dinner, bath, and bed. She awoke in the night complaining of a slight pain in her right leg. We thought it was nothing to be alarmed about—a liniment case for an overexercised leg. By next morning the pain had become so intense we called the doctor. The diagnosis was polio."

Although their homes were in widely separated localities and their children had different symptoms, the parents of these three polio victims were in for the same shock: They learned that *not every hospital accepts polio cases*. In 1938 there were only 300 hospitals in the country that would take acute polio cases. That number, due to the efforts of the National Foundation, has been increased to 1,000.

I quote Mr. X: "I *had* to find a haven for our sick child. We bundled her in blankets and the doctor and I finally left her in the contagion ward of a public hospital. Even the aisles were crowded with beds, and I couldn't help thinking of the other diseases Hedy might catch, and how, under these crowded conditions, could they give her the hot packs so essential to polio.

"Next came a period of waiting. No one could tell the extent of the disease until twelve days had elapsed. Each Sunday we were permitted to visit Hedy for ten minutes, but without the privilege of stroking her forehead or hand. Parents must be prepared for this and they must understand the reason. It is simply that every precaution against contagion must be taken.

"The twelve days merged into a month. Then I was told that Hedy had become a permanent victim of polio, that she might be bedridden for the rest of her life, and to transfer her to a reconstruction hospital. I tried to learn what would happen to my child, the nature of the treatment, the time and probability of recovery. On Sundays at the hospital we would hear that the doctor was on his way, and all the parents would queue up next to a small desk in a dimly lit corridor. From his brief, almost mumbled summary, I tried to glean a stray word, while the other parents, every bit as anxious, crowded around. Most of our questions went unanswered."

Mr. X said the questions most often asked were: "Will my child walk again?" and "Is she getting the Kenny treatment?" To the first there was no answer. On the second, they were brushed off with "Yes." Actually, none of the children was given the Kenny treatment.

What Mr. X meant was that the children were being given hot packs, the doctor's version of the Kenny treatment. Obviously, during an epidemic and being short staffed, it was impossible for the doctor to go into details. It was more expedient to say, "Yes, they're getting the Kenny treatment."

When I voiced this opinion to Mr. X, he said, "At the time I wondered why the Foundation did not install some understanding human just to talk to parents."

After the initial attack of polio subsides, the reconstruction hospital is usually the next step. Mrs. B wrote to Warm Springs. She received a reply saying her case would be reviewed. She never heard from them again. This was Mrs. B's fault; not that of Warm Springs. The hospital there is just *one* rehabilitation center. During the fiscal year of 1948, Warm Springs treated 853 patients, and in that same year there were—on record—27,850 *new* hospitalized polio cases, not counting the old cases still requiring long-term (sometimes years) treatment. Obviously Warm Springs, whether or not you are able to foot your own bills, is unable to accommodate all those in need of treatment.

It is this reporter's opinion that in its well-meant zeal to focus public attention on polio, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis overpublicized Warm Springs. In the mind of each of the parents to whom I talked, Warm Springs was neon-lighted when they, personally, had to think of polio, and each was disappointed that his child could not be sent there. However, your doctor will tell you that any good reconstruction hospital can do whatever can be done.

Last winter, on the grounds that it cost too much, the Foundation shut down its remarkable polio unit at Knickerbocker Hospital, New York City. In this unit, doctors, nurses, and physical therapists were trained. Polio cases had such expert care that a millionairess (paying the freight, of course) preferred sending her child to the ward there, certain the treatment would be superior to any private nursing that money could buy.

When the center was closed, the patients were sent to a rehabilitation hospital outside New York City. I asked the Foundation how many such places there are in the country. The Foundation could give me no definite answer. "We are checking on that now," I was told. "One of our women is working on it. She's writing a pamphlet." Also, to my surprise, I learned that in a city the size of New York there is—at this writing—*not one polio convalescent center* where, to quote a Foundation press release, "aftereffects cases can travel the long road between hospital discharge and fitness for leading decent, happy lives."

As one spokesman reminded me, "Money only goes so far." Out of the \$18,000,000 collected last year from the March of Dimes, \$17,000,000 was eaten up by the epidemic. The Foundation *has* to have funds for research, for its never-ceasing hunt after the great white hope of polio—a vaccine.

When a hospital is prescribed, a parent's natural thoughts are, How long will my child have to be there? How much will it cost? Can I afford it? What should I do?

Don't do what one woman is reported to have done. She had her son placed in a private room in a private hospital and *then* sent the bill—which came to \$975—to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. If you expect help, apply for it *first*. And, above all, don't demand a private room.

The Foundation does not agree to help financially each and every polio case. (Continued on page 39)

WHISTLES STOP



By ELIZABETH WILSON

Curvaceous Jane Greer once tried to get out of a contract she had with Howard Hughes.

Now that he owns RKO, she hopes his memory isn't as long as his pocketbook

READING TIME 6 MINUTES Jane Greer is one star in the movie firmament who isn't certain whether she has the double whammy put on her or not. She has reasons for feeling that she occupies a place on the unupholstered anxious bench. For her present boss, the wealthy, stormy, unpredictable Howard Hughes, is one of the best whammy men in the business.

It all began in 1942, when Jane modeled the new WAAC uniform for the War Department. What she did for that uniform elicited wolf whistles from Sicily



Photo by Bob Wallace

to Guam when her picture appeared on the cover of a national weekly. Mr. Hughes had his eastern representative track her down in Washington, where she was living with her family; sign her on a six-month contract without a screen test, and bring her to Hollywood on a \$20-a-day expense account, which was later changed to a salary of \$100 a week.

For almost six months Jane sat around waiting to meet the boss. "Mr. Hughes," she was told, "is a very busy man. There's a war on, you know." Then sudden-

ly, at 11 o'clock one night, one of Mr. Hughes' boys called her. The boss was ready to screen-test Miss Greer. She must be at the studio in an hour.

Hughes was in the sound room recording *The Outlaw* when Jane, a little scared by the whole thing, arrived.

"How old are you?" was his greeting.

"I'm eighteen, Mr. Hughes."

"Why did they tell me you were sixteen?" he demanded. Jane hadn't the (Continued on page 68)

how to sell your husband

By ELMER WHEELER*

READING TIME 11 MINUTES The sales manager of a national concern recently asked me to try to find out what had happened to his star salesman. The salesman, whom we will call Bill, had broken all sales records during his four years with the company. Then suddenly his sales began to drop. The sales manager had hoped that Bill was just in a temporary slump. But Bill's record didn't improve and after six months his boss had about decided to fire him.

Eighteen years in sales consultation work have taught me to "look for the woman" when a man isn't accomplishing all he should. I managed to meet Bill and wangled an invitation to his house for dinner. Two hours in his home told me where the trouble lay. His wife, probably unconsciously, had adopted the habit of deprecating her husband. She apologized for the way he carved the roast. She apologized for his table manners. She interrupted to "correct" him when he was talking. And through it all you could see poor Bill's ego shriveling bit by bit.

How it started, I don't know, but here's how it ended:

I suggested to the sales manager that he hold a contest and give a prize to the wife of the salesman who most improved his record during the next 30 days. Mimeographed sheets giving the same "rules" that you will find later on in this article were mailed out to wives of all salesmen. The wives were asked to keep the contest secret from their husbands, apply the rules, and notice the results.

Bill's sales started climbing the first week. By the end of the month he was matching his old records. His wife won the contest. The overall increase in sales among the other salesmen was about 25 per cent.

Many experiences like this have convinced me that nothing plays quite so important a role in a man's business success as his home life. And I am equally convinced that few women realize just how important they are to their husbands' success, and how easy it is for them to get the things they want by making their men more successful. I'm

convinced of this because so many women still complain and nag because their men don't amount to something.

A man needs a woman to feed his ego. There never has been a successful man who did not have a good opinion of himself. This doesn't mean that he has to be conceited. But it does mean that he must have some degree of self-respect and self-confidence. And the very cornerstone of a man's self-confidence is his success or failure with women. If he's a "hit" with a woman, it carries over into his other activities.

The opinion of some special woman can make or break a man. As a small boy he stands on his head and does all sorts of stunts to impress some little girl. When he gets older he will play football because he

thinks he is interested in manly sports. When he finishes school he will try to get a good paying job, buy a bigger car, and wear more expensive clothes because he thinks he is "ambitious."

But he's only kidding himself. He does all these things to convince some woman—and convince himself—that he is a MAN in the complete sense of the word. It's not only the poets and painters who have their women to inspire them. There's a woman behind the skyscraper, the big canal, the new invention, the bank, the grocery store.

J. C. Penney used to pick his store managers personally. He studied the prospect's wife as much as the applicant. "After I'd satisfied myself about a prospect's character

There's a woman behind the skyscraper, the big canal,



Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.



Mrs. Winston Churchill.



Winston Churchill.

*Author of the syndicated newspaper column, Success Secrets; and the book, How to Sell Yourself to Others.

SUCCESS

Bill's wife, like so many others, had to be shown how important she was to his success. Actually, it's not so difficult for a woman to make her husband successful and happy

and qualifications, I inquired about his home life. Was it happy and harmonious? Did his wife have his interests at heart? Would she stand at his side and help him to attain his ambitions? If I did not believe that his wife measured up, I did not employ the man. If I found that his wife was a true helpmate, I felt that he would succeed, other things being equal, for a good woman's power to encourage is well-nigh unlimited."

B. C. Forbes, the publisher, blames a large percentage of business failures on what he calls Nine-to-Five Wives—women who expect their husbands to attend to all business matters during office hours—and devote the rest of the time to them. These are the women who look bored when their husbands try to

discuss their business problems with them. They object if he spends part of his free time studying to improve himself; then nag him because he isn't at least a vice-president like the up-and-doing Mr. Smith down the street.

Many women will say this is unfair. "If the big fathead wants to have a happy home life, why doesn't he do something about it?" Well, girls, you've got something there. The only trouble is it doesn't work. A woman can manage a man with the greatest of ease, but no man can manage a woman. Few people realize the important role that women have had in making the men whom the world has called great.

There was Henry Ford, for example. Before his marriage he was a discouraged farm boy. He had had

dreams but had given them up. Clara Bryant revived his faith in himself. She sold him the idea that he could accomplish his dreams. She didn't nag when he messed up her kitchen with gadgets. She didn't fuss when they sold their farm, packed up their few household belongings in a wagon, and set out for Detroit in search of a dream. Ford made the statement many times that he had never known what it was to be nagged throughout 50 years of married life.

Winston Churchill is another good example. Henry and Dana Lee Thomas, in their Living Biographies of Famous Men, say of Churchill, "With the accession of a loving and understanding wife, his ambitions and achievements grew more rapid-

(Continued on page 70)

the new invention—and most of the big men in the world



Mrs. Henry Ford.



Mrs. Charles W. Nash.



Mrs. Thomas Edison.



Henry Ford.



Thomas Edison.



Charles W. Nash.



A Bullet For My Love

less than no time a wild eerie sound split the night. Continuing the thrill-filled
e of radio giveaways—and murder

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ustrated by John Pike

PART TWO

ADING TIME 43 MINUTES One of the
any things I know less than
thing about is murder. But I did
ow that Helen Dunbar had been
urdered. I could have cracked up
sily, except there was Judy to
nsider. She was on her knees by
r friend's body. I followed suit.
e did the usual futile things.

Then I went to the telephone.
ere were two phones in the
ouse: one by Judy's bed and the
her outside the guest-room door.
dialed the operator and asked for
olice. I could look back into the
est-room from where I was
anding. My guess was that there
ad been a struggle before Helen
ad been shot. One chair was over-
rned, another had been pushed
ut of position. A book was on the
oor, half under the bed, as though
had been kicked there.

A man's voice answered the
hone and I started talking. I told
im who I was and gave the address
f Judy's house. I said something
ad happened there. I said it
oked like murder.

When I went back into the room,
udy was sitting in a big maroon
hair, staring down at Helen Dun-
ar. I didn't know whether she
as being astonishingly brave, or
hether she was suffering from
hock. I took her by the shoulders
nd pulled her to her feet. I got her
nto the hall. I kept my arm around
er. It was the first time that had
ver happened, and I found myself
eenly aware that Judy Overton
was a very attractive young
woman. Up to that minute she'd
ever been any more than part of
ny job.

In less than no time a wild eerie
ound split the night. I knew that
would be the first installment of
police. We went to the front door
together and let in two men in uni-
form, one short and stocky and
with pink cheeks; the other taller,
leaner, and more forbidding. They
asked where the body was and I
showed them.

In a couple of minutes there was
another ring at the bell. As I
opened the door, I saw a small
gray sedan parked outside. Two
men in plain clothes were standing
in the doorway. One of the men,
a tall rangy guy with sharp fea-
tures, cold gray eyes, and a confi-
dent manner, started the talking.

"You Keith Williams?" he asked.
I said I was. "I'm Detective Lieuten-
ant Bert Lane, Hollywood Division.
This is Sergeant Ehrlich."

Ehrlich was shorter than Lane.
He looked broader and more power-
ful. He, too, had gray eyes, and he
had gray hair to match. Premat-
urely gray, I would have guessed.
Between them, they gave an im-
pression of icy efficiency.

Lieutenant Lane closed the door
and led the way into the living
room. Lane looked at Judy and
asked if she was Miss Overton. Judy
said yes. He said, "What's the deal,
Miss Overton?"

Judy started telling him. Her
voice wasn't steady, but she told
it straight. We'd come back from
the Casa Linda—the long way—
and had walked in on Helen Dun-
bar's body. Lieutenant Lane said
they'd better have a look; but be-
fore he got out of the living room,
two more plain-clothes men rang
the bell and walked in. Lane intro-
duced them meticulously. Detec-
tive Thorne had a round good-
natured face and hard black eyes.
Sergeant Peters was almost as tall
as Lane and with even less hair.
He had a paternal look and a slow
drawling voice. He said to Lane,
"Johnny and I were on patrol. We
picked up the broadcast and came
right over."

Lane led the way into the guest
room and chatted briefly with the
two uniformed men. He suggested
that they keep watch outside for
anyone else who might come along.
He said he wouldn't be surprised
if a couple of guys showed up from
Homicide, and two did: one short
and slender and neat, who was in-

(Continued on page 45)

SYNOPSIS



PART I—It was in the gambling rooms at
Las Vegas that I first met Valerie Palmer, a
beautiful, dynamic young widow. I intro-
duced myself: Keith Williams, advertising
agency representative.

I was there with Judy Overton, star of
the Judy & Oliver radio show. We had come
at the behest of her sponsor, L. Joshua
Quincy, president of the Deliciosa soft-drink
company. He had authored a doggerel riddle
for the program that would pay the suc-
cessful guesser \$100,000. Millions listened
every week.

While Valerie, Judy, and I were dining,
Rocky Moran, used-car dealer, and his man-
ager, Stanley Bishop, came over and Judy
introduced them.

On the drive back to Los Angeles that
night, we were followed. Was someone after
the \$12,000 Valerie had won at the tables,
or the answer to the contest riddle from
Judy? But after firing one shot—which
plowed through Judy's coat—the car re-
turned the way it had come.

The next day, Bonita Clayton, Moran's
secretary, introduced me to Robert Aber-
nathy, who lived over Valerie's garage. Later,
at Judy's, I met Helen Dunbar, a New
York song writer on the trail of Clifford
Harrison, to share with him money earned
by their collaboration. He had been a friend
of Valerie's husband, but Michael Palmer
was dead, and Valerie had told Helen she
did not know where Harrison was. Helen
was sure Valerie was lying.

After Judy's show Wednesday evening,
I took her home and accepted her offer of
a nightcap. Judy went down the hall to
call Helen. I heard a scream. I reached
Judy's side and saw Helen lying on the
floor, a bullet hole over her heart.

She was dead.

Bonnie screamed at him, and he hit her. It wasn't a slap. It was a punch. It sent her sprawling,
and she lay on the ground sobbing. Rocky took a step forward. I thought he intended to kick her.

*The amazing facts about one of the world's oldest but least understood secret societies—
the ancient Mystical Order of Rosae Crucis, whose members are known as Rosicrucians*



Happiness, Inc.

By CLINT MOSHER

READING TIME 12 MINUTES A stranger searching for an address in the middle-class suburbs on the fringe of San Jose, California, might find, upon the sudden turning of a corner, not the modest home of his friend but an Egyptian temple, an obelisk, a sphinx, and a series of brightly colored arches dedicated to the memory of Amenhotep IV, pharaoh of Egypt and founder of the famous "mystery schools" of learning 1,355 years before the birth of Christ. The street past these structures of ancient flavor, to be sure, would not be a path through the desert, but a stretch of well-cared-for macadam. Nor would it be sand between these strange structures, but the green grass.

Inside these buildings, men and women in modern dress manage the affairs of one of the world's oldest and least understood fraternal organizations, the Ancient Mystical Order of Rosae Crucis. Its shortened name is AMORC and its members are Rosicrucians.

The order has 60,000 adherents in North and South America alone, with thousands more in other parts of the world. They meet weekly in lodge rooms and observe the secret ritual of the order, and in their spare time study the order's teachings, "a system of metaphysical and physical philosophy intended to awaken the latent faculties of the individual whereby he may utilize to a better advantage his natural talents and lead a more happy life."

In a clever presentation, with a strong appeal to man's inherent desire to escape the commonplace,

those who manage the order have preserved much of the ancient mysticism of the early "mystery schools." In antiquity, candidates for admission to the schools took their oaths of obligation in ceremonies between the paws of the Great Sphinx in Egypt, after which they were led through subterranean passages into the initiatory chambers of the Great Pyramid and were there acquainted with the wisdom of the wise men of those days.

In equally impressive fashion the present-day members of AMORC meet in handsome Egyptian-motif lodge rooms and join hands and minds in a ritual rich in ancient lore and conceived as a means of binding the faithful in a common quest for knowledge. Beyond these ceremonies are courses of instruction which go back to the Pyramids and come up to the cyclotrons.

◆ The basic reasoning behind these studies is that a person who will examine natural laws with a mind free of preconceived notions will see a universal scheme of things emerge. Then, adapting himself to that scheme, he can shed his fears and frustrations like old and itchy garments and don the more comfortable raiment of peace of mind and usefulness to his fellow man.

This promise of happiness in the atomic age the Rosicrucians dispense to the sincere at \$5 down and \$2.50 a month, a modest sum as fraternal orders go. The message is carried to the faithful of both sexes in 6,000,000 pieces of mail which annually flow from the order's headquarters in the Santa

Clara Valley, 50 miles south of San Francisco.

The order concerns itself with natural laws. The entire operation is carried out without resort to such superstitious practices as the use of crystal balls, conversations with inhabitants of the spirit world, ouija boards, or lucky pieces, despite popular belief to the contrary.

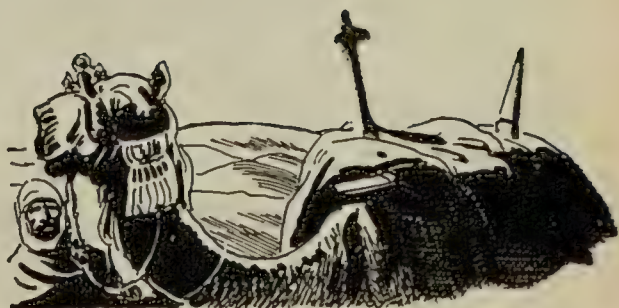
Nor is the head of the organization a bearded swami with robe and throne. He is Ralph M. Lewis, a 45-year-old ardent student of archaeology who dresses in quiet business suits. He was once an amateur boxer, but now works at his desk 12 to 16 hours a day. He receives a salary of less than \$10,000 a year.

He has the mild, somewhat intense manner of the alumni secretary who, when his class graduated, stayed behind to keep alive the traditions and usefulness of his alma mater. As the head of AMORC, he bears the impressive title of Emperor, but to the stenographer who takes his dictation and to the other 149 employees at headquarters, he is plain Mr. Lewis, product of a New Jersey boarding school, a business college, and a law course, and son of the late Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, the New York advertising executive who in 1915 revived AMORC in this country in its present form. Dr. Lewis died in 1939, and his son, who had been lodge secretary, succeeded him.

In the first decade of the present century the elder Lewis, while amassing a small fortune as an advertising counselor, began devoting his spare time to the study of phi-



Photo by Kurt Schelling-Transfilm



losophy and metaphysics. A man of considerable persuasive and oratorical power, he had devised, among other advertising paraphernalia, the slogan, "See America First!" With the same zeal he employed in making that phrase a household expression, Lewis went after the secrets of the pharaohs.

And so it was that he came across the story of Amenhotep IV and the Ancient Mystical Order of Rosae Crucis, which means, literally, Rosy Cross. Amenhotep was the heretic ruler of Egypt who in 1355 B.C. first advanced the theory that one instead of many gods conceived and continued the universe. For his thinking, Amenhotep is regarded by the Rosicrucians as their first Grand Master.

◆ As the art of printing spread across Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, the tenets of the Rosicrucians emerged from inside the Pyramids and traveled westward to the Atlantic. In 1694, a small band of freethinkers, headed by Johann Kelpius, a European Rosicrucian, established the first lodge in America in what is now Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. At Ephrata, Pennsylvania, the members set up a colony and built the first observatory in the Western World. And while the Rosicrucians were busy settling themselves and assisting in the founding of the new nation, they brought to being the first paper mill, the first symphony orchestra, and the first botanical gardens on this side of the Atlantic. Present-day Rosicrucians still pursue diversified activities of public benefit such as their planetarium, Egyptian Museum, and educational movies at San Jose.

In their early days in America the Rosicrucians had among their members such distinguished statesmen as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. However, there
(Continued on page 68)



Gino Monetti (Edward G. Robinson) has been beaten by a mob angry over his shady banking deals. Max (Richard Conte), one of his four sons, saved him from the mob and now doctors his wounds.



Gino goes on trial for violating the Banking Act. Max, an attorney, defends him. Gino's other sons turn against him.



Max attempts to bribe a woman juror and causes a mistrial. He is imprisoned. Gino, now free, visits his son in prison.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward, and Richard Conte in a drama of double-dealing

By ELIZABETH WILSON



HOUSE OF STRANGERS (Twentieth Century-Fox) explores the conflicts within an immigrant Italian family on New York's East Side. It stars Edward G. Robinson, Richard Conte, and Susan Hayward. Producer Sol C. Siegel and director Joseph L.

Mankiewicz—the same team who made *A Letter to Three Wives* so human a comedy—now demonstrate that they can produce tight, tense drama that never lags. The story opens with bitter young Max Monetti (Conte), fresh out of jail, visiting his three banker brothers—Joe (Luther Adler), Pietro (Paul Valentine), and Tony (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.). He knows they are afraid of him as he spurns their offer of cash. He also walks out on his girl, Irene Bennett (Susan Hayward), and then visits the deserted Monetti family mansion. A portrait of his father, Gino Monetti (Robinson) sets him thinking of the past. You see Gino, a banker who makes his own laws, dominating everyone. His shady dealings bring disaster to his bank. Max defends him at the trial, but goes to prison when he tries to bribe a juror. A mistrial frees Gino, but the three worthless sons get the bank. Gino thinks only of revenge and infects Max with his hatred. The finish comes fast and dramatically. Conte finally has a chance to prove his acting ability.



Max's bitter hatred of his brothers almost costs him the love of his girl Irene (Susan Hayward).



Gino loaned money to the poor, but always at unlawful rates. Tito Vuolo (left) seeks a loan. Luther Adler (center) plays son Joe.



The fiery-tempered little banker tries to slap son Pietro (Paul Valentine), but Pietro turns on him.

Liberty's

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Elizabeth Wilson

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (Warners) is the life story of Marilyn Miller, just about the greatest musical-comedy star in Broadway history. After an eight-year search, June Haver, a Technicolor favorite, was chosen to play the famous Ziegfeld star who died in 1936. Ray Bolger was a natural for Jack Donahue, the foremost dancer of his time. Singing actor Gordon MacRae was chosen to play Frank Carter, the great love of Marilyn's life, according to the script. New York in the days when Marilyn sang and danced in Sally, Sunny, Rosalie, As Thousands Cheer, was a giddy place for the fun-loving theater crowd, and the film has successfully re-created this gaiety. Such tuneful songs are revived as Time on My Hands, Who, and Sunny. It's colorful and musical and a real tonic for the summer doldrums. David Butler directed it.



June Haver, who has never appeared in any but Technicolor films, plays famous dancer Marilyn Miller. Ray Bolger is in the role of Jack Donahue.

CALAMITY JANE AND SAM BASS (Universal-International) is a Western all dressed up in Technicolor for the summer trade. This time Yvonne De Carlo plays that notorious gun-totin' gal, Calamity Jane, last played in these parts by another bosomy actress by the name of Jane Russell. Howard Duff plays Sam Bass, a young man who puts over a deal with a horse. The sheriff thinks he's a crook and tells him to get out of town, town being Denton, Texas. Sam becomes a cattle driver, and later a robber and an outlaw. Calamity Jane is always there with her trusty gun to get him out of a jam. But it's Kathy (Dorothy Hart), the sheriff's daughter, he loves, and he dies in her arms. Poor Calamity Jane. The picture was shot near Kanab, Utah, and the scenery is outstanding. Among the supporting players are Houseley Stevenson and Lloyd Bridges.



Yvonne De Carlo as Calamity Jane and Howard Duff as Sam Bass. Another girl and death cheat gun-toting Jane in her efforts to win gunman Sam.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME (M-G-M) is light and tuneful and certainly no mental strain. Filmed in Technicolor and set against a background of Chicago in the gay 1900s, it doesn't miss a trick in making the most of the costumes and the music of that era, including the whistleable In the Good Old Summertime. Ever popular Van Johnson and Judy Garland are teamed for the first time in this zany comedy, and they make with the songs and capers in fine style. Most of the action takes place in Oberkugen's Elite Music Shop, where Van, Judy, Spring Byington, Buster Keaton (making his first screen appearance in 15 years), and Clinton Sundberg are employed by fatherly Mr. Sakall. Besides the sentimental ballads of the time, several new numbers were composed for the film and skillfully worked into the story.



There was many a hilarious hitch before Andrew (Van Johnson) realized that Veronica (Judy Garland) was really the girl he had always wanted.

ake Mrs. W, a war widow who feels wronged, though she holds down a man-sized, salaried job, and still has her husband's insurance money in the bank. If her son had contracted any other disease, Mrs. W would never have dreamed of applying for funds, but with polio, she fully expected the Foundation to pay all expenses. However, according to the Foundation, "We are prepared to pay that part of the cost of care and treatment *you cannot meet.*" In other words, as long as you have funds, you are expected to pay.

Both the daughters of Mr. A and Mr. X had to be sent to reconstruction hospitals. Both men earned the same salary, approximately \$6,000 a year. Mr. A's daughter is an only child, still he had no savings, since, due to the housing shortage, he had sunk all his available cash into a new home. Mr. X had, besides his sick child, three other youngsters to raise. Yet Mr. A was helped considerably by the Foundation, but Mr. X insists he received virtually nothing.

Why was one man aided, the other not?

Mr. A went about it correctly. He did what the Foundation instructs you to do—apply to your *own* county chapter. Spread over this country there are 2,809 of these local units. Some units are run from offices staffed by paid professional workers. Some operate from front parlors and are in charge of volunteers. Some, as in California, are alert enough to keep track of reported cases in their vicinity and, unsolicited, write letters to the victim or his family to ascertain what, if any, aid is required. Some units, when running short of funds, do not mind borrowing from the National Foundation. Others perversely like to prove they can and will make their allotment (two cents from every net dime collected by the March of Dimes) suffice. I learned that there are chapters that can take immediate, competent care of 80 cases, while others would be swamped by three.

◆ In short, each of the 2,809 units is a separate entity, with its own program. It is to these units that you are instructed to apply for assistance, and since their resources are so diversified, your chances of help depend on where you are located. This puts a terrifying element of luck into a set-up that should be uniform. It also unwittingly creates a perfect system for passing the buck. When I told the Foundation about my investigation, citing the case of Mr. X, I was told, "Oh, it's too bad you asked someone in *that* county. *That* county has been very bad. Now, if you only had gone to this *other* county . . ." Unhappily, polio doesn't select the county it will strike.

Mr. A is grateful to the Foundation. He offered to pay a sum he felt he could afford—two dollars a day hospitalization. And at one time he said the hospitalization "ran to \$26 a day. The hospital paid nine of it, I paid two, and the Foundation paid \$15 a day."

In spite of his sincere gratitude, Mr. A admits, "I'm very lucky. I live in a good county. My doctor said it might have been a different story if I had lived elsewhere."

Mr. X not only lived in a county whose Foundation chapter was badly managed, but instead of applying to his local chapter he called the main branch in New York City. There, according to Mr. X, "they said they could do nothing."

It so happened that Mr. X carried hospitalization insurance. The Foundation informs me that in those cases it will furnish no financial help until the insurance money has been used. Sometimes insurance companies feel the Foundation should help, while the Foundation feels the insurance company should pay, and thus you may hit a bottleneck. There are a few policies that involve polio insurance, but the Foundation *warns* you to look carefully into them before buying such protection. For example, some types of polio insurance do not pay off until three months after the initial premium payment has been made. As most parents are tempted to take out the policy during the epidemic season, the odds are, if your child catches polio, it will be within those first three non-insured months.

Mr. X's Blue Cross insurance policy paid \$600. He was obliged to pay \$800 more.

◆ Even after a polio patient leaves the reconstruction hospital—there frequently are additional expenses connected with care at home. The school problem, for instance, plagued Mrs. B after Molly came home. Mrs. B was indignant because a teacher was not sent to help Molly with her studies. When, after four months and an appeal to the mayor of their city, one did arrive, the teacher said it would be better for Molly if she could study with other children. A settlement-house school was recommended. Mrs. B, whose income is small, was charged two dollars a week for the bus that carried Molly (still unable to walk) to that school.

The Foundation is unable to pay vocational expenses, and one of its booklets, expressly addressed to parents, says: "You may have to provide transportation to and from school and even arrange to have your child carried to the floor on which his classes are held."

Mr. X's daughter came home wearing a steel brace. The services of a busy visiting nurse (she had

128 other patients) were provided to familiarize the girl with home exercises. Mr. X had to rent a wheel chair and crutches and pay a monthly doctor's bill to a specialist recommended by the reconstruction hospital.

Last June Mr. X's daughter underwent an operation. Afterward the surgeon said it was imperative that Hedy have the proper treatment at home. Says Mr. X, "He told me to get a physical therapist. I called the Foundation, asking them to send one, but they were unable to do that, nor could they tell me where, in my county, I could obtain such necessary services, even if I paid for them. The upshot was that my wife—with three other children to care for, plus housework—had to take a course and I had to buy a muscle-exercise machine that cost \$95."

I checked Mr. X's story by questioning a trained nurse who works in the polio ward of a state hospital situated in the same county. She explained that "Our county chapter is in the red. I suppose that's why our chapter is short of physical therapists. For example, during normal times the hospital in which I work has three physical therapists kept constantly busy. Last summer, when the polio epidemic broke out, the Foundation sent not even *one* extra therapist. Our three are paid by the Foundation. Two of them say they intend quitting. They are paid \$250 a month but, unlike nurses, receive no hospital benefits. This worries them. As one remarked to me, 'Suppose I catch polio, then what?'"

Then what, indeed. Besides the possible crippling effects, the average polio case costs run to \$2,000, and if a patient requires an iron lung, with corresponding constant attention, the cost can soar to \$20,000 or more.

◆ Adding it all up, your chances of being helped by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis clearly depend upon where you are living.

Since the help you will get stems from your local chapter, go there *now*. Don't wait. Your contributions pay for that chapter, so you are entitled to see for yourself whether or not it is competently run. Ask about its finances. If they are low, get to work, even if it means collecting from door to door, explaining that more money is needed so that your own county chapter will be in a position to help you and your neighbors when you will need it most.

After you have done everything that you can to make *your* chapter work, to keep it on its toes, there is nothing more you can do except, perhaps, pray that the vaccine to end polio will be discovered in the near future.

letter to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, temporary presiding officer of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, then recovering from illness in Augusta, Georgia, asking the current views of the JCS on the carrier. The letter said Johnson had no preconceived notions with respect to the carrier, and hadn't yet formed any opinion as to whether its construction should go forward, but wanted their opinions before forming his own or discussing it with the President. He sent copies to the individual chiefs of staff: General Omar N. Bradley of the Army, Admiral Louis E. Denfeld of the Navy, and General Hoyt S. Vandenberg of the Air Force.

The keel of the carrier was laid at Newport News on April 18, three days after the Johnson letter was sent. The date originally fixed, weeks in advance, was April 15, but when this turned out to be Good Friday it was changed. A keel laying is not a ceremonial occasion, like a launching or commissioning, but reporters, knowing this one had been planned for mid-April, asked the exact date. For some obscure reason the Navy Department returned "No comment," and this led to published accusations that the keel had been laid secretly.

On that same day Secretary Johnson and John L. Sullivan, Secretary of the Navy, conferred on various matters. Johnson asked Sullivan his opinion about continuing the carrier, but interrupted the conversation by saying he had another caller waiting. The next day, April 19, Sullivan sent him a memo covering one phase of the carrier question and asked for a further discussion. This was never held.

General Eisenhower sent a memorandum from Georgia dated Wednesday, April 20, to the three chiefs, saying he had received Secretary Johnson's letter of April 15 and thought the matter should be placed on the agenda and studied by the JCS without awaiting his return to Washington. He apparently expressed no opinion then, and did not return until May. He had been quoted earlier as favoring the ship.

◆ The Navy was preparing a "presentation" of the carrier project for the JCS, with charts and verbal arguments, but had no opportunity to deliver it. On Friday afternoon, April 22, Secretary Johnson asked the three members to give him their individual views in memorandum form by 11 o'clock the next morning, Saturday. On Friday afternoon also there were reports in the Public Information Office at the Pentagon that announcement would be made Saturday of termination of work on the carrier. On Saturday morning, before the three memos of the JCS had been delivered to Secretary Johnson with their covering letters, it became

known that a news release announcing the stoppage was being run off. Just before noon, a chief petty officer in Sullivan's office pulled out of the In basket a brief memorandum from Johnson ordering the discontinuance, and turned it over to a superior.

Sullivan, who was in Texas, learned of it without prior warning. Sullivan flew back to Washington, and three days later resigned.

The speed with which the memorandum to Sullivan and the news release to the press were delivered Saturday supports more than a suspicion that Johnson did not rely on the memos of the chiefs to make up his mind. A careful reading of his brief announcement shows that although he had "received the views" of the chiefs and discussed the matter with the President, the decision was his.

◆ What, then, were the views of the chiefs? A year previous, in May, 1948, Bradley and Denfeld had supported the big carrier idea. Vandenberg's views were not made public, but he certainly did not support it. For some reason not clear, the text of the three memos to Johnson has been classified as secret, but enough of their contents is known to show that Bradley had changed his opinion. In his memo he concluded that the Navy had carriers enough already to perform the missions then assigned to it, and that the carriers could operate planes of sufficient size for those missions. He was influenced by the long-range capabilities of the Air Force land-based bombers and didn't think Navy planes were needed to supplement them, especially for inland penetration. He pointed out that we are not threatened by any foreign surface fleet.

Both Bradley and Vandenberg referred to the cost. Vandenberg indeed said it would cost half a billion, instead of the Navy's figure of \$189,000,000, to make the big carrier operational. He contended that the big planes from the big carrier were not needed for strategic bombing and that the Air Force could take care of submarine bases. He added that he thought the U.S.S. United States would be most vulnerable, being exposed to attack by air, subsurface, and surface forces, whereas land-based air was exposed to only one.

Admiral Denfeld advocated the carrier for purely naval missions—i.e., not for strategic bombing—and pointed out that its planes could transport an atomic bomb if necessary. He stressed the need of longer range planes with heavier bomb loads, contending that our potential enemies are making advances in weapons and that we have to meet those advances or we can't meet the enemy. The big carrier prototype would be of value in antisubmarine

warfare and mine laying, and would give space for the added electronic equipment, fuel supply, and armament required by any new war.

In brief, the chief arguments against the carrier were that it would cost too much and wasn't needed. Total armament costs are an important consideration; our top military planners worry more about the country's economic collapse than anything else except its total obliteration. But the cost figure of half a billion was arrived at by doubtful arithmetic. As to need—the Navy needs the greater range for control of the sea, its primary job. It can operate better 1,000 miles off shore than 500.

Designers of the big carrier regard it as practically immune to torpedoes. The plans embody all the experience of wartime damage control and the Bikini trials.

The top Navy command was not attempting, through the carrier, to take strategic bombing away from the Air Force, although the enthusiastic sounds made by some naval juniors convinced many this was so.

The decision to scuttle the carrier was made by a civilian administrator, the Secretary of Defense. In his sharp letter to Johnson, issued when he resigned, Sullivan called this the first attempt in the United States to prevent the development of a powerful weapon (perhaps having in mind Hitler's order preventing the German Air Force from building fighters). He said it was unprecedented that the plans of an operating service had been changed without its being consulted.

In his final message to all naval ships and stations, sent as he stepped down, Sullivan referred to ours as "the greatest Navy the world has ever known—a Navy no foreign foe has ever defeated." (*Italics ours.*)

◆ The scuttling of the carrier was based, at least in part, on a two-to-one division of the JCS. Fear was expressed at the Pentagon that the method would be applied to decisions on other weapons. The Navy was on the short end this time, but some day mightn't the Army and Navy vote down a successor for the B-36, or the Air Force and Navy disapprove a new tank?

In their own decisions the Joint Chiefs act as a group, without any formal rules or bylaws. During the war the Navy had, with Admiral Leahy, two representatives to balance the Army and Air Force, and matters on which the chiefs weren't unanimous were referred to the President. When the office of Secretary of Defense was created, disagreements were ordered referred to him.

So far as top civilian thinking goes, cancellation of the carrier indicates increased reliance on the Air Force, but officially it has not

changed basic strategy or the "roles and missions" of the three services fixed at the Key West and Newport conferences held last year by the chiefs and Forrestal.

There is much confusion over the relationship of strategic warfare and the atomic bomb. Strategic warfare is the saturation bombing calculated to destroy the enemy's ability and will to make war, carried out against such targets as key factories and railroads. It may be conducted in future with the atomic bomb or other explosives. Also, the atomic bomb may be used against specific military targets, such as large airfields and submarine pens.

Last year's definite decision that the Air Force had the "exclusive" role in strategic warfare did not, therefore, carry an atomic-bomb monopoly. The primary decision as to whether the atomic bomb will be used at all will presumably be made by the President and Congress. If the decision is yes, the JCS will decide who's to drop them.

The award of primary strategic bombing responsibility carried the understanding that the Air Force would call on naval air for whatever help it could get. The limitation on carrier size now restricts the degree to which the Navy can comply if it's asked. For most of its aircraft, the radius is now held to 700 miles instead of the 1,700 which the new planes designed for the big carrier were expected to give.

The Navy has two new planes big enough to carry an atomic bomb. The A2J is a high-altitude turbo-jet bomber with about a 1,200-mile radius, combat loaded, that can fly from and land on the biggest existing carriers, those of the Midway class, provided their decks are strengthened. The P2V, or Neptune, originally designed as a long-range patrol plane, has taken off from carriers, and pilots believe that, fitted with a tail hook, it could land on them. It is a slow low-altitude model, with a radius of about 2,000 miles combat loaded.

◆ A limited number of these big planes can be used from the three Midway-class carriers, although the P2V would not go into the hangar deck. Neither plane has the bomb load, speed, or range expected of a turbo-prop model designed for the carrier United States. As this could not be used on existing carriers it has been abandoned. It would have had a weight of 100,000 pounds, carry more than 10,000 pounds of bombs, and have a speed of about 500 knots.

Besides the job of controlling the sea, the Navy has the "exclusive" role in antisubmarine warfare and is responsible for mine laying, with any help the Air Force can give. The supercarrier, with its 33 knots, fast launching, and complement of sturdy planes, would be effective at bombing today's fast submarines, for which the World War II jeep

carriers would be no match. Its projected big planes could also lay mines in Russian home waters. In World War II most mines were laid by the strategic Air Force.

Although the three Midway carriers have 932-foot flight decks and can launch and receive large planes, they cannot store on their hangar decks aircraft requiring more than 17½ feet of vertical space. The new jet bombers have high tails, and as they grow it is harder to keep their tails and folded wings within that ceiling. The Navy feels that it has been told, "Go ahead and develop jets, but you can't go beyond a certain weight and size."

The demand for bigger naval air-



LIBERTY

"—because we don't like the water! Now, will you get lost!"

craft, and therefore bigger carriers, has been growing since 1944, when the late Admiral Marc A. Mitscher had to keep his fleet in the exposed bight of Luzon during the battle for the Philippines so he could reach all the enemy airfields. The biggest he had were the Essex-class carriers, with 860-foot flight decks. At the end of the war, but not in time to get into action, came the larger Midway class.

Two factors permitted marked improvements in the supercarrier. One was the advance in radar which made the raised bridges on the "islands" of existing carriers unnecessary. The island has caused the death of many a pilot trying to land, and hampers the launching of big planes. Another factor was abandonment of the old requirement that a ship go through the Panama Canal. The new flush-deck carrier was designed with an overall length of 1,090 feet, a flight deck some 50 feet shorter, a maximum width of 190 feet, and a deck strength to withstand a 500,000-pound impact. The greater width would make her steady in rough water. The prototype of an eventual group of four, the ship was to be

started in 1948 for delivery in 1952.

The big carrier's early paper existence was marked by several disputes. The Budget Bureau first asked for approval by the JCS, but Secretary Sullivan convinced it that this was not necessary. On December 10, 1947, the JCS prepared a report in the form of a reply for Forrestal to send to the President's Air Policy Board. Admiral Denfeld, who was not a member at the time, interpreted this and other action of the JCS as sanctioning the carrier, and told a Congressional committee last year that the chiefs had approved it. General Carl Spaatz, the retiring Air Force chief, disputed the testimony, contending that the representatives of his service had never approved it.

To make funds available for the carrier and other construction, the Navy sponsored a bill suspending work on 13 vessels costing \$307,000,000. After committee hearings in both houses, Congress authorized the suspension and by implication authorized the supercarrier, but did not specifically order it built. The Navy 1949 budget, including funds for the first year's work, was adopted in June, 1948, and the next month President Truman authorized the carrier's construction and use of a private yard. By "letter of intent" dated August 10, 1948, the job was given to the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co.

Further funds for the 1950 construction were included in the President's budget approved by the House on April 13 this year. Before it came up for action in the Senate the carrier was a dead duck.

◆ Why did the Navy lose the battle for the carrier? For one thing, the Navy stopped, once Congress and the President had approved it, but the Air Force kept on sniping. For another, there is still a little of the old Annapolis feeling that naval officers are gentlemen who fight like hell in a war and don't need to say much about their work during peace. "We're no good at public relations," one officer said ruefully. "We talk to civilians as if they were naval officers. We assume they know a lot that they don't. We talk to the Joint Chiefs the same way. All but one of them are civilians so far as naval matters go."

One mistake the Navy regretted was calling the U.S.S. United States a supercarrier in its news releases. Although it was to be the biggest ship in the world by a slight margin, it would have been only about 100 feet longer than the Midway.

The Navy has a logical argument for bigger planes and bigger carriers in order to control the sea, but it is hard to dramatize. We cannot control the sea without controlling the air over it. In the foreseeable future, most matériel and men will have to go to our potential allies by ship, not plane. Besides protecting convoys in a World War

III the Navy will have to lay anti-submarine mines, attack enemy bases, and seize and supply advance bases for ourselves.

Intelligence reports show that today's Russian fighters, torpedo planes, and light bombers have greater range and speed than ever before. They would be used in efforts to bar us from the sea near Europe. What the Navy would like to do is operate its mobile task forces beyond radar range from the coast line, so our attacks on bases and shipping would be surprises.

The planes being developed for these functions need more fuel, bigger bomb loads, heavier electronic equipment—and bigger flight decks.

The ships themselves need more space for radar-controlled approach, navigation, and fire-control systems.

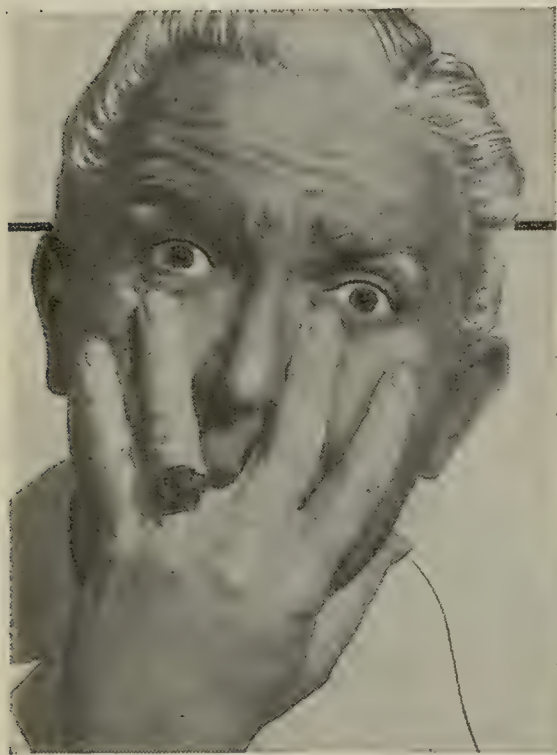
The supercarrier would provide us another good string for our atomic bow. The Air Force is sure its intercontinental bombers can get through. Let's hope so, but if they shouldn't, a fast heavy plane launched from a movable advance base might.

So far, we have spent \$5.5 millions on the U.S.S. United States. The total cost, including cancellation of all contracts, won't be known for months, but a congressional estimate is \$20,000,000. And if some day we find that we want a super-

carrier after all, we'll have to wait four years for it.

For my tax money, the Navy should be the authority on naval aircraft and aircraft carriers. Similarly the Air Force should be the authority on the B-36 and its successors. The men who have waged the bitter interservice quarrels since Pearl Harbor are all without doubt sincere and patriotic men, but they are ignorant of each other's weapons. Within a general program and budget, each service should be free to develop the best weapons it can get. Congress and the President can then assign to each the roles and missions which it is best able to perform.

IS MY FACE RED? *Continued from page 14*



a matter of fact, I'm the owner of this boat. Do you own a tug?"

"No, I do not," I snapped. "Where did you get this barge? It looks faintly familiar to me. I think I used to buy likker off her when she was a rumrunner. Did you take over the business too? I could use a dozen cases at the right price."

"No, I didn't," she snapped back, "and this boat never peddled any rum to you. I bought her from a banker who was on his way to Washington to try and get through the eye of a needle. What's the length of your scow?"

"A hundred and thirty feet at the water line," I told her.

"I guessed it was a dory," she said scornfully. "This one is a hundred and fifty."

"Wooden hull?" I asked spitefully.

"Yes," she admitted.

"I thought so," I said triumphantly. "Better stick to the inside passage. You'd look funny taking a trolley ride in a breeches buoy."

"Since when did you get a steel hull?" she wanted to know. "You always used to be wooden—especially your superstructure."

"Oh, I wanted to go to sea," I parried.

"In that little launch?"

"I just got in from Tampico," I informed her. "Under the circumstances I don't blame you for not wanting a tow off this bar. I might pull you in two."

"Don't bother to strain the propeller of your little ferry," she sniffed disdainfully. "I'm in no hurry. Come aft and meet my guests."

I followed her to the afterdeck where some people were scattered around among the cushions. There were May and Bill Roberts, Mildred and Jimmy Baxter, all of whom I knew already, and a tall lanky fellow who was a stranger to me.

"This is my old, old friend, Joe Gish," Mary said to him after I had greeted the others. And then to me, "This is Mr. Walsh."

I bowed and told him I was glad to meet him. He gave me a limp hand and lisped, "Delighted to welcome you on board. Make yourself comfortable, old chap. Press the button there and have a drink."

He fairly dripped unctuous condescension and, besides being prejudiced against his face, I don't like to be patronized. I couldn't see what business it was of his if Mary called me an old friend, so I turned around to her and said, "I thought you said this was your boat."

"Ah, yes, quite so, quite so," the wet smack admitted. "But I can still welcome an old, old friend aboard, can't I, old thing?"

"Thanks," I said. "It's nice to know who's head man in this show." I don't know why I let him flick me on the raw at the start, but the first round was unquestionably his. I should have tossed him overboard and been done with it, but instead I sat down and joined the general conversation. I gathered that Bill had gone down to Miami to lay a cornerstone and the rest of them had gone along for the ride. I didn't get far with the conversation because Walsh kept heckling me. When Mary asked me about Mexico and I told her about trying to become a bullfighter, he insisted on telling about cockfighting in Cuba. When I went back to tell about a

fight in Mexico City, he interrupted and asked me if I had stuck to bullfighting long enough to get horned. I asked him if he had stuck to cockfighting long enough to get spurred. That round was mine.

Then he said to me, "Those matched fights are all right, but for real excitement, give me a dog-and-badger fight every time."

I agreed readily.

"Have you ever seen a badger fight, Mr. Gish?" he asked me.

"Certainly," I told him.

"Where?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, out West," I said indifferently. "Texas, I think."

"They do have some fine ones out there," he admitted reluctantly. "But I saw a badger in Miami that I believe can whip any dog."

"Not a chance," Bill contradicted him. "There's a dog here in Palm Beach that can tear him to pieces in thirty seconds."

"Then let's have a badger fight!" Walsh suggested.

Everyone agreed that it was a fine idea and Walsh said he could have the badger sent up the next morning from Miami.

"But where can we hold it?" he asked. "There is one law in Florida that is strictly enforced and that is the one against badger fighting. There's a six-month penalty for a conviction. I doubt if we can fix the police."

I told him I had a house ashore and that we could hold it there. It was finally settled that it should take place at five-thirty the next afternoon in my garage and that I would give a cocktail party before the fight for a few friends they wanted to invite. We decided to bring in the stewards from both boats and make a gala occasion of it. Walsh said he would make up a book and announce the odds just after he weighed the badger.

The tide lifted the boat enough for it to pull off the bar, and I left them to finish plans for the fight.

The next morning I went in to the house to make further preparations. News had gotten to New York

and Chicago over the brokers' wires and Frank Miller and Pink Crocker each offered five hundred on the badger, and there was another thousand from Larry Callahan and Bud Boyden on the dog.

Before three o'clock Walsh had ten thousand on the books and it looked as if the odds would be even.

Jimmy and Bill took possession of the garage and got a carpenter to build a coop for the badger.

By five I lost all hope of keeping the thing quiet. Everybody in Palm Beach was there already, AND New York and Chicago were wiring for bulletins.

The men were all busy placing bets and trying to find out the weight of the badger. The women were nervous and getting ready to look the other way. Lady Wendel fortified herself with smelling salts. Elsie Faxwell said she couldn't stand the sight of blood, and when Walsh drove up in a big express truck and packed it into the garage, she dashed out and went home.

Fred Jackson arrived with the dog and his wife in tears. She didn't want the dog to fight. I couldn't see why not, because he was a Great Dane, the size of a pony. But she said she was so fond of him and just couldn't bear to see him chewed up. Fred said he had only seen one Great Dane whipped by a badger and that was in a fight that was fixed.

I was too busy greeting the guests to see what was going on outside, but finally Bill and Jimmy announced that all was ready and we went out on the lawn and lined up along the driveway, which had been fenced off. The badger's coop was at one side of the garage door and the dog's pen at the other. Jimmy and Bill said they had given the badger some raw meat and he had scratched them up badly. Both had mercurochrome smeared all over their faces and hands and Jimmy refused to go on with the fight until someone got him a pair of leather gauntlets.

◆ Bill was referee and announced the program. He explained that the fight would be held under the Florida rules rather than the Texas, as the Florida badgers were gamer than the Texas ones. Jimmy was to handle the badger and Fred was to handle the dog. Bill was the umpire, so he measured off eighteen paces and marked the spot on the driveway. Jimmy tied a rope on the door of the badger's coop and took his place on the spot Bill had marked. Fred opened the dog's pen and took the Great Dane by the collar. There was a lot of discussion and it was finally decided that the badger was so ferocious he should only have sixteen paces start. So they marked a new spot and Jimmy moved back two feet. When Bill gave the word, he was to pull the door away and run down the driveway to give the

badger a clear field. When the badger had sixteen paces start, Fred was to release the dog, while Jimmy was to turn the corner of the house and come back through the kitchen to give them a clear field. The fight was to continue to the death unless the badger got the dog by the throat from underneath and that meant sure death for the dog. In that case the owner of the dog could cry quits and the referee was to pull the badger off and declare him the winner. Fred offered to waive this privilege, but his wife wouldn't agree. She loved that dog too much!

Just as the fight was all ready



LIBERTY

"Get back in there! You know you're not supposed to be beyond the safety rope!"

to start, Bob Wilson raised an objection.

"How much has Jimmy on the fight?" he asked.

Jimmy admitted that he had five hundred dollars on the badger. There were more objections then and Bill announced that he was disqualified from handling the badger. He asked Walsh to take his place, but Walsh said he had a thousand on the badger, so couldn't. Walsh asked me how I stood in the betting, and I said that I hadn't placed a bet yet as I was waiting for the odds to be announced. He insisted that I handle the badger since I had seen fights in Texas and knew how to handle badgers. I pointed out that these were not the same rules as I had used in Texas. Bill said he couldn't change the rules now but I would soon master the Florida code. Everyone was yelling for me to go ahead, but I was a little uneasy because I never had seen a fight in Texas. Or anywhere else. But I wasn't going to let Walsh high-hat me.

"I want to make a bet on the dog," I announced. "I'll offer even money on the dog."

"All right," Mary said. "I'll take it. How much do you want to bet?"

"Whatever you care to put up," I told her. I thought I was perfectly safe in betting on that Great Dane even though I didn't understand badger fighting. He could almost step over the badger's cage.

"How about your boat against mine?" she suggested.

That's when my face first turned red. I didn't want to make a big bet, but I couldn't back down before the whole crowd. Then I had a brilliant idea.

"That suits me," I said, "provided you go with the boat."

The crowd yelled approval of that wager and it was her face that was red now. She gave me a dirty look, but the crowd only jeered at her.

"All right," she agreed. "It's a deal. Someone make a record of my bet on the badger. I want to be sure I can collect. Now, let's go!"

"But I can't handle the badger now," I protested. "I made a bet."

"Oh, yes, you can," Bill corrected me. "You bet on the dog. That doesn't disqualify you."

◆ That started more argument and finally Bill suggested that six men who had bets on the dog should draw lots. So he picked five other men out of the crowd who had bet on the dog, and I agreed, thinking that with the odds five to one in my favor I was safe. Walsh wrote six names on slips of paper and put them in a hat. Then he held the hat over his head and Bill picked one out. And was my face red when that slip had my name on it!

So there was nothing for me to do but get out on the driveway and take hold of the rope. I was so excited that I could hardly hold it. Walsh noticed it and insisted on tying the rope around my wrist for fear I would drop it after I pulled the door open.

Then Bill made some more announcements and the odds were announced as even. There was some more betting at the last minute and then Bill got up on a box and counted. I turned and faced down the driveway and at "three" I gave a yank and started around the corner of the house. There was a terrible clatter and the Great Dane began barking and I put on speed for the kitchen door.

Just then two policemen stepped out from behind the corner and before I could even look back I ran into their arms.

"A badger fight!" they shouted. "We've got him!"

"We're pinched," I yelled. "Everybody scatter!"

Then I turned around and looked back at the crowd.

Not a soul had run but they were all rolling on the lawn and holding their sides in hysterics. I couldn't see what was so funny, and then I looked at the end of the rope. It was tied to one of those famous household utensils that used to be

kept under the bed until Chic Sales turned carpenter.

And was my face red. Mary's new boy friend, Walsh, had framed me! And what a successful framing it was! The third round unquestionably belonged to Walsh.

There was nothing I could do but laugh and allow the cops to drag me off to the patrol wagon with the trophy tied to the rope around my wrist. Everybody went to the station house in West Palm Beach with us and cheered madly as I was formally charged with participating in a badger fight. The judge heard the evidence and had a good laugh. Then he fined me ten dollars for each cop and dismissed the case. There were news photographers at the station house and a reporter to get the story for the A.P. I was certainly a set-up for every rotogravure in the country.

I had to take it smiling, of course, and try not to pop all my arteries. But nobody will ever know how close that judge came to trying me again and the next time for murder in the first degree.

Then we all went back to my house and celebrated the victory. To show my sporting blood, I invited the crowd to a New Year's party the next night at the Marguery in honor of Mary and her guests. They all had many a good laugh with me again, and Walsh told everyone about my long experience with Texas badgers. He also showed everyone the other five slips of paper that he had put into the hat. Each one of them had my name on it. He was a bright boy, all right.

He was so pleased with himself that he got a little tight in the flush of the excitement and I noticed that he was frequently in the close proximity of Alice Ransome.

◆ Now, Alice is not the right kind of girl to hang around in a careless way. She's an alluring, well-nourished brunette who can't read "No Trespassing" signs at close range and she rattles the ball-and-chains to keep the married women on their guard while she snatches any unbranded boy friends. I couldn't imagine her taking a fancy to Walsh, but I heard that she had an old grudge against Mary and she might be looking for a chance to get even. It seems that Mary had once enticed a movie star from under her wing without her permission and Alice is an elephant for nursing grudges. But Walsh apparently didn't know about the past history, for I overheard him invite her on Mary's boat for tea the next afternoon.

The next night the same crowd, more or less, assembled at the Marguery with the yachting party at the head table. But Mary and her guests didn't show up, and after waiting for an hour, the rest of us sat down. Alice was missing too,

and everybody was wondering what happened. She was last seen on the way to the boat for tea with Walsh.

Just before midnight a man in the uniform of a port inspector walked into the room and held up his hand for silence.

"Don't be alarmed," he warned them, "but I have an unpleasant duty to perform. I went out to Mrs. MacIntyre's yacht this afternoon on a routine inspection tour and discovered that one of the sailors had developed what is apparently smallpox. It is a very serious matter and I was forced to quarantine everyone on board. This upset Mrs. MacIntyre tremendously and she objected strenuously. She was afraid of the notoriety, and I finally agreed to let the quarantine be unofficial, after receiving her promise that no one should be allowed to go ashore for forty-eight hours. Miss Ransome threatened to swim ashore and wire Washington, but Mrs. MacIntyre ordered her taken to a cabin by the captain and they had heated words. I have placed two guards at the dock to see that no one approaches the yacht from the shore. Now I must examine anyone here who has been on the boat during the last twenty-four hours. It is just a formality, I assure you."

◆ A couple of women screamed and somebody yelled, "Joe Gish was there yesterday afternoon! Where is he? He was here a minute ago. He's left! Where has he gone?"

There was a general uproar at this and then the inspector held up his hand for silence again.

"Since Mr. Gish has apparently fled," he told them, "I will take his place and propose a toast to the New Year and to our absent friends on the yacht who start it so auspiciously." With that, I went back to my place at the table, lifted a glass, and took off the inspector's cap and false whiskers.

You should have heard the howl when the crowd got the point. I had to go back over the story in detail for hours and tell how I had made spots on a sailor with mercurochrome and then taken him ashore. I showed them the hundred-dollar bill Mary had given me as a bribe. I announced that eggnog would be served on my boat all New Year's Day and that I had put two telescopes on Mary's boat to see what was happening. She must have been having a sorry time, because the awnings were up on the afterdeck and there was no sign of life except for Walsh and Alice, who were stretched out on the sun deck for a while. I don't imagine the sight of the party on my boat added anything to their gaiety and we could catch glimpses of faces at the portholes and windows. And we had many a good laugh while we pictured Mary burning up over having to entertain Alice for forty-eight hours. We got up a sweepstakes over

which one would get Walsh at the pay-off.

This morning I caught the trail because I didn't want to be around when Mary tumbled to my whiskey after her forty-eight hours were up. I knew that woman would be interested in mayhem and compound assault when she heard the first laugh. But my captain is keeping me posted on the way. Here's a wire I got at Fort Pierce. Listen:

"Commotion on boat. Man either fell overboard or was pushed. Think the latter."

Poor Walsh! I wonder which side gave him the shove.

And here's another one that was delivered at Daytona:

"Launch came ashore at three and asked for a doctor to be sent out to the boat at once. Someone was hit on the head with a bottle and badly cut. Our sailors on guard were recognized and I think the hoax is ended. Doctor on boat now."

Joe finished his laugh at that and claimed the fourth round was his.

At St. Augustine there was a telegram and Joe got nervous and paced the aisle until we got to Jacksonville. Then he received a bundle of messages that looked like election returns.

And was his face red! He sorted out one and handed it to me. It was from his captain and read:

"Miss Ransome came ashore with doctor and swore out a warrant for assault with a deadly weapon against Mrs. MacIntyre. She is now in county jail and will be held without bail until Mr. Walsh is declared out of danger. He may have concussion and doctors are still busily picking glass out of his head. Mr. MacIntyre was interviewed by press and announced her engagement to you. I tried to deny it, but there were too many witnesses to you to wager. Mr. Roberts told the press that as referee of the badger fight he had officially declared the dog the winner. I pointed out that the fight was a joke and all bets were canceled. Mr. Roberts explained that Mrs. MacIntyre's bet was made in as good faith as yours and the decision stood, as the dog was undefeated. I claimed that she had previous knowledge of the joke and hence the bet not bona fide. All witnesses testify she knew nothing about the trick. Press has article featuring romance of wager with pictures of you and the dog. I have been unable to stop it. Please wire full instructions quick."

◆ All the rest of the telegram were congratulations except one which was from Mrs. MacIntyre's captain and asked for orders.

"If I was the referee I'd give the fifth round to Mrs. MacIntyre," I told Joe. "Maybe she is so anxious to get even she'll really marry you."

"Well, if she doesn't after all this publicity," said Joe with a sheepish grin, "won't my face be red!" ◆ ◆

troduced as Lieutenant Marty Walsh; a muscular giant, Sergeant Vic Tremont. Walsh and Lane went into a huddle. Then all the detectives started inspecting the body and searching the room.

I guided Judy back into the living room and made her sit on the couch. I brought her a drink and I gave myself one. The horror of the thing was working on both of us; the incredibility of it, the feeling that it couldn't be true. Then we were holding hands. Whether that was her idea or mine, I wasn't sure, but it was still a good idea.

The technical boys finished their jobs and left. I heard Marty Walsh tell one of the detectives to run a make on the gun. I asked him whether that meant they'd found the gun that killed Helen Dunbar, and he said yes. They'd found the gun and plenty else.

◆ The press representatives—reporters and photographers—were herded into the den. Lieutenant Lane inquired whether there wasn't some place we could talk privately. Judy suggested her bedroom, and he said that'd be swell. We went back there: Judy, Lane, Marty Walsh and myself. We closed the door. The quiet was deafening. Lieutenant Lane suggested that Judy take the chaise longue. He sat on the edge of the bed. I took the easy chair, and Marty Walsh started walking up and down.

"How long," Walsh asked, "have you and Helen Dunbar been friends?"

Judy hesitated. Then she said, carefully, "I've only known her personally six days—less than that even, because I was in Las Vegas for two of those days. She stayed here."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"What was your contact otherwise?"

Judy told who Helen was, told about the song hits Helen had written, and about their long correspondence. "So it seemed natural that when she decided to visit California, she'd stay with me."

"In other words, you really don't know anything about her."

"That's right."

"You don't know what friends or enemies she may have had in California?"

"No-o. She only mentioned business contacts. And she wasn't the sort of person to have enemies."

Marty said, "She had one."

I said, "Look, lieutenant, may I ask a question?"

Walsh looked at me coldly. "Just who are you and where do you fit?"

"I'm Keith Williams. I work for the New York advertising firm of Martin, Buckner & Garth. They handle the Deliciosa account. Deliciosa sponsors the radio show, Judy & Oliver. Miss Overton is the

Judy of that show. I'm in charge of it."

"You were with Miss Overton all this evening?"

"Yes." Then I asked, "Are you sure Miss Dunbar was murdered?"

"Yes. We found a gun in the room. We'll know in a little while whether it was the one that killed her. If it's registered, we'll know the name of its last legal owner."

"Have you any idea who—"

Lieutenant Lane said, "That'd be movin' pretty fast, wouldn't it, Williams? We ain't miracle men. But we have found something." He unfolded a piece of paper. "You ever hear this?"



"And guess who wanted to borrow \$5,000 today."

"Black, white, paper, stone—
By these things I shall be known.
Immortal I, of mortal born,
Hope of the weary and forlorn.
More than two hundred, less than three.

Acquire and you shall start to see.
Then think of me in the Orient,
And in the Arctic prevalent."

I said, "That's the jingle—the riddle—we're using in our contest. The selected person who guesses the answer wins one hundred thousand dollars in cash. Where'd you get that, lieutenant?"

"In the room where Miss Dunbar was killed." He turned the paper over. "On this side it's got some writing, too. It says, 'Judy Overton'—parenthesis—'Judy and Oliver'—end of parenthesis. Then it's got her address." He got up and showed Judy the paper. "Ever see that handwriting before, Miss Overton?"

Judy studied it and said no. I looked at it and gave the same answer.

Lane said, "Whoever wrote this was disguising the writing. Way we dope it out, the person who killed Miss Dunbar didn't just walk in and shoot her. We'd guess there

was a struggle. Maybe he just shot her finally because he had to. She may have threatened to call the police."

"You say 'he.' Are you sure it was a man?"

"Chances are about even that it was. No better'n that."

I said, "Unless you've got other evidence, I'd say it was a woman."

"Why?"

"They were in her room together. She wouldn't have let a man walk in peacefully, and there was no sign of a struggle in the front of the house."

Marty Walsh looked hard at me and said, "Maybe you ain't been around as much as I figured."

"All right, so there could have been a man in Miss Dunbar's life. Maybe she stayed home from the broadcast because she wanted to see him. That makes the rest of the writing on that paper so much gibberish."

Walsh said, "As a matter of fact, we think it was a stranger killed her. We also think he killed her by mistake. Suppose somebody knew Miss Overton lived here alone, and didn't know she had a house guest. Suppose he timed when she'd be back from the broadcast. Suppose he figured she knew the hundred-thousand-dollar answer to that riddle. Suppose he thought all the time he was talking to Miss Overton—remembering that radio actresses are known by their voices, not their faces. And suppose his purpose in coming here was to scare the answer out of her, and that in the argument that followed, he got jittery and killed her. How does that sound to you?"

"You mean somebody might have mistaken—that Judy's life might be in danger because she's supposed to know the answer to that riddle?"

Walsh nodded. "And somebody else could think of trying something similar. If I were you, I'd keep a pretty close watch over Miss Overton from now on."

◆ Then Walsh asked me how we picked the contestants. I told him that the contest had started last June, and that we had thought somebody would come up with the correct answer within a couple of months. I explained that we were picking 'em by merit, on the strength of letters they wrote. "We have an anonymous committee which sifts through the letters and picks the best as a contestant for that week."

Marty said, "So even with the answer, a guy would have about one chance in twenty million of bein' picked, is that it?"

"Approximately. But if someone had the right answer—and knew it was right—he could contact a selected contestant before broadcast night, and draw up a fifty-fifty agreement."

Bert Lane said, "Tell me, Williams—how many people know the answer?"

"Two—Mr. Quincy, president of the Deliciosa Company, and myself."

"No others?"

Judy spoke up. Her voice sounded frightened. "I know it," she said. "Mr. Quincy told me this weekend while we were in Las Vegas."

That rang a bell with Marty Walsh. "Where were you when he told you?"

"In the cocktail lounge of the Thunderbird Hotel. No one was with us. There were people at other tables, of course, but they couldn't have heard. He whispered it, and pledged me to secrecy."

The bedroom door opened and Sergeant Peters came in. He handed a piece of paper to Lieutenant Lane, and Lane showed it to Walsh. Marty said, "The gun that killed Helen Dunbar is registered to some joker named Robert Ellsworth Abernathy. That mean anything to you?"

Judy shook her head, but I didn't. I told him about the long, skinny lad who lived in the garage in back of the house Valerie Palmer was renting, and who was studying to be a Doctor of Philosophy.

Lane spoke to Sergeant Peters. "You go, Pete," he said. "Take Johnny Thorne with you."

When we four were alone again, I said, "There's something else you might be interested in, lieutenant."

I started back up in Las Vegas and told them the whole story of our meeting with Valerie Palmer and of the attempted hold-up on the way down.

Walsh said, "Why you telling us now?"

"Because it could be more than coincidence that the gun which killed Miss Dunbar belongs to a kid who lives over Mrs. Palmer's garage."

"How about riding down to Hollywood with us, Miss Overton? We'd like you to get a look at this lad—to see if you know him, and to see if he knows you. Supposing he's our man, he probably thinks you're lying in some mortuary right now."

She said she'd go, and I asked whether I might be included. Both detectives said yes. They wanted to know where I'd met Abernathy, and I told them.

Walsh stepped into the front of the house and conferred with other detectives. A few minutes later I heard them leave. Then, all the other cars having gone, Lane drove down to Hollywood with Marty Walsh in the latter's Homicide Division car. Judy and I followed. The dashboard clock said twenty minutes after two.

◆ In the Hollywood police station the detectives escorted us through a corner office into a small room adjoining. Behind the desk was a tall grizzled man with shrewd, kindly eyes. Lane said, "This is the

Skipper. Captain James, these folks are Miss Overton and Mr. Williams."

We shook hands all round and then the Skipper said, "Pete and Johnny have got your man in yonder." He jerked his head toward the next room.

Walsh said, "Does he know why he's here?"

"Not unless he knew it himself. They didn't tell him."

Lane pointed out a gimlet hole which had been bored in the panel of the door connecting the two rooms. He said, "Take a look, Williams. See if that's the guy you met."

I took a good long look. I said, "That's Abernathy all right. At least, that's the lad Bonnie Clayton introduced me to as Abernathy."

Lane said, "Miss Overton, you'll go in yonder with Marty and me. We'll send the other two policemen out of the room. You take a chair and don't say a word. Not until we ask you a direct question. O. K.?"

When she and the two officers went through the door, Captain James nodded toward the little peephole. "Go ahead, son," he said. "You can watch."

Robert Ellsworth Abernathy looked frightened, but the casual manner of the two detectives seemed to reassure him somewhat.

Marty Walsh said softly, "By the way, Abernathy, do you happen to know this young lady?"

"No," he said slowly, "I haven't the faintest idea who she is."

◆ Marty looked as pleased as a cat who has just eaten the canary. This fitted into his pattern. He started for the door behind which I was standing. I ducked back as he opened it. He closed it again, bent over the Skipper's desk and I heard something about sending a couple of men to shake down Abernathy's room. As Marty started back he jerked his head in my direction. He said, "C'm'on in. You might find this interesting."

Abernathy recognized me. I said, "Hello," and he said, "How do you do, Mr. Williams."

Marty designated a chair for me and resumed his interrogation. "What have you been doin' all evening, Abernathy—say from five o'clock until now?"

The young man moistened his lips. He said, "What's the meaning of all this, lieutenant? Why am I here?"

"Suppose you answer my question."

"I ate dinner about six o'clock with Bonita Clayton."

"The blonde bombshell who works for Rocky Moran?"

"I resent your flippancy."

"Like hell you do. You mean her?"

"Yes." He named an inexpensive little restaurant near the Rocky Moran used-car lot. "After dinner I took her to the Boulevard and left her in front of a picture theater."

"What's between you and this dame?"

He flushed. "We are—well, you might say we're engaged. We would be—except that I am in no financial position to consider matrimony right now."

Marty continued to needle him. He said, "I'm asking straight out, Abernathy: Have you and Bonnie Clayton been having an affair?"

"I refuse to answer that."

"You've answered it all right. If I'd been wrong, you'd have said so." He looked over at Bert Lane and commented casually, "This Bonnie sure plays the field. From Rocky Moran to this Joe—that's a long jump downhill." He turned his attention to the flushed angry countenance of his suspect.

"You got a gun?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In my room."

"Why'd you get it?"

"Because there have been burglaries reported in the neighborhood."

"What you got worth protecting?"

"My life," he said with surprising sarcasm. "Believe it or not, lieutenant, that is quite valuable to me."

"Back at school under the G.I. Bill of Rights?"

"Yes."

"Got any other income?"

"Only from tutoring."

"After you left Bonnie Clayton at the picture show, what did you do?"

"Went home and studied. I'm blocking out my thesis."

"Anybody there to help you do the blocking?"

"No."

"In other words, from the time you said good night to Bonnie, you can't prove one single thing about tonight, can you? Now answer me this: You got a car?"

"No. Sometimes Mrs. Palmer lets me use hers."

"You knew her husband?"

"Yes. I was terribly sorry for them both. He died of cancer. She had a difficult time. I helped all I could."

◆ Bert Lane broke in, his voice quiet and friendly: "You and Bonnie Clayton are out of different leagues, son. How'd you happen to meet?"

"Mrs. Palmer had bought her car from Rocky Moran when she first moved to California, early in '47. I used to take it down there for servicing occasionally."

"You met Moran there, too?"

An expression which might have been uncertainty or might have been worry, passed back of Abernathy's eyes. He said, "No. I met him at Mrs. Palmer's house."

"He used to visit there often?"

"At first—yes."

"What do you mean, at first?"

"Right after Michael Palmer died."

"What sort of a guy was Michael Palmer?"

"I liked him. I didn't know him well, because by the time I got really friendly, he was in the stages of what developed into his last illness. Sometimes I'd sit with him some evenings when I figured Mrs. Palmer needed a break."

"How were they to each other?"

"The most devoted couple I ever saw. The neighbors will verify that. So will the few friends they had."

"You ever take Bonnie there?"

"Yes. She and Mrs. Palmer seemed to like each other."

Bert Lane leaned back in his chair and Marty Walsh took over.

"You ever heard of a radio show called Judy & Oliver?"

"Yes. Bonnie has told me about it. She said both principals used Rocky Moran's lot."

"Y'ever meet the Judy of that now?"

"No."

"You didn't maybe visit her tonight when you were supposed to be studying, did you?"

"That's ridiculous, lieutenant. Why would I visit a woman I don't know?"

"Perhaps," stated Marty Walsh smoothly—"perhaps because you figured she knew something which would make you a rich man. Maybe you thought you could scare it out of her and you just happened to kill her."

Abernathy stood up. His face was white. He said, "You mean Judy has been—"

"Yeh. Murdered. Tonight. With our gun."

"Good God!" Abernathy looked amazed.

"Now you say you didn't do it. Who else could have? Who'd you lend your gun to?"

"N-n-nobody."

"Who knew you had a gun?"

"Some of my friends, I suppose. I'm not sure." He was badly shaken.

Marty again nodded toward Judy. He said, "You sure you don't know this young lady?"

"I'm sure."

"Maybe I'd better introduce you. Mr. Abernathy, meet Miss Judy Overton of the team of Judy & Oliver."

I saw a red stain begin to creep over Abernathy's pallid cheeks. He said bitterly, "What kind of ghastly joke is this? You just told me she was killed with my gun."

"You got the wrong gal, Abernathy. Just a little mistake, but kinda fatal. The woman who was killed was Miss Overton's house guest. You murdered a girl named Helen Dunbar."

"That's a dirty rotten lie. I never murdered anybody. I wasn't out of my room tonight."

He bent over suddenly and put his face in his hands.

Bert Lane did the talking now.

"Listen, Abernathy. We're gonna give you a break. We think you could be guilty, but we haven't enough to go on yet. We're not

booking you, but you're not in the clear, either. I'm asking you to voluntarily let us have your fingerprints before you go home. If you refuse to co-operate that much, we can still book you on suspicion of murder. Then we'll get a mug on you and all the prints we want. You call it."

He was grateful as a pup who has been given a new bone.

The clock over the door pointed to four. I said if they didn't want us for anything else, I'd take Judy home. They thanked us for our co-operation and said good night.

We didn't talk much on the way home. I took Judy's keys and let her in. I left her in the living room and peeped into the room where



LIBERTY

"Sorry. I don't need any help right now, but I'll let you know if conditions change."

Helen had died. Helen was gone, but the room needed straightening. I did the best I could. Then I returned to the living room and sat on the couch alongside of Judy.

She was all in. I put my arm around her and held her close. It was a nice brotherly gesture. At least it started out that way. I explained to her that I intended to spend the night there. I'd sleep in the guest room, so Judy wouldn't have to feel that the last person there had been murdered.

I could have saved my breath. Judy didn't say a word, and I suddenly realized she had gone to sleep. Plumb exhausted. And when dawn finally showed outside, I was still sitting on the couch with her, and never in my life had I felt less brotherly. Whatever it was I felt, it was wonderful.

◆ The next few days were hectic. First, there was publicity. They hounded Judy and they hounded me. L. Joshua Quincy, president of the Deliciosa Company, flew down from Las Vegas. He got in my hair plenty. The fact that I was working for the agency which was working for him made my position ticklish.

Norton Van Hoven, our too-hand-some announcer and part-time actor, hounded me more than usual. He suggested that because of what had happened, Judy wouldn't feel like carrying as much of the show, and he suggested script revisions which would throw the burden on him.

Almost the worst was Oliver Sherman, Judy's partner. He was so much in love with Judy, it hurt. He said, "I wish things were the way the sponsor wants: I wish Judy and I were married. Then I could protect her all the time."

"Ask her," I suggested. "Maybe she'll go for the idea."

He shook his head sadly. "I ask her all the time. She's already said no a thousand times."

◆ Then one afternoon I got a telephone call. The husky, intriguing voice on the other end identified itself as belonging to Valerie Palmer.

"How about dropping up to my place for a cold snack? Maybe a drink?" she asked.

That sounded good on several counts.

Valerie had cocktails all fixed. The one she handed me tasted like nectar. The second one tasted like more nectar. I lazed back in a big overstuffed chair and told her she was the most wonderful, the most thoughtful woman in the world.

She said, "You've deflated my ego terribly, Keith."

"Huh?"

"I thought I'd have heard from you before this. I made a definite play for you, you know."

She looked at me squarely when she said it. There was a little banter in her eyes, and some seriousness. I said, "If you mean in the car, I thought that was just horsing around."

"No-o," she said. "Even *you* aren't that dumb." She got up, stared down at me for a moment and said, "Maybe you are, at that. I'll be fixing supper. While I'm doing it, you might think things over."

I was alone. I said "Nerts!" a couple of times, but that didn't seem to help. I said, "There she is, Keith Williams. Are you a mice or a man?" I answered myself almost too quickly. "You're a mice."

Over in the corner was a piano. The same piano Helen Dunbar had mentioned. I walked over and started thumbing through the pop music on the rack. Just about the way Helen Dunbar must have done it. Fourth or fifth from the top I found what I was looking for—A Kiss Is a Kiss Is a Kiss. That would be the piece of music on which Cliff Harrison had scribbled, the thing which proved that Valerie must have seen him here in California.

I opened the music. There were a couple of blank staves on the last page. And I mean blank. There was nothing written on them. No words, no music. No sign of any erasure,

either. I ran through the rest of the music swiftly. No other copy of the number. Just that one. Valerie must have destroyed the precise copy Helen had seen, taken the trouble to buy a new copy, and to have placed it where it must be found if anyone happened to search for it.

But why? Where did Valerie fit in? Why would she take that much trouble? Then I remembered Helen's theory: that perhaps there *had* been something off the record between Cliff Harrison and Valerie Palmer, and that perhaps Valerie didn't want any evidence of it lying around.

I was standing at the window—way across the room from the piano—when Valerie called me. I developed a surprisingly good appetite. I was enjoying myself. Valerie had an intriguing directness.

After supper we were serious only a few minutes. She said she had been so sorry to hear about Helen Dunbar's death; she said that for two days thereafter she'd had a near-nervous breakdown on her hands. "Robert Ellsworth Abernathy. You met him at the police station, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I'd met him before that. Bonnie Clayton introduced us."

"Bonnie! What a girl! Human pendulum. First she played house with Rocky Moran. When he ditched her, she swung clear to the other extreme. Now it's somebody with a brain."

I said, "You say Rocky Moran threw her over. Why?"

She didn't make the slightest effort to evade. She said, "Rocky started making a play for me."

"I admire his judgment."

She said coldly, "It wasn't that. His business is in bad shape. He knew that I had inherited more than three hundred thousand dollars from my husband. He wanted the cash. Not—"

"And so he got neither?"

"He didn't get the money," she said quietly.

That was the end of serious conversation. Finally I got up. She followed me to the front door. She said, "When we were driving back from Vegas, we had a chaperon. Now we haven't." Her arms went around me. She kissed me. It was an artistic job. She said, "Think that over when you're not too busy, Mr. Williams. And don't worry about the lipstick. It's kissproof."

I drew a deep breath as I clambered into my car and started downhill. Maybe, I reflected, the lipstick was kissproof. But I wasn't.

◆ In the week that followed very little happened that was important. If the police were making any progress in their search for the murderer of Helen Dunbar, they didn't tell me. Another broadcast came and went, another contestant made a wrong guess and failed to win

the hundred thousand but did get herself a party at the Casa Linda. Valerie Palmer learned the way to my office and used it a couple of times. Once she kidnaped me, took me to dinner and let me pay the check. Judy knew what was going on in that quarter and seemed amused. That didn't boost my ego.

One day I took my car to Rocky Moran's for a change of oil. Stanley Bishop stopped me. He was a mild, blond young man, not badly built but definitely the unobtrusive type.

Bishop said, "Mr. Williams, that car Miss Dunbar rented from us: the time she paid for in advance has run out, and we're due to get it back. But we didn't want to annoy Miss Overton. I was wondering if you'd mind speaking to her; arrange for us to come get it. We're rather short of rental cars."

I said, sure, I'd do it. Once more I started for the door. Once more I was halted. This time by Bonnie Clayton. She said, "You know who your guest is for next Wednesday night, Mr. Williams?"

I said, "No. I suppose the selection is in the office, but I haven't bothered to look at it."

Bonnie was smiling. "I'm the contestant."

I suppose I looked unflatteringly astonished, because she said, "Well, suppose I didn't write it all by myself? Suppose my boy friend *did* help me with it? Ain't that legal?"

I said it certainly was legal. I congratulated her on being selected and said that I hoped she'd win the hundred thousand dollars. She said, "Oh, I'll win it all right."

"Mr. Abernathy help you on that, too?"

"Sure. Why not? You know, I already picked out the new dress I'm gonna wear. Even if I come up with the wrong answer, we get the party at the Casa Linda, don't we?"

"We certainly do."

"Will you dance with me—once?"

"Twice even." I waved at her, and this time really did escape.

◆ Eventually came Wednesday, November third. I had long since forgotten Bonnie. One contestant was the same as another to me. I hoped somebody was going to win soon.

The stage in Studio B was all set. A pageboy came to tell me that two policemen were waiting to see me. I went to the employees' entrance. There were two uniformed men standing there rather self-consciously, officers MacDonald and Conroy. I got the studio manager and took them back to the steel-walled room.

We had constructed a giant frame, about six feet in height and four feet across. In the center of it was a cashier's check for ninety thousand dollars made out to me, as agent. If and when someone won the award, all I had to do was to endorse that check to the winner. Surrounding the check were one hundred hundred-dollar bills, each

crisp and new. Ten thousand dollars' worth of currency.

Each broadcast night that frame occupied the center of the stage. Each week we hired two off-duty uniformed policemen to bring the frame onstage, to stand guard over it during the show, and to escort it back to the strong room where the show was over.

Each week we informed our contestant that if he or she gave the correct answer to our riddle, the frame and all in it was his. The two cops were included. They stay on duty, take the frame anywhere the winner desired, stand guard over it at least until the banks opened the next morning. It was a wonderful—if corny—idea.

By six thirty the outfit was ready. The studio was filled and the doors were closed. At fifteen minutes before show time, Van Hoven swung into what is known in radio as the warm-up, the pre-show activities which are calculated to instruct the audience to act as a sponsor wants a radio audience to act.

◆ Our contestant walked in. Bonnie Clayton was wearing her new dress, the one she had bought for the occasion, and she was something to look at. A couple of guys in the audience gave out with wolf whistles and she beamed at them.

L. Joshua Quincy and a couple of friends were in the sponsor's booth. I spotted Robert Ellsworth Abernathy, stiff and self-conscious in a second-row seat. Next to him was Stanley Bishop, looking a little though he wondered how he got there. Valerie Palmer was in the fifth row, alone. She had wangled two tickets out of me, and I had expected she'd come with an escort.

The show went beautifully. The audience was responsive. Oliver had a couple of gags which were show stoppers. The song Judy had selected bowled 'em over. And then we got to the introduction of Miss Bonita Clayton as the contestant of the week. Norton Van Hoven told the audience that Miss Clayton was to get two hundred dollars even though she did not guess correctly. Then Van Hoven told Bonnie that he would read her the riddle again and that she was to give her answer after he had finished. He didn't have to read it. He knew it by heart:

"Black, white, paper, stone—

By these things I shall be known
Immortal I, of mortal born,
Hope of the weary and forlorn.
More than two hundred, less than three.

Acquire and you shall start to see
Then think of me in the Orient,
And in the Arctic prevalent."

Van Hoven said, "You see that big frame behind you, guarded by those two handsome policemen? All you have to do, Miss Clayton, is to give me the correct answer to that

riddle and the hundred thousand dollars is yours. Are you ready to make your guess, Miss Clayton?"

Bonnie moistened her lips. She said, "Yes, I'm ready." She gulped a couple of times. Then she spoke, her voice startlingly clear and confident.

"The answer," she said, "is Lincoln's Gettysburg Address!"

If an atom bomb had exploded in Studio B, I wouldn't have been more startled. I saw Van Hoven looking at me for the Yes or No signal. I nodded my head, and then I yelled, "Yes—she's right!"

For once in his life Van Hoven lost the power of speech. Then he got slightly hysterical. "She's right!" he howled. "Miss Bonnie Clayton has given us the correct answer. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Miss Clayton, you have just won yourself one hundred thousand dollars in cash. . . ."

◆ I didn't hear the rest of what he said. Nobody could hear anything. The audience had gone wild.

Spectators swarmed up on the stage and started shaking Bonnie's hand. Robert Ellsworth Abernathy got through the crowd somehow. Bonnie threw her arms around him and gave him a long, interesting kiss. She said, "We did it, Robert—we did it!" He seemed to be embarrassed but not surprised.

Bonnie then kissed Mr. Van Hoven. She kissed Judy. She kissed Valerie Palmer, who had joined us onstage. She kissed me.

Newspapermen and photographers appeared. Bonnie was introduced to L. Joshua Quincy, learned that he was the big shot of Deliciosa Company, and gave him a belated kiss. She was inviting everybody connected with the show to be her guests at the Casa Linda. She told Robert Ellsworth Abernathy to phone the management there and reserve half the room. Mr. Quincy, never unmindful of publicity values, seconded the motion, and insisted that Deliciosa would pay the check. Everybody was in a party mood.

Miss Clayton was photographed from every angle. She even sat on the edge of a table and made with the cheesecake. Then the reporters took over. One of them asked how she happened to arrive at the correct answer.

She said, "I just happened to think of it."

"Yes. But how? What were the clues?"

"I—I'm too excited to remember. It just came out that way."

"Do you remember any of the Address, Miss Clayton?"

"We-e-ell, no." She winked. "But I got the telephone number."

"But surely some way—"

I horned in. I wanted our publicity to be grooved right. I told the newspaper boys who I was, and explained the clues. "The first thing is that the Address was written in

black pencil on white paper while Lincoln was on his way from Washington to Gettysburg to deliver the Address. The whole thing has been carved in a stone at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. It was a message of hope to a war-torn country. It was two hundred and sixty-six words in length, which is 'more than two hundred, less than three.' Then the word clues in the last three lines: 'Acquire' means get. 'Tea' comes from the Orient. 'Icebergs' are prevalent in the Arctic. There you are: 'Get-teas-berg'—Gettysburg. Simple, isn't it?"

"It's lousy," stated one of the reporters. "But for a hundred grand it's got a right to be."

By the time we cleared the public



LIBERTY

"Charles likes it. Heavens knows why!"

out of the studio and started for the Casa Linda, it was nine o'clock. Just before we were ready to go, I asked Bonnie what she wanted to do with the money and the check.

She looked at the gaudy six-foot frame and at the two stalwart self-conscious policemen guarding it. She said, "Let's take the frame to the party too."

That staggered me. I asked whether she didn't think it'd be a little conspicuous. She said that was the general idea: she wanted it to be that way.

Our entrance into the Casa Linda was super-colossal. We parked our own cars in the big space behind the club, the indoor garage being filled. We formed a procession, headed by Bonnie and her intellectual boy friend. Immediately behind them came the two officers, the gaudy frame between them.

Other cars were already converging on the Casa Linda. Word had gone out over the air. Bonnie had wanted an audience, and she was getting it. She walked to the head of the big table and had the two cops stand in back of her with the frame between them. Then she consented to be photographed against

the background of one hundred thousand dollars. She said, "This guy Lincoln sure treated me right."

There were three seats at the head of the table. Bonnie took the one in the middle. Robert Ellsworth Abernathy sat at her right. He looked confused, bewildered, and happy. Bonnie singled out Stanley Bishop and insisted that he occupy the seat at her left. Valerie Palmer was seated next to Bishop. L. Joshua Quincy sat opposite Valerie. Judy was next to him, and I was next to Judy. Oliver Sherman was next. Norton Van Hoven took a chair next to Valerie.

◆ Putting it mildly, it was one hell of a party. It was screwy and in bad taste and everything it shouldn't be. But from the angle of sheer hilarity, it was perfect. Bonnie made a speech.

She said, "This is the most fun I've had since the little red schoolhouse burned down. Everybody is bein' wonderful, especially Mr. Quincy, who told me he was paying the bill. So I say, here's to Mr. Quincy and his Deliciosa!" She raised her champagne glass.

She said, "There's a lot of newspapermen here. I guess I shouldn't try to kid them. I didn't figure this thing out all by myself. I got help from my boy friend here. Let's drink a toast to Robert Ellsworth Abernathy."

Mr. Abernathy looked acutely miserable as they cheered him and drank to his health.

I leaned over to Judy and asked whether she was enjoying the party. She said, "It's fun. Real, honest, legitimate fun."

I said, "You look cute."

"Mister Williams! A compliment from you!"

"Got to say something. I thought the truth wouldn't hurt."

She gave me an odd glance. I said, "Don't do that."

"Why?"

"It affects my champagne. Besides, Oliver doesn't like it."

Oliver Sherman had been staring hard at Judy.

She whispered, "What's the matter with Oliver?"

"Nothing that being married to you wouldn't cure."

She said slowly, "You'd like that, wouldn't you, Keith?"

"Why not? Mr. Quincy favors it. Now the contest has ended, our Hooper rating could conceivably drop off. The show has to roll on its own from now on. If you and Oliver were to get married—"

"Maybe we will," Judy said. "Maybe the publicity would mean that much to me."

I touched her hand, but she pulled away. I said, "Hold it, kid. Oliver's a swell egg."

"I don't doubt it. I also don't doubt that marriages are made in heaven. But they aren't going to be made—not for me, at any rate—in a radio studio."

Time passed. All around the room the first touches of inebriation were beginning to show, but it was still on a jolly plane. And then someone came in. I heard Stanley Bishop make a clucking sound. I turned and followed the direction of his gaze.

Rocky Moran was standing at the top of the three little steps leading from the entrance down to the main floor of the club. He looked like a giant, but not a very steady one.

I gathered Brother Moran had been imbibing much too freely. He looked us over and headed in our direction. I looked at Bonnie Clayton. Her smile had vanished and her eyes had gotten hard. Alongside her, Robert Ellsworth Abernathy stiffened.

Rocky Moran weaved his way to Bonnie's chair. He said thickly, "I heard the good news over the radio, sweetheart. Hund'ed thousand dollars cash! I came right over to congratulate you. Here—"

Rocky Moran bent over and kissed Bonnie on the lips. Bonnie turned swiftly, her eyes blazing, and slapped Rocky's face. Her slap didn't seem to disturb him. He said drunkenly, "Shuh, sweetie-pie, that ain't no way to treat your ol' boy friend."

Robert Ellsworth Abernathy was getting up. I was relieved when somebody jerked him back to his seat.

Bonnie's voice was sharp and loud. She said, "Ex is right."

"Now, listen, Bonnie. Why can't we start bein' friends again? There's lots about you I like."

"Meaning my hundred thousand dollars. You think you can butter me up and get hold of it. You think you can use it to pull your business out of hock."

Rocky grabbed her arm. She tried to shake him off but without success. He said, "Playing hard to get, ain't you, Bonnie? You wasn't always like that."

Officer Conroy advanced on Rocky. He said, "Take it easy, Jack. You're lousing up a good party."

Rocky looked him over. He said, "Keep away from me. I don't like cops."

"So what? Cops don't like you, either."

"If you didn't have that badge on—"

◆ Stanley Bishop had been gazing at the scene with an expression of horror on his pinkish countenance. He was a mild little fellow, weighing perhaps one forty. It was apparent that he felt it was up to him to do something to save his boss from getting in any deeper.

He approached Rocky. He said, in a wheedling voice, "Now listen, Rocky. That isn't any way to act. You'll just make trouble for yourself."

"Shut up! What you doin' anyway, partyin' with people like this?

Look at 'em—look!" Rocky stared straight at Valerie Palmer. "Tramps!" he said.

Valerie didn't like that. Nobody liked it.

This was my cue. After all, I was in charge. I felt the disapproving eyes of L. Joshua Quincy on me. I knew what he was thinking: that all the swell publicity *Deliciosa* had been getting out of this thing could be ruined if it wound up in a brawl.

I hitched my chair back. Judy tried to stop me. She said, "Careful, Keith. Moran is ugly drunk. He's dangerous."

"I've got to move in."

"Please—I'm worried—"

I walked two steps to where Rocky was standing. He looked me over insolently and said, "Hello, Boy Scout."

I said, "Hello, Rocky."

"What you think you can do?"

I looked him over. I'm a moderately husky guy, but I'm not in Rocky's class. I said, "I can't do anything, except to make you understand that the percentage is against you. These two policemen are itching to do something."

"I ain't scared of no cops."

"If you weren't drunk you'd know it wouldn't be smart to tangle with them. This is Miss Clayton's party. She doesn't want you here. Let's go out to the parking lot and talk things over."

"You figurin' to take me on single-handed?"

I laughed. "I'm not that stupid. I think some fresh air might clear your head. We can talk things over. If you still see it the wrong way, you can do what you want."

He concentrated on the thought. Then he said, "Hey, Bonnie—you come too. We'll all talk."

I said, "Bonnie stays right here."

But Bonnie got up. She wasn't any too steady on her feet. Her eyes had a hard bright glitter. Officer MacDonald said, "You want I should escort you, Miss Clayton?"

"No, thanks. Maybe I can talk a little sense into his head. It'd be the first time he ever had any. What I'm sore about is him ruining the best party I ever had."

I urged Bonnie to stay, but she wouldn't listen. Rocky said, "Attagal, Bonnie. Me and you—we always fixed things up fine."

◆ I guided Rocky toward the rear exit. Back of it there was a big parking lot, jammed with cars. Still farther back there was a vacant slice of land owned by the Casa Linda. Bonnie trailed along. We passed all the cars and stepped through a scraggly boxwood hedge into the vacant lot. It was dark as Erebus out there.

Bonnie commenced telling Rocky what she thought of him for wrecking her party. She described him in language that was more graphic than elegant. He reached out and shook her violently.

She screamed at him, and then he hit her. It wasn't a slap. It was a punch. It sent her sprawling, and she lay on the ground sobbing. Rocky took a step forward. I thought he intended to kick her.



I said, "Hold it, Rocky."

He whirled on me. I walked close to him and told him something of what I was thinking. Rocky swung. His blow caught me high on the cheek and I went down.

We punched, we butted, we kneed each other. If reinforcements didn't show up pretty soon, I was in for a first-class lacing.

I hit out with my right. I missed. But my elbow caught him on the side of the jaw. He gathered himself for a fresh onslaught.

This, I knew, would finish me. I had taken a pounding. The difference in weight was having effect. I waited until he got close, and again gave him the elbow. Again he staggered. I jumped close and brought the edge of my hand down on the back of his neck.

He didn't fall, but he did pull away. I had hurt him. There was froth on his lips. For an instant his right hand disappeared. When it showed again, it held a gun.

He pointed it at me. There was murder in his eyes.

I got his right wrist in both of my hands. I used that ultimate ounce of strength. The gun hit the ground and skidded across the gravel. He moved in, his hands stretched toward my throat. He said, "I'll kill you now."

He came closer. Still closer. His hands were almost on my throat. I was too exhausted to move.

I heard a noise. Rocky Moran stopped where he was. He looked surprised. His knees started to sag. He put both hands on his stomach. I knew then that the sound I had heard was the explosion of a gun.

Rocky pitched forward. He hit the ground heavy, like a sack of meal. I knew he was dead.

To be continued in the next issue

Liberty *home* and *pastime* present

**WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT
TELEVISION**

How to Buy a TV Set 52

How TV Works 56

Will Prices Come Down? 56

Will You Love Your '49 TV Set in '59? 57

TV Stars of Today 58

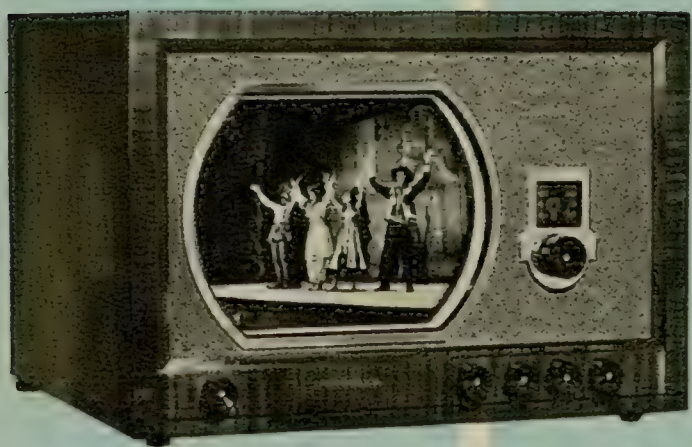
How to Entertain the TV Way 61

How TV Will Affect Family Life 62

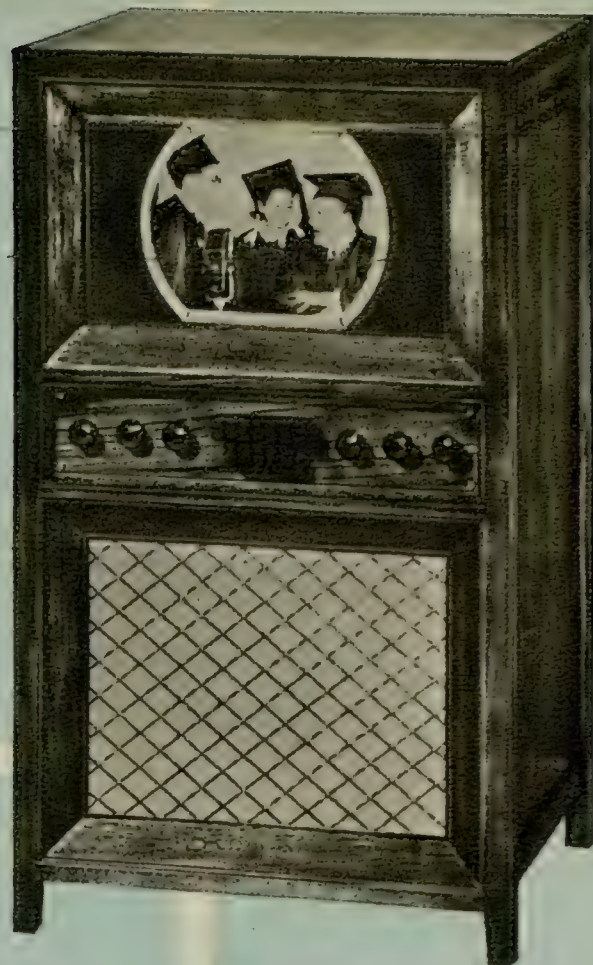
When TV Will Hit Your Home Town 64

TV Show of the Future 66

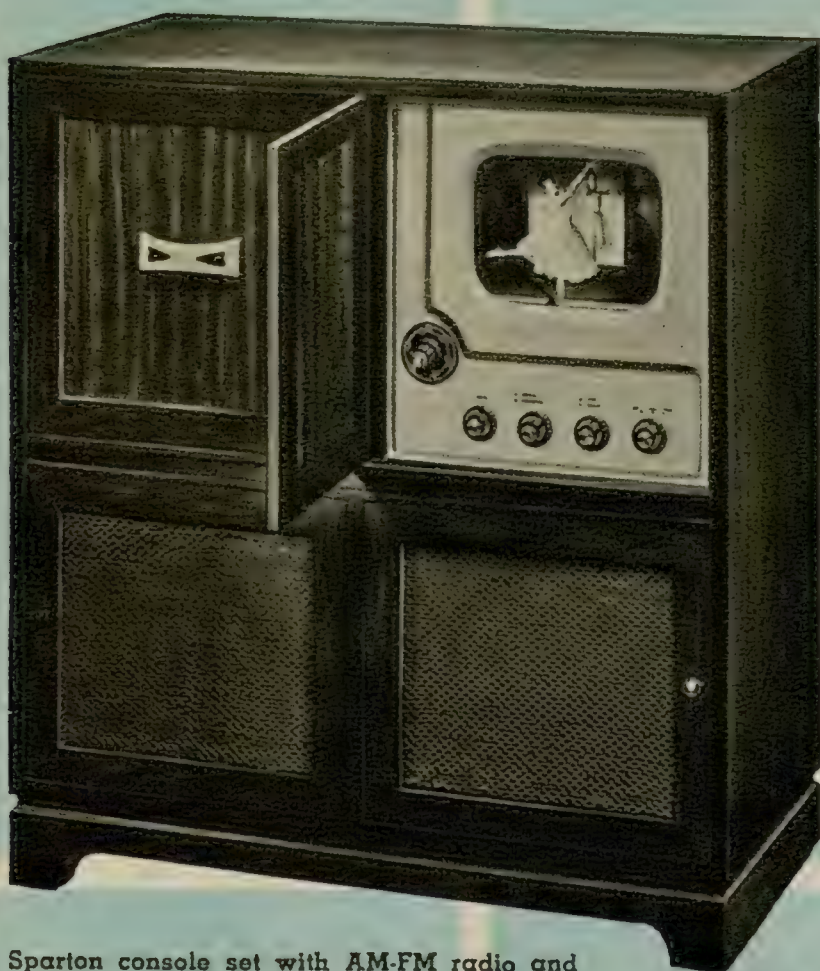




Crosley table set with automatically controlled picture stabilization and FM radio. Twelve-and-one-half-inch picture tube; \$350.



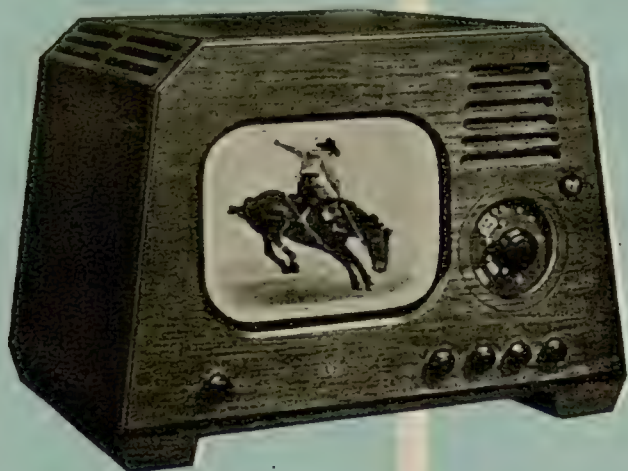
Trav-Ler console set with Lock In picture circuits for clear, steady images. Twelve-inch picture tube; \$330.



Sparton console set with AM-FM radio and dual-speed record changer. Ten-inch picture tube; \$400.



Magnavox console set with Magnascope to eliminate glare, and AM-FM radio. Twelve-and-one-half-inch picture tube; \$395.



Du Mont table set with Imputuner for rapid, accurate tuning, and FM radio. Twelve-inch picture tube; \$425.

HOW TO BUY A TV SET

Here's the latest authoritative information on video, present and future; how to shop for your set today; what to expect on its screen tomorrow

It's settled! You live in an area served, or soon to be served, by television (close to half of America does), and the financially responsible members of the family, egged on by the children, have decided to buy a television set worth anything from \$100 up. You've seen and enjoyed this exciting new entertainment—probably at a friend's home—but now that you're shopping in earnest, you're more critical. You should be. You'll get what you pay for.

WHAT TO DECIDE

You'll be greeted with a bewildering number of models when you reach a store, so before you start scouting, decide: (1) How much you can afford—not forgetting the installation charge, which runs from about \$50 to \$100; (2) whether you want television alone, or combined with radio and phonograph; (3) whether you want a table, console, or console model. Then ask the neighbors what sets they have found satisfactory, and how reception is on your block.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

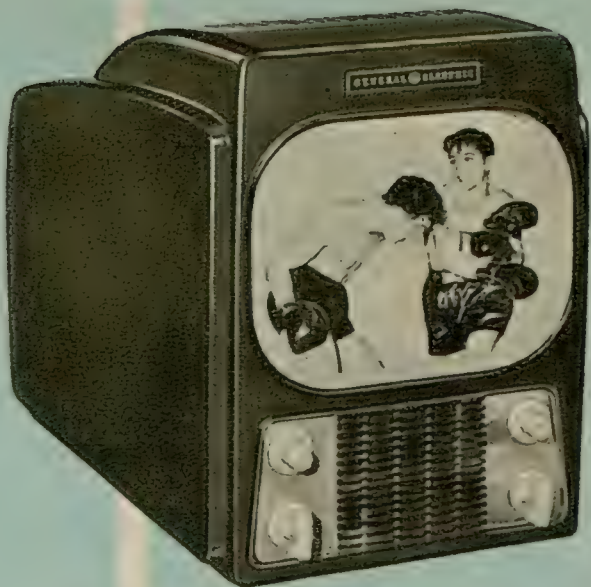
The best way to decide among various sets is to view them side by side, and tune the same program in on each. Look for a clear, steady picture; one which shows details and contrasts between black and white, without too much glare. Like most fans, you're probably seeking the biggest screen you can get for your money. Except in projection sets (described below), screen size depends on the cathode ray or "picture" tube; it cannot be bigger than the face of the tube. Most popular tube sizes are 10 and 12 inches; they're also available in 7-, 15-, 16- and 20-inch sizes. Prices are directly related to these tube sizes. We show a range of current models on these pages, but remember that most manufacturers produce several models. (The prices we quote are approximate.)

Television is words and music as well as pictures, so check the size and number of speakers. Television sound, incidentally, is FM radio sound; that's why you'll frequently find television in combination with an FM radio. Ask about the radio tubes, which vary from about 17 to 32. They help give distance, selectivity, and sensitivity; and are particularly important if you live in a fringe area, about 40 miles from a studio. Make sure the set is easy to tune and adjust, and that it has been approved by the Underwriters Laboratories.

WHAT ABOUT INSTALLATION?

Some dealers run a trial at your home before they sell you a receiver, to see if reception is satisfactory. Installation is a tricky job, so leave it to the professionals, even though the charge may seem high. Remember that it usually includes a year's servicing. Distance from the broadcasting station, height of the station, intervening hills or buildings, weather, position of the receiver within the room—sometimes even gremlins—all affect the reception. You may need more than one antenna, perhaps one for each station you'll tune in. Antenna should go on the roof, if possible. Generally, you can receive stations up to 50 miles, but it can be farther, or nearer. In a fringe area you may need a booster to strengthen signals. If you're smart, you'll stay home when the set is installed, to have the controls explained and to test for reception on all available stations. And read your service contract carefully.

(Continued on next page)



General Electric table set with simplified circuit design and molded plastic cabinet. Ten-inch picture tube; \$240.



Sentinel table set with simplified controls on front of cabinet, others at rear. Twelve-inch picture tube; \$370.



RCA Victor table set with Eye Witness picture synchronizer to lock in image. Ten-inch picture tube; \$270.



Motorola console set with Broad-View screen and rubber seal frame to protect tube. Ten-inch picture tube; \$300.



Philco table set for use with portable indoor antenna in most locations. Seven-inch picture tube; \$200.



Westinghouse table set with automatic frequency control to minimize horizontal "banding." Ten-inch picture tube; \$325.

HOW TO BUY A TV SET

continued

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR EYES

Watching television won't harm your eyes. On the contrary, according to Dr. Franklin M. Foote, executive director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, television may help you learn about eye troubles you already have but didn't know about; may reveal that you need glasses. Concentration on the screen too long may cause eye fatigue, just as would any other abuse of your eyes. The cure for fatigue is resting the tired muscles.

Use common sense. Sit at least six feet from the screen, perhaps farther, depending on the size of the screen and your eyesight. You should be near enough to catch details, but not near enough to notice the individual scanning lines which make up the picture. You may have trouble prying the children's noses away from the screen—but do it. Don't pitch the room into total darkness. Light it normally, but without a lamp shining directly on the screen or in your eyes. If the program is long, look away from the screen every so often.

WHAT TO EXPECT IN PROGRAMS

Television is striding ahead faster than the industry's experts predicted; faster even than radio in its first years. About three million receivers will have been sold by the end of the year. As the audience increases and the network stretches out to more stations, more sponsors will pay more money for television time and programs. That's your guaranty of improvement. Children's shows already have surpassed the radio programs aimed at them. With a television set on the block, you no longer wonder where your offspring are.

You'll see more films, too. But don't groan. They won't be hoary veterans of silent movies, but new ones, shot especially for television. The Hollywood Reporter, after polling cinema leaders, expects the industry to be the source of a large proportion of television programs—features shorter than those shown in movie houses; commercials; recordings of special events. And the Reporter doesn't expect that your moviegoing will slacken, once the novelty of a television set has worn off and as more and more television is shown in the theaters themselves. Meanwhile the rapid development of kinescope recordings—films of live programs—is bringing isolated, as well as network, stations within sight of New York and Hollywood. Kinescope recordings and other films are to television what transcriptions are to radio.

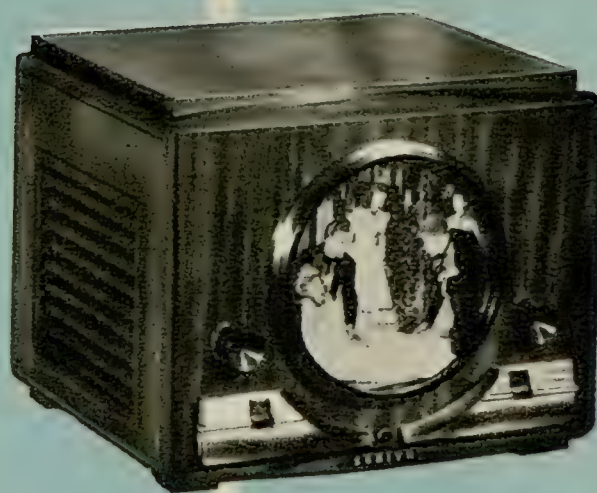
WHAT TO EXPECT IN RECEIVERS

Television receivers won't change much in the next few years (see pages 56-57), but there will be more "projection" sets. Most sets now use "direct view" cathode-ray tubes. The screen is about the size of the tube face; you look directly at the tube. A small but growing percentage of sets, however, are "projection" models, where you see a reflection of the picture. Lenses and mirrors magnify the image in the face of the tube. Because it's a reflection, the picture is easier on the eyes than the direct-view image, without so much glare. For the same reason, the pictures can be much larger than the tube. The cheapest projection set now is about \$600, but prices should come down, and meanwhile that \$600 buys a bigger picture than it would in a direct-view set.

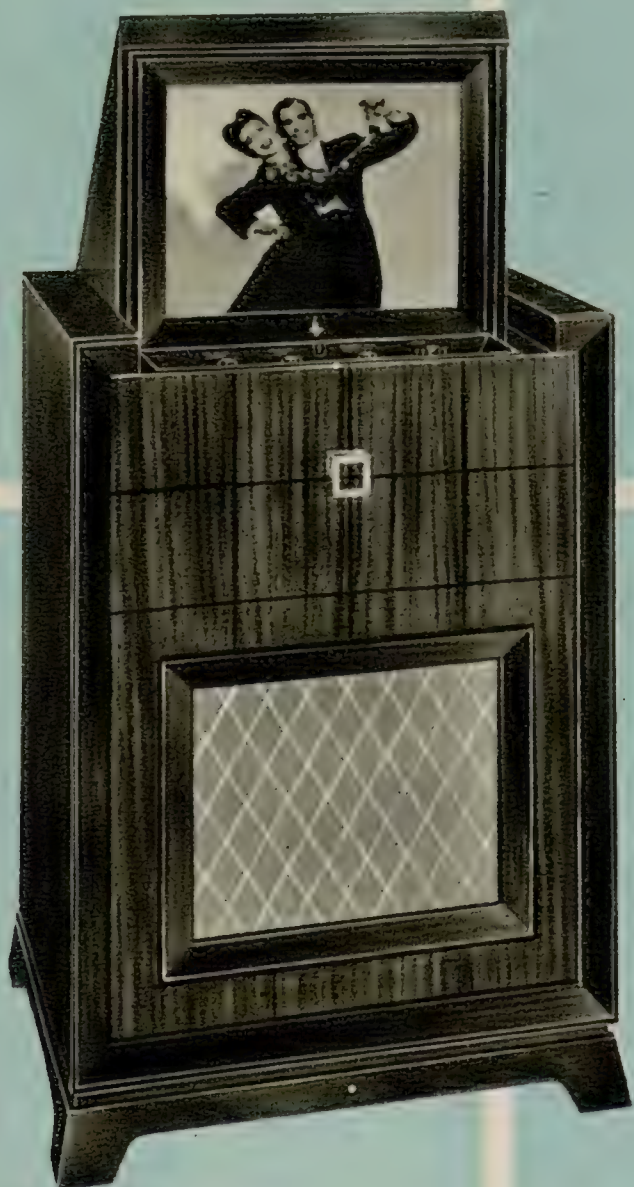
Color television is a dream of the future. It's technically possible now, but until wave lengths are allotted, and until fabulous costs can be cut, it won't be commercially possible. Remote control is reaching the market, as a single unit or incorporated in sets. There's an attachment for the hard-of-hearing. Dealers are beginning to offer "trade-in" values. Yes—there'll be improvements and refinements, but television has turned its corner, and the time to enjoy it is now.



Tele-tone console set with supersensitive tuner for greater range.
Twelve-and-one-half-inch picture tube; \$350.



Zenith table set with Giant Circle luminized screen for sharper pictures.
Ten-and-one-half-inch picture tube; \$390.



Emerson console set with 16-by-12-inch screen and long-range circuits.
Projection picture tube; \$600.



Admiral console set with one-piece molded plastic cabinet.
Ten-inch picture tube; \$250.



Hallicrafters table set with metal cabinet and protected picture tube.
Seven-inch picture tube; \$140.

Will Prices Come Down?

"Not very much," is the answer Liberty got to the question most TV shoppers are asking

◆ Liberty queried some leaders in the industry on the probable course of television receiver prices. Most of them agreed that prices will come down a bit during the next year; but they also agreed that prices won't drop radically. Don't delay your buying in the hope that next year's sets will be in radio's price range. A television receiver is much more complicated, has many more parts than a radio, and just can't be produced so cheaply. Here's what industry executives say:

Ross D. Siragusa, president, Admiral Corporation: "I don't think prices will drop radically. Today's prices are low when one considers the excellent sets that are available."

Walter Evans, vice-president, Westinghouse Electric Corporation: "The prices of television receivers will not decline sharply in the immediate future, but the trend toward lower prices will continue. This trend is made possible by such factors as improved design, better production techniques, and large-scale mass production."

S. W. Gross, president, Tele-tone Radio Corporation: "Prices which currently apply on present television sets are not likely to be bettered for some time to come. Advances and greater efficiencies in production from improvements . . . are now reflected in the present prices."

Dr. Courtney Pitt, vice-president, Philco Corporation: "Prices of television receivers may gradually come down over a period of time, but there are no short cuts to achieving this. We are already enjoying the economies of large-volume, mass-production techniques. Basically, the price of the receiver is determined by what goes into it. An average table television set needs about ten times as many components as a typical table radio, including more costly parts such as the picture tube."

Benjamin Abrams, president, Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corporation: "However, because of the greater number of tubes and other components, it is not to be expected that television sets can be produced at any such figure [radio prices], but I am altogether persuaded . . . that good video can eventually be brought within easy buying reach of virtually everyone."

How TV Works

Television simple? Don't you believe it! Here's a step-by-step story of how it happens

◆ Television looks as mechanically simple as a movie. But your television set is a complex piece of electronic equipment capable of infinitely precise work for your entertainment and information. Mechanically, its operations make those of an ordinary radio look childishly simple.

Maybe you'd consider learning how it works if it was made simple. So let's talk to R. J. Rockwell, engineering chief of the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation

and ask him to break down his terminology in words we can understand. Let's ask him to explain words like "synchronization" and terms like "guns" and "pictures."

Let's start with the television camera, the place where the television image begins. The camera is much like your Brownie except that the image goes into a tube, which is called an image orthicon instead of directly onto

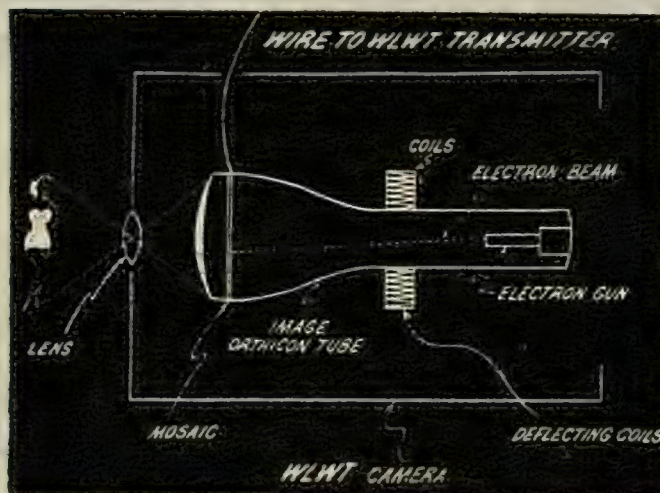


FIGURE 1

piece of film. Here, simplified, is what the television camera looks like: (See Figure 1.)

With focusing controls like those on any camera, the television cameraman focuses the image in his camera. The image falls on a highly sensitive plate in the orthicon tube. This plate we will call a mosaic, because that is what it really is—a pattern made up of a number of tiny electric eyes. It looks like Figure 2.

Next, imagine that each of these electric eyes or dots is highly sensitive to light. As a matter of fact, that is exactly the case. No lens at the front of the camera brings the image into focus on this mosaic.

The picture falls on the electric eyes of the mosaic in much the same manner as ink covers a newspaper engraving. Look closely at the pictures on some page and you will see they are made up of thousands of tiny spots. That is what the picture is like when it falls on the mosaic of a television camera—millions of tiny spots of different degrees of light and dark.

At the opposite end of the tube is a tiny "gun" which shoots electrons, or tiny charges of negative electricity, at the mosaic. With the image hitting these little dots on one side, and the electron gun shooting at the other, the plate, or mosaic, goes into action.

Here's what happens:

At the points where there is strong light on the mosaic, each little dot accumulates a strong charge of electricity. On the lighter dots the charge is weaker. And at black portions on the mosaic, no charge at all results.

The electron beam from the gun moves across the mosaic in a stream, sweeping from left to right in straight lines. Each little dot is discharged in turn, causing a current of electricity to flow from the mosaic.

This current varies in strength in accordance with the charges accumulated in the dots on the mosaic by the image focused upon it.

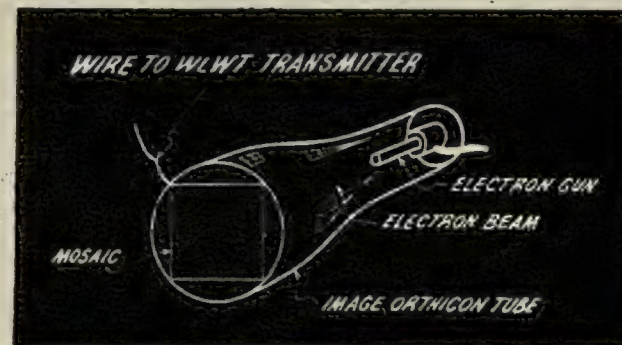


FIGURE 2

The electron gun is controlled or aimed by a set of deflecting coils, which keep it moving in orderly left-to-right sweeps across the mosaic. After each trip across—called a line—the beam moves down and scans another line in the same manner. Altogether, 525 lines cover the entire mosaic. (See Figure 3.)

Then the signal current, which the millions of tiny electrical charges have become, is carried by wires to the transmitter. Conveniently waiting to send the signal current through the air is a "carrier wave." The signal current is then superimposed on the carrier wave, and the process is called "modulation."

From the transmitting antenna the signal current is radiated to the receiving

antenna of your television set. Along with the signal current riding the carrier wave go some other electrical impulses. These impulses do the very essential job of synchronizing your set with the camera, so that both operate in absolute unison. But here we are more concerned with the signal current which carries the television picture into your home.

In your set the current reaches wires again, after its journey through space.

And in your set the current goes through a process similar to that which it encountered in the camera—except that the process is reversed.

One by one, in the same order they were taken off the mosaic, the electrical impulses making up the signal current enter the controls of your set. Here is another electron gun. Controlling this gun, too, is a set of deflecting coils, just like those in the camera. So the gun beams the stream of electrons against a sensitive plate, in the same order the first gun took them off the camera mosaic.

And the picture is reproduced, since the image tube—the one in your set—responds with light and dark to strong and weak electrical impulses. In fact, the chemical material covering the sensitive plate is luminous, like that in a fluorescent lighting tube. (See Figure 4.)

The time element in television transmission is even more amazing than the mechanical one. Remember, there are 525 lines in a television picture. The gun must collect millions of electrical impulses from each of these lines.

Now, if the image focused on the camera is moving—and it usually is—you must see several pictures or images a second or the picture will look static.

You know this is true from an examination of movie film. In a movie you see 24 separate pictures or "frames" each second—the minimum to guarantee smoothness.

In television the movement is smoother, since 30 frames are transmitted each second. It has to be 30 frames because the television power line is geared to 60 cycles a second. That means the number of frames of television per second must be a fraction of 60 or the picture will be wavy, or lines will jump all over the screen. So, 30 it is.

Now do you see the staggering time element? Every second you see 30 frames; each frame contains 525 lines; each line is made up of millions of electrons. Multiplying these numbers gives you a rough idea of the number of electrical impulses hitting the screen in your television set every second.

Your television set is more than a picture machine. It is two fine receiving sets in one. One set receives a picture; the other, sound. Sound in television is transmitted and received in the same manner as in any FM radio set. Except, of course, that both picture and sound are controlled by the same dials, making for absolute unity.

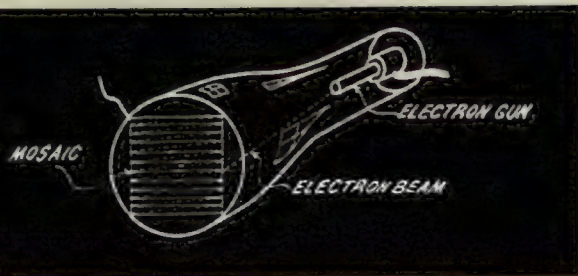


FIGURE 3

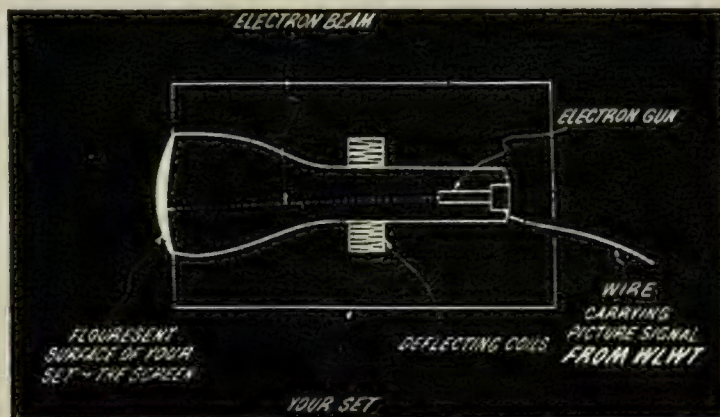


FIGURE 4

Will You Love Your '49 TV Set in '59?

Shoppers are also asking that question. The answer: "Yes —if you shop carefully today"

◆ If you've followed television in the news, you know that eventually, to satisfy demand and allow for competition, TV broadcasters must use a higher band of frequencies than they do now. But that will be an expansion, not a substitution; and you'll be able to convert this year's model to the different frequencies for a reasonable cost.

The men who know tell us:

Dr. Allen B. Du Mont, president, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories: "One thing is certain: No obsolescence of present TV receivers is yet in sight. The receivers made today will be in use ten to twenty years from now."

Mark Woods, president, American Broadcasting Company: "Today's television receivers will not be obsolete next year, the year after, nor five years from now. As a matter of fact, there are television receivers in use today which were manufactured in 1937. They still offer good pictures. . . . Present-day receivers will not be able to receive these [additional] channels without a converter. Such devices will be made available by the several manufacturers when the standards for the new channels are released."

David Sarnoff, chairman of the board, Radio Corporation of America: "No one need hesitate to buy a present-day type of television receiver, for there is no indication that receivers of 1949 design will be obsolete in the near future."

Raymond C. Cosgrove, executive vice-president, Avco Manufacturing Corporation (Crosley Division): "A milestone in this progress will be color television. But this, like other advances, will not obsolete sets already in use. Current receivers will pick up color transmissions as black and white, and devices may be available, for installation at nominal cost, to convert existing receivers to color reception."

Wayne Coy, chairman, Federal Communications Commission: "I do not think that persons buying television sets today have had a fraud perpetrated upon them. I can assure them that wherever a television signal is available from a VHF transmitter, their sets will render them fine service for many years."



Milton Berle (center) commands and inspires guest stars in the always lively Star Theater program. NBC.



When Arthur Godfrey and His Friends appear, you can't be sure of anything except music and fun. CBS.



The "Singing Lady," Irene Wicker, shares her story-telling time with the Suzari marionettes. ABC.

TV Stars of Today

Favorite radio names—with faces added to familiar voices; top-ranking movie and vaudeville celebrities; bright new stars, human and marionette—all waiting to entertain at your command. Variety, drama, sports, music, news, and special events—all for the price of a TV set



Sid Caesar—plus pretty girls and varied theater talents—highlights the Broadway Revue. NBC-Du Mont.



Thousands of children—and grown-ups—claim he's brighter than most humans—Howdy Doody. NBC.



An interesting radio show moves into television. Bob Trout (center) quizzes famous names on Who Said That? NBC.



Among the favorites—puppets Kukla and Ollie; their mistress, Fran Allison; and creator, Burr Tillstrom. NBC.



Stop the Music, led by Bert Parks, rollicks along as merrily in television as it does in radio. ABC.



Ed Sullivan (left) gathers up celebrities—in this case Benny Goodman—for Toast of the Town. CBS.



There's always plenty of entertainment with Morey Amsterdam (left) and guests—here it's Vic Damone. Du Mont.



Photo by Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

HOW TO ENTERTAIN THE TV WAY

By Beulah Karney Tote a tray of dinner to your television set. But don't have soup on those nights when meals are served up with Arthur Godfrey. And do have something so lusty and so tasty that it won't go unnoticed in the face of Fran Allison's irresistible charms.

Mobile suppers enjoyed at the corner drop-leaf table (or a small table for each guest) are simply and easily handled when each dinner is attractively set up on its own tray. Have the coffee pot in plain sight (out of range of the show) so each guest can serve himself.

I have learned the best way of making viewers notice something good's a-cookin' is to come out with such family favorites as Out-West hamburgers, which get the best Hooper rating at our television headquarters even when Arthur Shields is narrating tall tales in his bookshop.

When I was traveling through the Smokies down South, compiling fine old Southern dishes, I learned to make these burgers. And I found so many Tennessee-mountain kitchens that serve fried country ham with red-eye gravy, that I asked for that recipe as well. As you will note, the gravy is made with coffee.

The fried ham is kept on a hot platter and 2 tablespoons of drippings are left in the skillet to which

OUT-WEST HAMBURGERS—RED-EYE GRAVY

Two pounds ground chuck. Mix with 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire, 4 tablespoons minced onion, 2 apples, peeled and chopped. Form mixture into meat cakes. Heat 2 tablespoons salad oil in skillet. Brown cakes on each side, reduce heat, and cook until done. Place hamburgers on hot platter. Pour off fat, measure 2 tablespoons, return to pan with ½ cup strong coffee. Let boil for 2 minutes. Pour over cakes. Serve on hot buttered toasted buns. Serves 8.

FRUITS OF PARADISE PUDDING

Combine segments of 2 to 3 navel oranges with 1 cup drained crushed pineapple, ½ pound cut-up marshmallows. Let stand in refrigerator for several hours. When ready to serve, fold in 1 cup cream, whipped, and 2 peeled diced bananas. Garnish with fresh strawberries or maraschino cherries. Serves 8.

½ cup of strong black coffee is added. This is heated red hot and then poured over the fried ham—and that, my friends, is red-eye gravy.

For a TV party, start the ball rolling with a Guacamole appetizer by mashing a ripe avocado pear with 1 tablespoon each lemon juice and vinegar, add finely minced onion, chopped tomato, canned green chile, and seasonings. Blend together. Pile high on crisp crackers. Let everybody help himself.

Coffeematic, Universal; Trays, Haskelite; Admiral combination television, AM-FM radio and phonograph; Silver, Spring Garden, Holmes & Edwards; "Mix'm or Match'm" cloth and napkins, Paragon Needlecraft.



How TV Will Affect Family Life

Television ten years from now may well become the medium that will bring the average American family back to the fireside. At least, that's the view of one slaphappy video fan who goes right out on an antenna to give you his predictions of TV to come

By TED SHANE Let us look in on the average American family on Saturday night. Dad's in his den watching two wrestlers knead each other into insensate pretzels. Ma's in her *chambre à coucher* viewing a performance of Hamlet. Gramps is in his room scanning the girlie-girlie line in a musical comedy. Junior, whose light should be out, is secretly watching the same show in his room. Sister and Joe Shnorg, the current throb, are seated on the couch in the living room, getting some tips as Jane Wyman and Montgomery Clift demonstrate the latest holds in their latest film.

"Average American family?" you cry. "In what town? If it's really Saturday night, Dad's snoring on the couch with the radio blaring; Ma's at the weekly meeting of her lodge; Gramps is off seeing his girl; Junior's reading *Desperate Komics*; while Sis and Joe are smooching in a loge at the Bijou."

The answer is a loud "No!" This is a Saturday night in 1959—the year that Dr. DuMont's picturesque baby—television—may finally be said to have grown up. National video networks will long have been accomplished facts by that time and the present 75,000,000 radio-set owners will have supplemented their sets with TV screens. Incidentally, don't throw your present radio set away. It'll still come in handy for listening when you haven't time to look.

But what will the television home

of the future be like? What effect will TV have on the movies, night baseball, Junior, the Saturday-night date? Will we stop reading, start looking, and become a nation of illiterates? What about manners in the future? In short, when TV is fully developed, what will it do to family life?

As I gaze into my crystal ball, I see the home of 1959 as a miniature Madison Square Garden, museum, theater, music hall, and stadium all rolled into one. It will be, as Dr. Du Mont says, your window on the world. Without traveling an inch from home you will be entertained, educated, harangued, sold, and excited.

So if you're planning a new home in the future, you'd be wise to make it a video house—that is build it around television.

Your living room should be designed like a theater. It should be longer than it is wide, with a blank wall at one end to act as a screen, and comfortable loge-like seats and couches at the other. I would include a semiprivate love seat for quiet viewing *à deux*. This room will be used for communal viewing and for parties. Drop tables might be included in case guests want to eat as they look.

Since many of the best programs come during the dinner hour, the dining room ought to be equipped for TV, too. This should contain a U-shaped table, with seats arranged so as not to block the eaters' view. Celery, which has a way of

crunching out the dialogue, should not be served.

Since it is difficult to wash dishes and watch the Theatre Guild's latest play, the kitchen should be equipped with an old-fashioned radio. However, the maid's solarium should have a fine TV set.

And lest we forget, there will be a ninth room—possibly the most important in the house. It will be the non-video room, built of leaded walls and soundproofed. Here the seeker of rest from TV may enjoy hours of golden silence.

"Will we," you now ask, "go to the movies, night ball games, the bowling alley, race track, and roadhouse as often in 1959 as in 1949?"

The answer is, "Yes—and no!"

◆ In a survey of several hundred present-day TV set owners, Dr. Thomas Coffin of Long Island's Hofstra College has found that among the TV viewers, movie and night-club attendance has fallen off, but not sports. Carrying this to its logical conclusion, I am forced to prophesy that the old movie house is going to be hard hit in the future. Movies, of course, will continue to be made. They will be more pretentious, more epical, and special financial arrangements will have to be worked out for their telecasting.

The night club and the roadhouse are in for a beating, too. People who demand the atmosphere of the hotspot in 1959 can approximate same easily. All they'll have to do



Drawing by Kelly Oechsli

pump out all the fresh air in a room closet, fill it with stale cigarette smoke, invite some snobbish neighbors in, turn the video on to a vaudeo show, and from time to time throw \$20 bills into the fire! As for sporting events, should things continue to develop as outlined by Dr. Coffin, ball parks, football stadia, fight arenas, bowling alleys, and race tracks will be as crowded as ever. We believe the reason for this is that men have loyalty toward their muscular idols which can be expressed best when sitting in person in the actual presence of the August Personage (even if he is a mere 500 yards from your seat). Also you can yell when you go to a stadium—something very hard to do at home. In the case of horse racing, as long as it's impossible to televise a two-dollar pari-mutuel show bet, the tracks will continue to be crowded by the Lovers of the Breed. Incidentally, we think televising sports will make them cleaner. It's hard to conceal a foul blow or action with the television camera, you!

TV, '59 is not going to affect participant sports, either. The bowling alley, softball diamond, and tennis court will be as active as ever—possibly more so. Sports clinics*, as the one now TVed by Tommy Farrell, the golf pro, are cheap and ideal ways of learning to play a game correctly. Watching the champions in actual competition also gives one the urge to go out and do likewise.

I hazard to prophesy that TV is going to make a man of Junior, now a considerable problem in the home and the juvenile court. Televised puppet shows, kid quizzes, Westerns, kid discussions, and sports clinics should do much to keep him out of the back alley and eventually the poolroom.

And what about Big Sister and the Saturday-night date? Will television kill her chances of hooking

the guy? Certainly not. It will fit directly in with Sis's plans.

The 1959 living room will be the castle of dreams and romance. Seated on the semiprivate love seat, Sis and her beau can plan their life together watching the homemaking programs.

This brings us to the matter of etiquette—the 1959 variety, that is. I think Emily Post's little bible of good behavior will have to be entirely rewritten. Take some simple instances:

If you're having folks in for supper and the evening, you'll have to decide beforehand whether it's for food, bridge, yakata, and no television, or just for food, snatches of yakata, and TV. Then it's up to you to invite people who fit the scheme decided on.

◆ "Set owners have long abandoned the habit of supplying liquid refreshments to guest viewers," says Earl Mullens of the American Telecasting Company, "so it will be considered perfectly good taste to engrave B.Y.O. on your invitations. For nondrinkers a nickel soft-drink machine will be in order; and raiding the icebox under cover of TV darkness will not be *de rigueur*. Eating and running after the TV show will also be out. In other words, the TV home of '59 should not be confused with McSnartsch's Bar & Grille."

Now for the final question of this forecast. Will constant televising seriously interfere with our reading and conversational habits? Will we become a nation of illiterates—human moles whose culture consists of applauding tap dancers?

In reply, may I recall the ancient saying that "Radio will never replace the morning newspaper, because you can't swat a fly with a radio." This will hold true for TV too. Possibly the day will come when the morning newspaper will enter the house via a double screen on the breakfast table telecast by

Ultrafax, that remarkable "readio" device which can send 1,000,000 words a minute (thousands more than the average woman). On that distant day, your wife can read her paper on her own screen and get a direct view of Popsy, reading from his.

Who knows, your future Liberty may come to you this way!

I prophesy that reading, so preciously acquired as a habit after so many centuries, will increase. Such programs as Author Meets the Critics are bound to become more numerous and stimulate our book-consuming habits.

In other words, despite the smartypants who now sneer that television is as far advanced as it ever will be—equal to the culture of the sixteenth century—I bravely predict that, thanks to television, we're going to be a lot wiser.

I also hold that TV will diminish the phoniness and fear in the world. Television demands sincerity. For example, it's difficult for a politician to mouth ornate nothings when you are looking right at him. I say put a TV camera in Congress and save the country! Show the people to the United Nations by television and save the world.

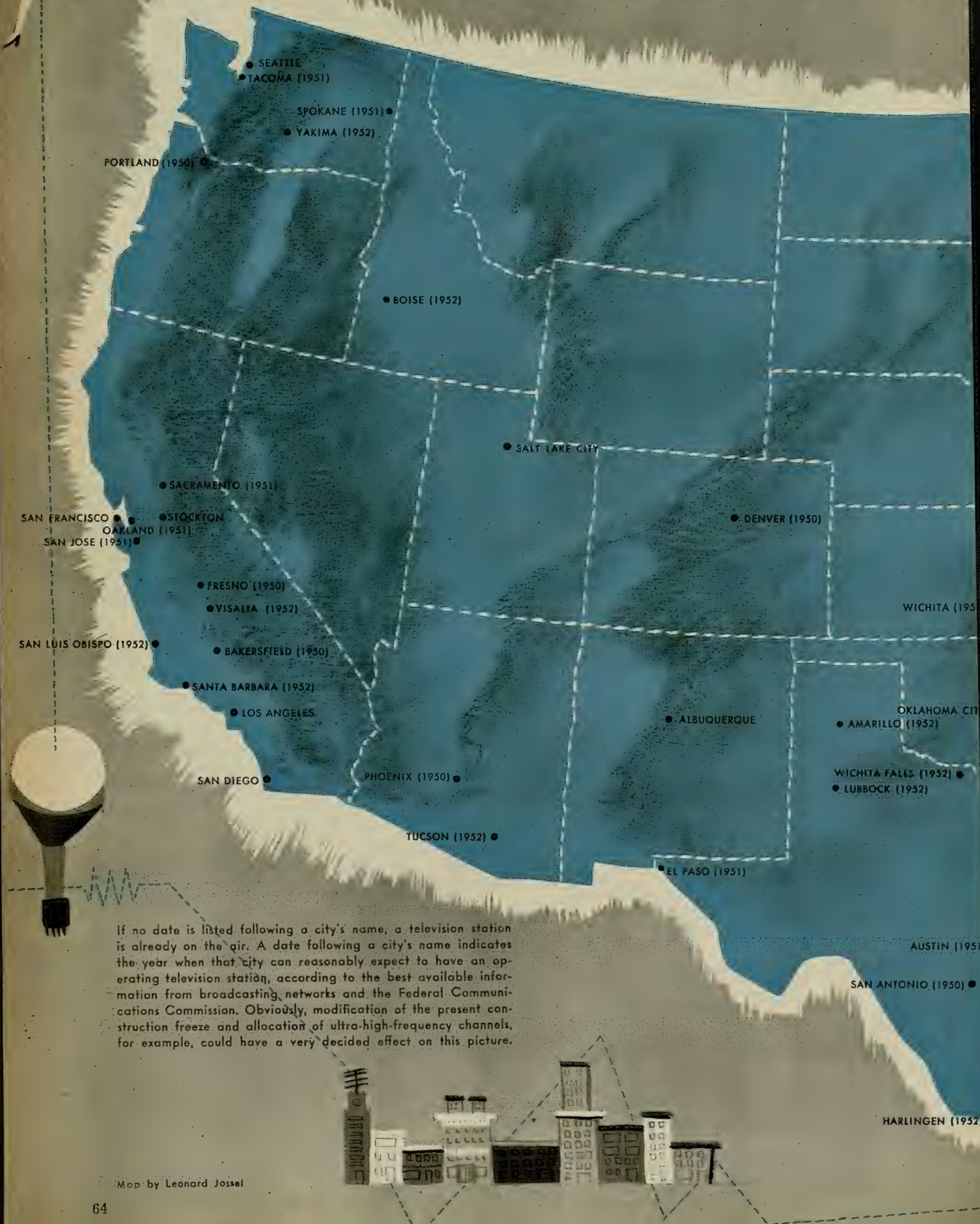
In other words, I see a halo around the letters TV in the coming decade. I can see television profoundly affecting family life. People who for years have been running to the roadhouse, the pub, and to other forms of escape will start running back home again. Even those driven out by the radio will return. Some businesses may suffer, but those who used to drive horse cars now drive buses, so we'll all survive.

Everybody will stay home more. Parlor games, dances, and other activities closely tied to the fire-side will be popular. Friendships between parents and children, now sadly strained for one reason or another, will thrive, all thanks to Dr. Du Mont's magic mirror. ◆ ◆

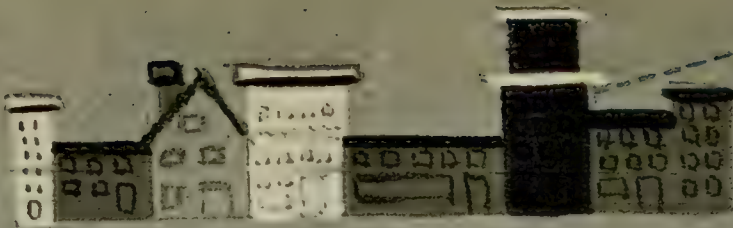


Liberty *television*

When TV will hit



our home town



TV SHOW OF THE FUTURE

By 1955 television will have one thing in common with the circus—it will be the greatest show on earth, with everything from basement bargain sales to college courses

By NORA HAMMESFAHR

◆ Television has already given some indication of how it will revolutionize many aspects of our way of life. But this is just the beginning.

To get an idea of some of the fabulous possibilities that lie ahead, let's go behind the television screen and talk with the presidents and vice-presidents, the official and technical heads of this romping infant industry; let's find out how far they think TV will be advanced by 1955.

A billion-dollar-a-year industry today, television will be one of the ten major U. S. industries six years hence and will affect every phase of American life.

Dr. Allen B. Du Mont, president of Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., says that "For the approximate 70 TV stations on the air today, well over 1,000 will serve all the important metropolitan areas of the nation by 1955." But millions of Americans—farmers and country folk out of reach of city TV stations—are saying, "What about us?" To which NBC's president Niles Trammell replies that eventually 80 per cent of the nation will be within range of telecast stations. The experts also say ways will be found to provide additional channels for blanketing the nation with TV services of all sorts.

As for international television, the United States will be linked to Canada, Cuba, and Mexico by 1955. Further than that, a start will have been made toward transatlantic television either by planes, providing an airborne lift for signals, as envisaged by General David Sarnoff, chairman of the board and president of the Radio Corporation of America; or by radio relay through the Far North, beginning in Labrador, as Dr. Du Mont suggests. In either case, both industry leaders are agreed that it is only the tremendous cost involved that prevents us from enjoying international TV now.

Television of the future, judging by the elaborate programs being planned now, will have one thing in common with the circus—it will be the greatest show on earth! And it will be in color, too.

How much of video fare will be films? John L. Van Volkenburg, CBS vice-president in charge of television, estimates 20 per cent; NBC's President Trammell says, "30 per cent to 40 per cent."

Backing up these forecasts, adman Jack Warwick, vice-president of Warwick & Legler, Inc., explains that "Since Americans spend more money for movies than for any other form of entertainment, that is obviously what they want the most—and what they will get."

Paramount, Twentieth Century-Fox, and Warner Brothers are planning right now to televise news as it happens in place of their three-day-old newsreels.

But Hollywood's use of television will go much

farther than newscasts and will result in giving home video serious competition. Joining forces with the theaters, the major studios would be in a position to buy the exclusive rights to such sports events as the Rose Bowl Game, the World Series, fights, special events, etc., and to supplement these with other video features of their own. Whether or not, as seems likely, video will prove to be the solution to greater movie attendance remains to be seen. Opera performance and many other productions too lavish for a small screen may find a new medium in theater video.

In any event, you will see more on your living-room screen than films of live shows and movies. You will see improved productions of all your favorite programs, plus sports and special events. These, together with the movies, will be your video entertainment.

But all this is the entertainment side of your life. Television promises much more by 1955. Take mother's bargain hunting, for instance. Through service programs she will sit comfortably in her living room and "teleshop." Let's say it's dollar day in her town and her favorite store is videocasting its biggest bargains. After the show she orders by telephone. That is tele-shopping for mother. But dad will be able to save valuable time too. For instance, he can watch televised demonstrations of automobiles, thus eliminating the showroom-to-showroom ordeal. Enthusiastic response to a few such experimental service programs shows they fill a vital need.

But television goes to business too. If, for instance, dad is a top executive, foreman or superintendent in a large plant, he will be able to oversee assembly lines from his office. Regulating traffic, policing prisons, guarding banks and jewelry stores are only a few of the possible ways video can serve business.

Perhaps no single contribution that video can make is so important as what it will be able to do for our children. By 1955, according to all predictions, it may be that renowned educators, eminent scientists, and great professors like Einstein through video will offer hundreds of college students simultaneously the best of their learning. Only supplementary instruction would be needed from local teachers.

As Commander Mortimer W. Loewi, director of television at Du Mont Network, says, "Television is your window to the world."

An evening's entertainment, daytime service programs, improved industrial techniques, better education for children—all these television has to offer. But perhaps not one of them is half so important as TV's potential for promoting the unity of mankind. ◆ ◆

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New
Scientific Discovery
Called Comate May Help You

Save Your Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, dry itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness — here is **GOOD NEWS!**

We now make an offer so compelling that you cannot, in fairness to yourself, pass up the opportunity it presents.

This offer is limited to those who still have hair and are earnestly interested in enjoying thicker-stronger-healthier-looking **HAIR AGAIN.**

To **YOU** we offer the fruits of our search for a formula superior to every other method of attacking common hair and scalp problems. Our experience has convinced us that Comate is without equal in overcoming many conditions of the hair and scalp. We have, therefore, come to a decision — unprecedented, so far as we know, in this business — of taking all the risk ourselves.

**YOU TAKE NO RISK—YOU GET
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

We believe the Comate Hair and Scalp Formula is the greatest aid in treating the hair and scalp that has ever been offered to those in-

terested in avoiding baldness. We can and do promise that after 30 days' trial you must enjoy thicker-stronger-healthier-looking hair again — or we guarantee to refund not only the price you pay — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

You know, we could not make this offer unless Comate is all we say it is!

You want the finest growth of hair, the cleanest, the clearest and healthiest scalp. That is your birth-right. Read the unsolicited testimonials, study your Insurance Policy and Guarantee. We take all the risk. You have the protection of — **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** — unless delighted.

ACT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. So act now while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier-looking hair again. Later may be *too late!* The price for a full 30 days' supply is only \$5.00 (Fed. tax incl.) — less than the cost of a pack of cigarettes a day. Isn't *your* hair worth the best?

COMATE LABORATORIES, 366 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, 17, N. Y.

This is your Insurance Policy of Complete Satisfaction.

INSURANCE POLICY

Comate is warranted to be made of U.S.P. standard ingredients, scientifically and accurately compounded. You, the user, must be beneficiary of generally improved condition of hair and scalp — or we, by our *Policy of Insurance* guarantee to refund double your money back upon return of bottle and unused portion.

SIGNED: *Comate Laboratories*

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN From Live Hair Follicles

Experienced beneficial results after only 10 days; told friends about my experience. —J.A.G., Reading, Pa.

Am receiving splendid results. —T.J.M., Iron River, Mich.

Has worked wonders on my scalp. —D.J.B., St. Louis, Mo.

See an improvement in hair. —Mrs. S.N.M., Wash., D.C.

My hair and scalp has greatly improved. —J.B., Seattle, Wash.

Success with the first bottle. —J.M., Corpus Christi, Texas

My head doesn't itch like it did. Hair looks more alive and isn't falling out like it did. —Miss E.R., Chandlerville, Ohio

I have had amazing results. —L.V., Fort Custer, Mich.

Best I ever used. —J.C.M., Leachville, Ark.

Made a big difference in my hair. —Mrs. McF., Manchester, Ind.

I see great results from the one bottle. —E.C., Dover, Tenn.

Have rejoiced at the effects. —J.T., Gulfport, Miss.

My hair is filling in and getting thicker. —J.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

For years I've been annoyed with an itchy scalp, your formula gave me immediate relief. —L.P., Calumet City, Ill.

Has done my hair and scalp much good. —H.D., East Hampton, Mass.

The first 10 days' trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea. —M.C.M., Delano, Cal.

Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling. —R.H., Corona, Cal.

Am well pleased with results. —Mrs. W.J. McC., Kelso, Wash.

Has helped my hair, stopped my itchy scalp. —J.C.M., Cleveland, Ohio

I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped. —L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula. —Mrs. R. LeB., Piqua, Ohio

Worked wonders for my hair. —C.P., Norfolk, Va.

These are just a few of the hundreds of unsolicited testimonials we receive every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Comate Laboratories, Dept. 8-L, 366 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please rush my bottle (30 days' supply) of Comate hair and scalp formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you **GUARANTEE** refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$5.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order). Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00, plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....
APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign—no C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

slightest idea why, and told him so.

Hughes handed her a script of *The Awful Truth*, and she read Irene Dunne's lines while he read the Cary Grant part. At the end of the reading he said, "Eighteen, eh."

He renewed her contract. She didn't see him again for another six months. Thumb twiddling became a bore, especially when other Hollywood starlets were getting fat parts. Jane wanted to work, and patience is not her long suit. So she announced that she wanted her release from the Hughes contract.

When finally she was released, she signed with RKO. She appeared in six films and became known as the Cheesecake Queen of the lot. Her first important role was with Robert Mitchum in *Out of the Past*. The big build-up was on. Then who should enter—center stage—but Howard Hughes! That was a year ago, when he bought RKO. One by one the RKO brass and stars were purged. There hadn't been such wholesale firings in Hollywood since Zanuck took over Twentieth Century-Fox and eliminated, among others, Rita Hayworth.

Hughes, so the legend goes, has the memory of an elephant. He doesn't like being crossed, and Jane Greer had crossed him. But Mr. Hughes is also a very smart man. And curvaceous Jane, with her smoldering eyes and sultry expression, can easily be a box-office draw for RKO. At any rate, Hughes put her in *The Big Steal* with Robert Mitchum. As this is written, Jane doesn't know what happens next.

While on location during the filming of *The Big Steal*, Jane unveiled an 850-pound bust of herself in Tehuacan, Mexico. Mexican crewmen and townsfolk commissioned a local sculptor to make the bust. They planned to ship it to Miss Greer in Hollywood as a token of their esteem. In his enthusiasm, the sculptor made it so big that now the bust must remain in a Tehuacan park.

Jane isn't always happy playing the sultry gal who is forever mur-



LIBERTY

"He'll be all right in a month or two—as soon as my new office is paid for."

dering somebody on the screen. She has a flair for comedy that she would like to employ in pictures, at least once in a while. Jane's friends are sure she could be another Carole Lombard if given the opportunity. She herself had hopes of getting just such an opportunity in *The Big Steal*, but while Mitchum was paying the penalty over the marijuana business, the script was rewritten, and she was put back in the sultry role. "Unless I have a gun in my hand I'm not Jane Greer," she says sadly.

Jane, now 25, five feet five, 115 pounds, brown eyes and dark brown hair, was Bettyjane Greer until RKO signed her. "A studio can't leave you the way they sign you," she says. "I refused to let them change my nose, so they changed my name."

She is married to Edward Lasker, son of the advertising tycoon Albert Lasker. The Laskers live in a large modernistic house in Brent-

wood. They have a year-old Albert, and expect a second in August. Jane met Eddie Lasker in a New York night club. Some time later they met again at Santa Anita track. He gave her a tip on a horse. The horse won, the "courtin'," as Jane calls it, started immediately. They eloped to Las Vegas in August, 1947, between takes on *Station West*. Jane was previously married to Robert Vallee. They were divorced in 1941.

Jane is one of the few stars to arrive in Hollywood (Pasadena is) without fanfare. But Mr. Hughes wasn't to blame for that. Hughes' office made every effort to do handsomely by Jane and her mother on their first trip west. They had tickets for a drawing room on the *Super Chief*, but Jane decided that was a waste of money. For the price of the drawing room she bought a new suit for herself, a coat for her mother, and two tickets for herself and her mother on a non-de-luxe train. Photographers and press agents, of course, met the *Super Chief*.

◆ When Jane first went with Robert Mitchum, she used to write herself fan letters. Then she'd go to the studio mail room, always when it was crowded, and ask for her mail. One day there was a letter she had written. It said, "Please send me a picture of Bob Mitchum."

Jane Greer was born in Washington. Her mother was a Washington newspaper woman turned poet. If she couldn't sell her poems she gave them away. Jane's father was a business man. Her hobbies are sewing and crossword puzzles. She recently bought a sewing machine and spends hours making over her expensive wardrobe. The Messieurs Adrian and Loper have been known to shudder when they see what she has done to their creations.

Unlike 90 per cent of the Hollywood stars who are always yammering about the New York stage, Jane says frankly, "Me on the stage? I couldn't project my voice beyond the first row."

HAPPINESS, INC. Continued from page 35

followed a period of inactivity in the order in this country. Lewis, the present Imperator, explains this state of affairs by saying, "It was an ancient, traditional plan that the organization would go into periods of inactivity for the purpose of avoiding involvement in political matters."

Whatever the occasion for the lapse, it ended when Dr. Lewis unearthed the order's history and was initiated into the order in 1909 at Toulouse, France. There followed for Dr. Lewis a period of intense study and writing. By 1915 he was ready. In that year the rebirth of AMORC in this country was announced by proclamation and the

grand lodge established in the small French chateau on West 23d Street, New York, which had been the home of Lillie Langtry, the actress. Later, the seat of operations was moved to San Francisco, then to Florida, and finally to what had been a peach orchard on the outskirts of San Jose and is now Rosicrucian Park, a city block in size.

Prospective members are usually attracted by AMORC's unusual advertisements in periodicals. To those who inquire by mail, a booklet, *The Mastery of Life*, is sent. The material it contains whets the candidate's appetite for the full treatment, with persuasive suggestions concerning latent pow-

ers he can draw upon once he understands them. For example, the booklet says, among other things:

"Your life is influenced by many inexplicable things—phenomena, happenings that you sometime cannot quite explain or overcome. You may call them uncanny... yet nevertheless they are often the direct or indirect factors in preventing you from realizing some ideal, something you are seeking to attain or accomplish, or freeing yourself from worry and strife."

There follows the reminder that persons, upon meeting another for the first time, sometimes experience a sense of dislike or distrust. The booklet continues:

Why? It is a manifestation of human aura—an invisible, magnetic radiation from the human which we can detect, and which either repels or attracts—it is scientifically demonstrable. The emanation also has a most mystical power which was known to the students of the mystic schools, to the sages and adepts, for centuries."

With the booklet is an application for membership. Among other qualifications essential for membership, the applicant must believe in a Supreme Being. Atheists are ineligible. Communicants of all faiths are acceptable. Among those who are men outnumber women two to one. The average age of members is 40, and all must be 21 or over. Nearly half the lodge is composed of college graduates.

The candidate answers satisfactorily the questions on the membership blank and if he sends along a \$5 initiation fee, he then receives the first of a series of inductive lessons at the regular 10-a-month price, which also includes his dues and entitles him to the order's magazine.

At the end of the preliminary studies, the candidate is asked a number of questions to which he replies in writing, and if his sincerity and ability to understand is apparent, he is ready for full membership and initiation. Meetings in the larger cities where large groups exist customarily meet Thursday night each week. But for the sake of the member without a group, AMORC provides him with a ritual and the instructions for holding his own meeting in a room in his home. This he does by sitting before a mirror with a lighted candle on either side. "At that time, I review and contemplate the wonderful disclosures which are included in your lessons," says the large manual. Thursday nights are recommended for these individual services to coincide with the meeting nights of the large groups. As the neophyte progresses through the several degrees of the order, he takes additional secret study courses, an orthodox procedure for fraternal groups. AMORC departs from the usual, however, in sending its members not only lesson texts, but kits with which a member may perform various experiments in natural laws. One kit, for example, contains iron filings and a magnet to demonstrate magnetism.

The purpose of these kits, the operator explains, is "to show the unity of natural laws and to make clear there is an order throughout all things, into which a human can fit himself." Lewis adds, "Of course, we could tell a member to go out into the street and throw a rock into the air and observe the law of gravity, but the kit method is more scientific, more impres-

sive, and more connected a study." For summer students AMORC maintains the Rose-Croix University at San Jose. A research library is open daily and a small teaching staff remains in residence all year. The order maintains a research council, which collects the latest in scientific information from a variety of sources and sends it on to members.

Particular attention is paid to work in the field of cosmic rays.

AMORC, like other fraternities, holds annual conventions, and it is interesting to note that at the conclusion of these meetings the delegates attend a dinner dance at a San Jose hotel. Those who like an occasional drink may precede it with a cocktail. AMORC has no dietary restrictions, nor does it concern itself directly with the sexual or family problems of any of its members.

The late Dr. Lewis, in restoring the order to its full flower, decreed that it should be a nonprofit organization. The Bureau of Internal Revenue, that most discriminating of investigatorial bodies, declared that Dr. Lewis' command has been obeyed and AMORC is excused from federal taxation. Its affairs are managed by elected trustees.

San Josians, enjoying the Egyptian Museum, the planetarium, and the movies Emperor Lewis brings back from his journeys around the

world, regard AMORC not as a fanatical curiosity but as a wholesome member of the community. The Chamber of Commerce, constantly on guard against San Jose taking on some of the freakish aspects of its neighbors to the south, declares the order "is very well thought of in this community, and its integrity is beyond reproach."

◆ If a man's expression is an indication of his inner attitude, then AMORC is delivering the goods to its members, for those who practice the teachings of the order are no pinched-faced zealots. Nor are they grinning back-slappers. A Buffalo, New York, housewife reports, "My friends and relatives notice the sharp edge taken off my temper." A brigadier general from Texas testifies that since he has become a member of AMORC he has been able to "look into the faces of my men in the Rosicrucian way, and I have been able to tell that they know I was telling them right." An Oakland, California, couple, hurt in an accident, declared their fortitude in time of pain amazed their doctors and hastened their recovery. A Denver, Colorado, salesman says AMORC has "knocked the 't' out of 'can't'" for him.

Sixty thousand persons say there is happiness for all in the atomic age through knowledge of the Rosicrucian way. They appear to have something. ◆ ◆



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Make Good Money!

... These Exquisite DOEHLA Greeting Cards Sell on Sight!

HERE'S a friendly way to make a fine income, spare-time or full time. Show lovely Doebla Box Assortments of richly decorated All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Christmas Cards, distinctive Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings. Many other Doebla items so *exceptionally* beautiful that your friends, neighbors, and co-workers will be delighted to give you big orders. **NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED**—our **FREE BOOK** shows you easy ways for *any beginner* to make money! You make up to 50¢ on each \$1 box, even more on bonus orders. Mail coupon below—without money—for sample boxes on approval. No obligation. Send coupon **NOW**. **HARRY DOEHLA CO.**, Studio L28, Fitchburg, Mass. (If you live west of Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Calif.)

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio L28, Fitchburg, Mass. (or Palo Alto, Calif.)

Send me—for **FREE TRIAL**—sample boxes on approval, money-making plan, extra-profit bonus offer. Also send **FREE BOOK** of easy ways for *anyone* to make money.

Name

Address

City Zone No. (if any) State



Mrs. Donald Hance of Bristol, Penn. writes: "A year ago I needed things for my 2 boys; but couldn't afford them. I read ad, sent for samples. The extra money earned paid for more than boys needed. Now saving to help pay for home."

ly than ever. A little too rapidly, perhaps, for his success tended to make him precipitate."

Thomas Edison's happy home life is well known. He once said, "A good wife contributes very greatly—enormously indeed—to the success of her husband."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a customhouse clerk who lost his job. Instead of complaining, his wife said, "Now you will have time to write."

Charles W. Nash, who was "sold" to a farmer at the age of six, with the understanding that he would work until he was 21 in return for room and board and \$100, became president of General Motors. Later he resigned and formed Nash Motors, and was active in the Nash company until his death on June 6, 1948. The secret of his success? It was his wife. According to Nash, "She is the guiding hand of my life and my wisest, ablest adviser." When they were married he made a dollar a day. During the first six years of married life he never earned more than \$300 a year. Yet she never discouraged him. She let him know she believed in him and was betting on him to win.

Just about every great man has some woman solidly behind him. But more impressive than stories of great men are the results that are found in factories, offices, and shops. Sales managers and personnel directors are learning a man is about as successful on his job as his special woman makes him.

William B. Given, Jr., president of the American Brake Shoe Company, says, "We don't hire men—we hire families." And 10,000 case histories of his employees over a period of 20 years have proved his system pays off. Now his methods are incorporated in training programs at Harvard, Columbia, and Yale. His main objective is to see that his workers have a happy home life. He encourages the men to talk business with their wives, to "make them a part of the act." Wives are encouraged to stop nagging and make their men as happy as they



"The witness will please confine himself to answering the question."

LIBERTY

can. And they usually do when they see that it pays off in larger pay envelopes, promotions—and a contented, more likable man.

The most convincing proof of all is to try it for yourself. Here are some tested rules that I have worked out from observing hundreds of wives who know the art of selling their husbands on success. I call them the A-B-Cs of selling husbands on being successful:

1. Approve and Appreciate

It's easy to acquire the habit of registering disapproval of everything a husband does or says. Show your man you're for him, instead of against him, by approving of him. Of course, you can't approve of everything he does. But even when you must secretly disapprove of his habits or behavior, show him that you still approve of him.

One of the strongest hungers is the hunger for appreciation. Try a little contest of your own. Think up reasons why "I like my husband because" and let him know what they are. The prize you'll win will be

a happier home, a more successful self-respecting husband. Don't be afraid of "turning his head." Let him know—and act as if you like him. You'll turn his head right. But you'll turn it from failure to success.

2. Believe in Your Man

A man can take all sorts of blows from fate and circumstances and still come up swinging if he knows his wife or his sweetheart still believes in him.

3. Court Your Man

There is no yardstick to determine how much self-confidence is psychological and how much is logical. But try being a little more affectionate and see what happens. Men like to growl and appear to be he-mannish. They won't admit they crave affection, but they all do.

Many housewives are frustrated because of the silly idea that they do not have a chance to express their talents in a career. They consciously resent the fact that their husband makes the money while they consider themselves dependent. The truth is that regardless of what job a man has, it is a partnership. His wife's contribution to that partnership is just as important, sometimes more so, than his. If women could only realize this, they'd stop feeling frustrated.

The most successful career woman I ever met had never set foot in an office. She didn't know the first thing about buying and selling or entering figures in a ledger. But she took a shy little cigar man and sold him the idea that he was a great friend-maker and should be in the restaurant business. She made him feel important. She made him happy. She made him successful.

She was my own Grandmother Stroble of Rochester, New York. Her formula for success was simple: "A lot of married women worry about whether they are happy or not, but the easiest way to be happy is to make your man happy—for a happy man makes a good, kind, and successful husband."

SIN STREET

Continued from page 23

In the first, Miss Valdez in a shimmering gown moves slowly, as if trying to avoid broken glass. In the second, she steps lightly about as she removes a few pins from the gown and then teasingly unzips a slide fastener down the front, leaving her only in a bra and a tiny G string, whereupon she "grinds and winds" with some ferocity as the lights grow gradually dimmer. Finally, when the lights are very dim, a spotlight is turned on her and luminous painted hands appear on various parts of her body.

Other girlie attractions on the honkytonk belt include the Wow Girl, the Parisian Bombshell, the

Hindu Tasselier, and Miss June Powers.

Miss Powers, blonde and tiny, does a number she calls "a fantasy of love," but not alone. Her lover is a strange stuffed bird with an extra long tail. The two go around and around the floor to slow music and every time Miss Powers raises the bird the spectators observe that her G string is illuminated. After one performance, which received more whistles and shouts than handclaps, I called on Miss Powers in her dressing room.

"What kind of bird is that?" I asked.

"Oh," she said dreamily, "he's

just a fantastic bird. Sometimes I call him one kind of a bird and sometimes I call him another kind. He's just fantastic, that's all. But do love him."

"This here business," an executive of one dive said, "is funny. You got to give them [the customers] what they ask for. Right now they want girls. They want girls, we give them girls. Business depends on the attraction. You got something hot, they pile in on you, jam you up. You got a cold show, you might just as lief close up."

But strip-tease entertainment is not the only stripping the customers get. They also get separated

quickly from their money. This is called "clipping." It begins right on the sidewalk. Each dive has a uniformed doorman who looks like an exiled football player and seems to be an expert at nudging pedestrians through the open doorway. In some spots, it is said, it is not unusual for a customer's check to be doubled, tripled, or quadrupled. The multiplication table runs concurrently with the customer's stage inebriation, on the theory that the drunker a man is the less able he is at arithmetic.

At the bar of one dive I ordered a bottle of beer and received a check and which usually costs a quarter. "That'll be eighty-five cents," said the bartender, a gentleman with whom I decided I had better remain on friendly terms. I handed him a ten-dollar bill. He gave me change of five. I placed the change in my jacket pocket. A few minutes later it was gone.

"It's a party for pickpockets, these joints," Al said. "There's always one at a crowded bar usually." But a visitor thus relieved of his hands need not cut short his evening's amusement. I found there were gentlemen about who are prepared to make a quick loan to a recent job-holding citizen. All they charge is 20-per-cent interest week-ly on the unpaid balance. And the lenders have a collection method which sometimes finds a delinquent client reposed in blood in some alley.

"Sometimes," Al said, "I think them loan sharks and them pickpockets work in a team. One time, when I first came around here, some guy lifts my roll, and a couple of minutes later some monkey comes over and says do I wish to make a loan."

But loan sharks are not the only avenue to quick solvency in a true honkytonk. With practically no effort at all a visitor can locate a bookmaker or a numbers-racket clerk. In fact, one can frequently find them auditing their records over a short highball in the honky-tonks.

There are numerous other facilities for picking up money. One can always find a shady character who will buy any odd jewelry at a small price. In addition there are ample opportunities for a visitor to be told where he can apply his own skill to games of chance such as poker, gin rummy, pinochle, and dice.

There are also the shapely ladies who stroll along popular thoroughfares and make an effort to be "picked up" by male strollers. They invariably can be talked into making an evening of it.

"I know a cute place on Fifty-second Street," the girls may say, and pretty soon a male stroller is converted into a sucker about to be parted from his money. What arrangements these females have

What Strange Powers Did the Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

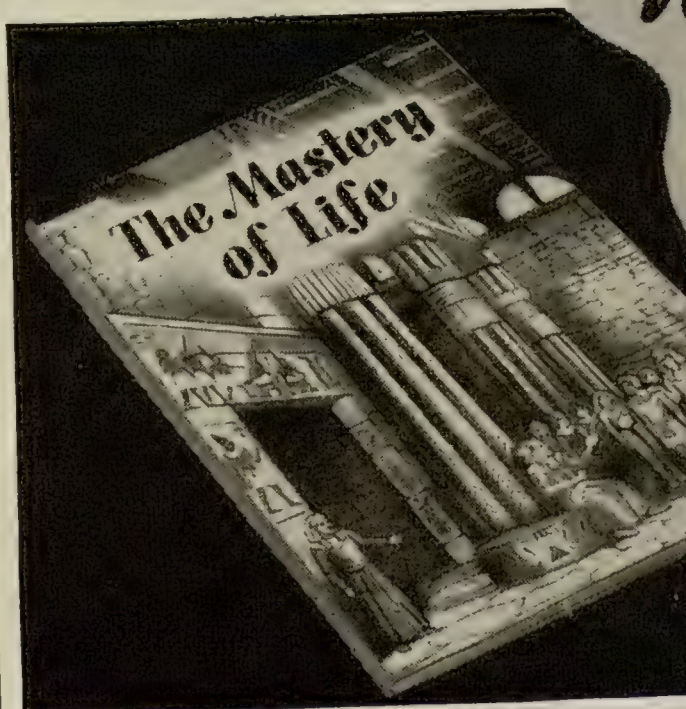
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



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with the honkytonks cannot be definitely established.

Some of the women, not satisfied with mere commissions, operate bizarre side lines. One "wrinkle" employed by prostitutes has been to lure suckers to their rooms and keep them occupied while a silent collaborator creeps in, empties the man's pockets, and creeps out. This is known as the "creep joint wrinkle." When the customer finds he has been robbed, his anger soon turns to frustration, for the girl threatens to scream. The sucker usually cannot go to the police because he fears publicity.

The 52d Street prostitute is not hard to find. In the ten nights I spent on the street gathering ma-

terial for this article, I was approached by eight of them. Whether or not this phase of prostitution in New York is organized or on a free-lance basis is another question that cannot be answered. But it is known that some employees of the honkytonks will, for a cash token, put a customer in touch with the proper parties.

◆ During the war, when servicemen on leave crammed every available cubic inch of space in the street's dives, enterprising employees and grifters felt called upon to "take care of the boys." It was a land-office business.

Marijuana can be bought on 52d Street and in some honkytonks.

A little over two decades ago 52d Street was where such prominent families as the Rhinelanders, the Wagstaffs, the Bernard Beruchs, the Menckens lived.

Most of the present honkytonk places were set up shortly before the last war. And, if nothing else can, progress will remove them, for big interests have land on which some of the dives are located, and plan to tear down the old buildings and erect skyscrapers. Demolition is expected to start within five years.

But until then, the honkytonk dives of 52d Street and the hangers-on intend to squeeze every nickel they can out of the great American sucker. ◆

TECHNIQUE *Continued from page 21*



her. A Kent Crane play in which Zara Evans starred—and produced by Vincent Grey.

Now, was everything as smoothly beautiful as it had been all those fourteen years? Was she imagining things? She looked at the faces around her. Were they looking at her with a new curiosity? Were they wondering what she knew?

"What's the matter?" Kent asked.

"Thinking!"

"People get into trouble for less."

"My thoughts aren't dangerous. These same people—as if they were painted on the walls."

"That's an idea! Paint them, and then, if they don't come in, no one will know the difference. And some day their pictures will stay there, to mock future patrons."

"It sounds horrible. I like it better this way—today's translation of a rathskeller, with checked tablecloths to give a falsely simple atmosphere."

This wasn't what she wanted to talk about. This was the way you talked to a casual acquaintance! Were they just pretending to be a devoted couple, so much in love? What was the truth? What did people know?

It was only recently that she knew. Kent was interested in another woman! Oh, he'd been interested in girls before, but the interest had been harmless froth. This was different. All of the things she'd read—and played and heard—when a husband wandered. First, Kent had been indifferent, his mind somewhere else. And then he actually was somewhere else! Their

lives were such that Zara knew when he wasn't near—physically, spiritually. Zara had never felt the need of anyone else. Her home and the theater and Kent were enough. The perfect triangle. Planning, so that the house ran smoothly; little dinners and supper parties; and being interested in Kent's plays, and acting in Kent's plays. They both knew that she had a lot to do with Kent's dialogue.

"You know how people talk," he said. "I only know what I want them to say." He knew how to build to a climax, and she knew how to act in his plays. Was this perfect partnership going to break up? Without Kent she'd be nothing at all—a faded has-been. No other playwright would bother about her. More than that, without Kent her world would crumble. She loved him so much—more than when they'd first fallen in love.

"How are your chops?" he asked.

"Very good. And your dinner?"

"Excellent! But if I wrote this, we'd both be out of work."

"How horrible if we talked in epigrams!" They both laughed at that. Maybe there was nothing . . .

She knew better. Kent had always liked playing bridge with men, and going to clubs, and going on holidays—fishing in Florida or camping in Maine. Being boyish and masculine at the same time. But now he came home late at night and acted sheepish and guilty. He was living in a world of his own, and she knew he wasn't living there alone.

They talked and smiled, an at-

tractive, successful couple. Kent had a gooey piece of pastry and Zara had a fruit compote and coffee, and Kent had a liqueur.

A director stopped at their table. "How's the new play going?" he asked.

"I'm thinking of taking up brick laying."

"That means it's good. The boys who talk about masterpieces do the worst plays."

Five minutes of theater conversation. Zara loved it. But her mind raced on. Here was Kent—acting just the same. This was all she had—the theater and Kent. And Kent most of all.

The director left, and Kent paid his bill, tipping just enough so the waiter wouldn't think he was an easymark. Wonderful Kent!

They had almost reached the door when Kent stopped and talked to a girl who had just come in. And the way he spoke—Zara knew! To anyone who didn't know Kent it might have been an ordinary meeting, a man speaking to a girl. Zara walked ahead, and waited quietly and watched Kent. And watched others, who saw them. It was almost as if they'd met by appointment! A different Kent, leaning close, so as not to miss a word. And a girl laughing up into his eyes!

◆ The girl was pretty, in a silly way. A snub of a turned-up nose. Eyes wide apart. That meant she'd photograph well. A rounded little chin. Hair too blonde. Her figure was hidden by a bright green sports coat, but Zara knew that a girl with that head and those legs would have a good figure. And she was horribly and disgustingly young. So young she probably never even thought about her age. Zara worried every day about youth going—a wrinkle, an extra pound, an intonation. She had to keep her youth to keep success—to keep Kent. And this girl was young without even trying!

"Who was that pretty girl?" she asked Kent when he joined her, forcing a tolerant and understanding smile.

"I don't think you've met her," said Kent casually. "She was in Ralph Ingham's summer stock company. I saw her do the young girl's part in Personal Appearance. She was very good. Kids have a hard time, today, in the theater." "They certainly do!" said Zara. "I've had a hard time too, bit parts and one-night stands and horrible little rooms in third-rate hotels, and sneaking in food in paper bags. Very calmly they walked out and into their car. The successful playwright and his successful star wife. "It's as if I were acting in one of Kent's plays," Zara told herself. Scene One. Only, I don't like it. I don't like it at all!"

What do you do if your husband is in love with another woman? Especially if you love him more than all the rest of the world put together!

Zara had played the part often enough, had read it a thousand times. Lying in her modern bed in her elegant bedroom—it reproduced well in the magazines—she listened for the sound of Kent coming home. Jealousy floated over her, burned into her. She wanted to scream, to claw the comforter. Those two—going to all the places she and Kent used to go, laughing at the things they used to laugh at! Or new things! Or at her—getting older every day!

Kent—her husband, her playwright, her protector, her rock. Her whole world would laugh! Folks are none too kind—but polite and suave and cringing when you're on top. Full of compliments because she was a star. If another woman stepped in, she'd be a has-been—bit parts here and there...

Oh, she'd saved something. This house in the East Sixties. But she couldn't afford it alone. Kent! Kent!

In stories and plays it was easy enough for the wife to win back her husband. All she had to do was to diet and exercise and do her hair a new way and learn to talk about things that interested him. But Zara had dieted for years, she had a massage every day, her hair styling was copied by thousands, and she always talked about things that interested Kent. And, now, she didn't nag nor complain; tried to act as if everything were all right.

"I must be a good actress," she told herself. "This is the hardest role I've ever played."

She had learned about the girl without even trying to learn. Her name was Jo-Anne McKensy, and she came from Detroit. So even her little-girl-from-the-country air wasn't quite the real thing. That showed how clever she was! She'd been in New York three years, so she wasn't such a kid. She had modeled a little, and had clerked, before Christmas, in a department store.

Kent was completely enthralled.

He'd work on his play in his study. It was comforting to hear the tapping of his typewriter. He did his own first draft and then sent the pages to a typist. But as soon as he'd finished for the day, he was on his way. Oh, if Zara gave a party, he was there—the perfect host! And he took her to parties—the perfect escort. But it was as if he were playing a part too, and the rest of the time he wasn't there.

They had had dinner at Twenty-one, greeting friends from Hollywood, and New Yorkers too—all successful, rich, more than a bit self-satisfied. Then they'd come home, and she'd gone to bed, and she'd heard Kent's door close. So he was going out—again!

And then there was a knock at her door! And it was Kent! And he wasn't out at all! The thrill of hav-

ing him there made her throat feel as if she'd swallowed bubbles mixed with feathers.

"Here's the play," he said. "All done! Pretty rough, of course. Want to see it?"

"You know I do! Has it got a good part for me?"

"What do you think? Even if you do criticize—"

"I pretty my parts up a bit. You know I'm a ham!"

"This play has a new angle, I think," said Kent, "and there are three big parts and a lot of small roles." Kent was famous for his small roles. "Perfect vignettes," "Tiny etchings," "Complete psychological sketches," the critics called them. Would Jo-Anne get one of those?

"I'll read it right away."

"Don't judge it too severely!" He

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was embarrassed. "It's in a bigger mess than usual. If you'll help with the dialogue—and by the time the director and Vince get busy—"

"You're not going to direct?" He'd directed his last play.

"I don't think so. It was fun, but I'm a writer, not a director moving puppets around."

This was like old times—Kent bringing her his manuscript. She could be generous if there was a tiny part for the cutie-pie.

Kent left, and Zara pulled the covers up around her shoulders, put on her glasses.

At first, she thought the role of Eleanor had been written for her. But Eleanor was a very young woman. That meant that Laura was her role. The third important character was a young man. Laura was middle-aged, muddle-headed—and in love with the young man.

It couldn't be! But she'd read Kent's ragged manuscripts before. It was a triangle story, with two women—one young and attractive, the other neurotic and middle-aged—fighting for the young man. At first he is grateful, because she helped him with his career. Then he and the young girl fall in love. And in the big third-act scene the young girl begs the woman to give up the young man. The older woman tries to fight back, knowing that the man is all she has—her happiness and what is left of her youth are dependent on the young man. The girl shows her that she is sacrificing the young man, the older woman gives him up, and the young lovers go away together, and the older woman is alone.

"It's horrible!" Zara told herself. "I'd be exposing my middle age, my inability to hold a man. Of course, George, the young man in the play, isn't Kent. Kent is my age. But, outside of that— Oh, God, what shall I do!"

◆ If she refused to do the play, Kent might walk out on her and get someone else to play the older woman. She knew how Kent felt about his plays. Vincent Grey had already raised the money, was waiting to go into production. He'd never turned down one of Kent's plays. Other actresses had made a success of playing middle-aged women—playing such parts as Tennessee Williams' neurotic women. This part was different—it was unsympathetic, without color or right emotion. All of the interest was with the young girl, who wanted, so badly, the man she loved. How could Kent do this to her!

She threw a dressing gown over her shoulders, went to Kent's room. She couldn't make a scene! And talking wouldn't do a bit of good. She knew how conceited Kent was about anything he wrote, and this time... She must say something...

She knocked on the door. There was no answer. She knocked again. Then, in a kind of panic, she opened

the door. The room was dark. She switched on the light. Kent had gone out! Mingled, now, with the emotion about the play, was the old, hot, bitter jealousy.

Back in her room, she tossed in the darkness and tried to pray. She loved Kent so—wanted him to love her again. And she wanted success, too. One of the reasons Kent loved her was because of her success in his plays. The two of them, together...

◆ The next thing she knew, the sunlight was shining in streaks through the Venetian blinds. She tiptoed into the hall. Kent's door was open, his bed had been slept in. Either he was at breakfast or he'd already gone out.

At her dressing table, with the shades up, she knew she was definitely middle-aged. There were violet shadows under her eyes, faint lines around her eyes and mouth, and her skin was curiously unelastic. Already she'd had all the expensive beauty treatments she knew about. She'd taken gland pellets and injections—to give her energy—though her doctor knew it was appearance and not energy that mattered. She made up carefully, brushing on a lipstick that counterfeited youth; made up her eyes so they would not look hard in the morning light. Youth! Youth! Why was it so important? Why wasn't there, instead, a reward for living? In China, she'd heard, old age is looked up to. But she wasn't in China.

Kent was in the breakfast room. Zara sat down across from him and hoped her pale flame-colored negligee was as becoming as she'd hoped it would be when she bought it. For Kent's approval.

"Sleep well?" he asked, after the usual good mornings.

"Very well," she lied. "And you?"

"I always sleep well, you know. Read the play?" He was ill at ease. And there was a smoldering anger—a symptom she knew well. Zara didn't want fireworks.

"Yes, I read it," she said brightly.

"Like it?"

"It's got something. As you said, it needs working on." She hoped her voice was smooth. "Have you thought about the cast? For the older woman I thought maybe Mady Christians—"

"Are you crazy?" His laugh held a sneer. "You hadn't planned to play a girl of twenty?"

"Why, no. I guess I took it for granted—it seemed the star part." She prayed silently under the words.

"The other woman is the part for you."

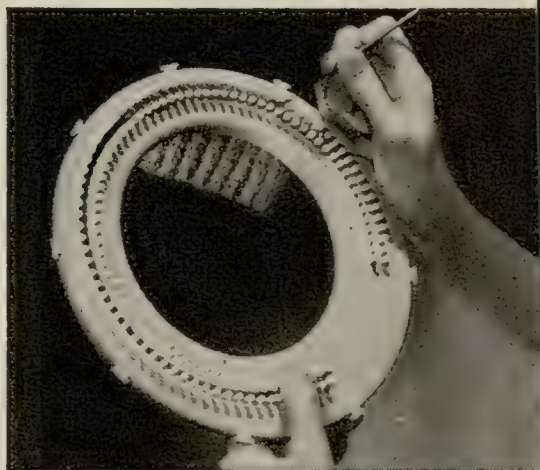
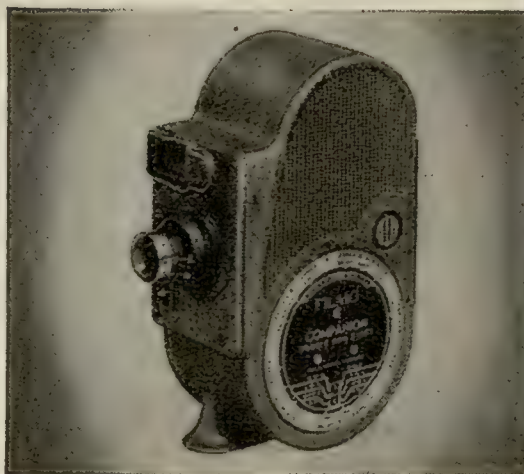
"She seemed unsympathetic—"

"Not if you play it! You can get the audience in tears when you're left alone in the end."

She didn't want sympathy. But Kent's eyes were cold. She nodded, as if accepting the whole thing.

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(Continued on page 78)

Kent looked relieved, as if he'd expected an argument.

"You'll be great, as usual." His voice was smug.

"Have you thought of the others?" She held her hands together under the table.

He mentioned people for the smaller roles—a silly old lady, a bartender, a girl and a man from the wrong side of the tracks who try to impress each other—all for the barroom scene. He didn't mention Jo-Anne McKensy. Could she have been wrong?

"Vince thought of Lawrence Denvers for George," Kent said. "He's done some good things; young, and doesn't mouth his words."

"He sounds like the kind of man women might fight over." She thought Denvers rather a cheap-looking actor. "Who have you in mind for the girl?"

He dropped his eyes. Maybe he just wanted to finish his bacon and eggs.

"We haven't quite decided," he said.

"Margaret Phillips is wonderful," Zara suggested.

"Too cold. Clever, but not Eleanor."

"What about Julie Haydon?"

"Too spirituelle. This girl's got to be gay."

"June Lockhart couldn't be more attractive."

"Tied up."

"Patricia Kirkland?"

He shook his head. "Not just who I had in mind."

He rattled his fork against his plate, looked out of the window. Not until the words were said did she believe he could say them.

"Vince has a girl in mind—new in New York—and you know how the critics fall for a new face. I—I saw her act last summer—very clever. I—I pointed her out one night in the Stork Club. Name's Jo-Anne McKensy."

◆ There it was! Out in the open! She couldn't say anything. Kent went on: "We're thinking of Luke Marshall to direct. You like him, don't you?"

"Very much," she said truthfully, trying to keep her mind on him. He wasn't brilliant or subtle, but he could turn a wooden figure into an actor. Kent was getting Marshall to turn a pretty, inexperienced puppet into the semblance of a girl attractive enough to take a man away from an older woman. Well, in real life she could do it, couldn't she?

"You said Vince hadn't read the play."

"I've told him about it in detail, of course. He's got the money and we've sounded out Marshall. Nothing's set."

He forgot how he'd always talked over everything with Zara. This was different.

"You'll help with the dialogue?" he went on. "I'm counting on you."



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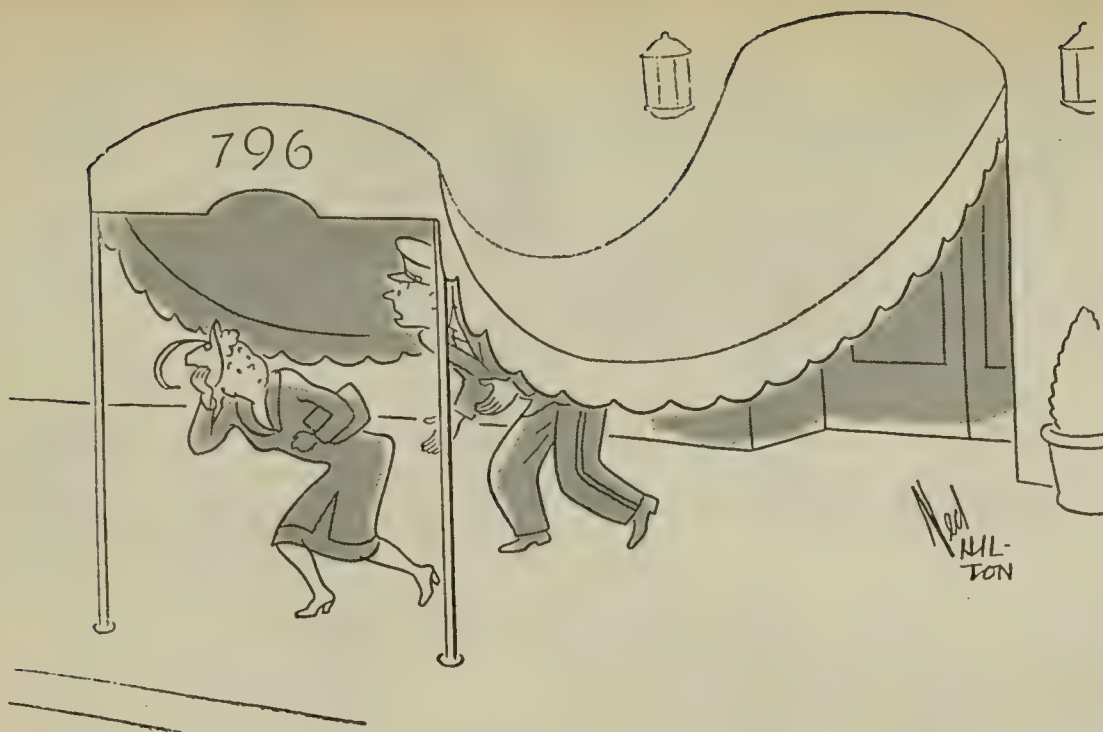
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LIBERTY

"Over and over I keep telling them, 'Starch! Starch! Use plenty of starch!'"

"I always do, don't I? Glad to do it," she said easily.

And there they were—talking the way they used to talk. Almost the way! And as they talked, in the under layer of her mind something came to Zara—the way things come to you if you need them and want them badly enough. The twig to cling to! The light in the distance! If she were only clever enough! She couldn't do much at first. It would have to be very gradual. If—if she could . . . It was her only chance! Please, God!

Kent Crane had it bad. None of these little soft love affairs. There'd been a lot of those. This was different. He was fond of Zara—but this was breath-taking. He was almost proud because, at his age, he was capable of such deep and exciting emotion. Everything the girl did seemed important, interesting. The way she smiled. The things she said—little sentences unfinished. She was straightforward, aware of herself. She wanted to get ahead in the theater. She knew what she had to offer—youth and good looks and a certain impudence. She'd confessed to him, later, how thrilled she'd been, meeting him at that funny little stock company.

"I love the things you've written! That was one of the big moments of my life! My idea of heaven would be to be in a play of yours," she said, smiling. Other women treated him as half of a married couple—always aware of Zara or wanting sly dates. And Zara—well, Zara was a damned attractive woman. Why shouldn't she be? He wrote plays for her, protected her. She had everything—everyone catered to her, wrapped her in cotton wool.

He actually met Jo-Anne by accident, when she got back to town. She was looking for a job and he ran into her. Poor little kid! Good, in spite of a surface hardness—maybe she assumed that hardness was her best protection.

"What about having lunch with me?" he asked. Poor kid! She looked as if she didn't get enough to eat, at that.

He took her to Sardi's. And it gave him a nice, superior feeling because she was impressed by the number of people who spoke to him. Zara took that sort of thing for granted—and it was usually Zara they wanted to speak to, anyhow. This kid enjoyed having celebrities pointed out to her, too. And her responses were so gay, so free of convention, that they made him feel young and carefree too.

He had to urge her to eat substantial food. After years of Zara's diet, this was a relief. And how pretty she was!

◆ Perhaps he didn't fall in love with her at this first luncheon. But when it was over, he found himself begging her to see him again. He took her to dinner, two nights later, at the Colony. And again she was impressed and pleased. Why, underneath her hardness, she was just a sweet, trusting little kid, hoping to make good! When he took her home—to that horrible little room, it seemed perfectly natural to kiss her good night. She sort of clung to him—and her lips were soft and young and warm.

After that, they just took it for granted that they were going to see each other frequently. As often as Kent could get away. He began to feel like a schoolboy escaping from strict headmasters. At first, he half explained to Zara that he had a business date. Why should he have to explain at all? He didn't want to quarrel with Zara. He wanted to dismiss her from his mind altogether.

Kent was glad because the city was so large that he could take Jo-Anne to a hundred different restaurants and not be noticed. He knew she preferred the Stork and Twenty-one and the Colony, but

he couldn't risk those too often. Not the way things were now! Maybe some day . . . He'd find a way out. He didn't want Zara to find out anything—not yet, anyhow. Something would happen. Maybe he could persuade Zara to give him his freedom . . .

"I don't like to see you living in this horrible little room," he said.

"It's all I can afford. I can hardly pay for this! If—if something doesn't turn up soon—"

"You poor darling!" he said. "You wouldn't let—"

"Of course not! You do enough for me now."

It was just Fate, or something, when Jerry McCann told Kent he was going to Hollywood for a three-month stint.

"Know anyone who wants an apartment? Small, but modern. Used to be flats got grabbed up in a hurry, but I want someone who is reliable for the short sublease."

Before he knew it, Kent had the apartment and paid the rent in advance. He made up a tall tale for Jo-Anne and she swallowed it—all about the apartment being empty if she didn't live in it. It was a cute little place, with pretty good modern furniture. Now things were a little better. He could spend hours with Jo-Anne. He'd bring a bottle of champagne and the chocolates Jo-Anne liked, and maybe some flowers. And he'd hold Jo-Anne in his arms, and feel like a very young man on a first date with his girl. This was living! This was worth all the dull days that had gone before. His girl—Jo-Anne so sweet and clinging and—and young! He thought of her all the time—her voice, her name, the image of her—all coming between him and the rest of the world, between him and Zara, between him and his friends. Obsession? Maybe. He didn't know. Infatuation? Could be. But it was wonderful—and it had never happened to him before. Zara and he had had a calm and lengthy courtship, and other women he had known had been flat and unexciting interludes. Jo-Anne was romance and excitement and wonder.

◆ When the idea of the play came to him, he was beside himself with joy. He'd build Jo-Anne into a young star! He'd have to write a part for Zara, but she would fade before the young actress's brilliance. Then Zara could put on a great renunciation scene—she liked getting dramatic. And they'd get a divorce! And he'd marry Jo-Anne and write plays for her, and regain his youth through her. And the two of them would go on—the critics praising him for his understanding of the younger generation. And Jo-Anne would keep on telling him, as she always told him, that at heart he was younger than she—just a boy who, through some magic, had grown into a successful playwright but had kept youth in his heart.

Kent loathed getting old—gray in his hair, the hours he spent in a gymnasium. Jo-Anne treated him as if he were young, and he felt she cared for him for himself. Couldn't she have found a hundred admirers?

He was relieved when Zara was so sensible about the play. No one would tell her anything in that cotton-wool nest! He was pretty clever, he felt, the way he'd brought Jo-Anne's name into the talk.

He only glanced at Zara's changes in dialogue. He had to smile when he saw she'd given herself some new lines. She was entitled to them—couldn't change the fundamentals of the play.

◆ Vincent Grey liked the play. Kent knew he would. Vince didn't know much about plays, though he'd produced them for twenty-five years. He played safe: put on plays by established playwrights and with established stars.

"You haven't given Zara a lot to do," he said.

"You know Zara! She'll build up her part."

"Guess you're right! You sure you aren't putting too much on McKensy? No experience, and she'll have to carry several scenes."

"They are short ones. Most of her scenes are with Zara, and Denver is good. The public falls for good-looking young players."

"I guess you know what you're doing."

Of course he knew! Rehearsals started, and Marshall took hold just the way Kent knew he would.

"Some of the dialogue doesn't play well," he said.

"I'm torn to a frazzle, writing the thing," said Kent. "Zara knows more about dialogue than I do, if you need a line here or there—"

"Fine!" said Marshall. "Most playwrights aren't so sensible."

"I've never been one of those top-heavy guys."

"That's right!" said Vince Grey. "Unless you need him, he stays out of the way. He's a director's delight!"

Kent didn't think it necessary to say that Zara always polished up his plays. Now, like a lovesick boy, he thought only of Jo-Anne, paying little attention to what was going on at rehearsals. He didn't notice the changes Zara made.

"You've sure made a stronger scene," said Marshall.

Lawrence Denver complained about his changes.

"Makes me a sap," he said.

"Nonsense!" said Marshall. "Half the young actors on Broadway would have given an eyetooth or maybe even their hairline for that part. You just hate to learn new lines. You don't hear Miss McKensy complain."

Mostly, though, rehearsals ran smoothly, the smaller roles emerging with the brilliancy Kent always showed.

"You've got mighty good stuff there," Marshall told him. "The critics will eat up the bartender. And those kids have a good love scene."

"Glad you like it," said Kent. He didn't like rehearsals now, except when he knew that if he hung around, Jo-Anne would soon be free to join him.

"Marshall makes me work hard," she told him.

"He'll turn you into a real actress."

"I'm a real actress now."

"I know you are, honey. But this is New York. You do what Marshall tells you. I want you to be a great star some day."

"I will be, too! You know, it's funny, but Zara is real nice to me."

"Why shouldn't she be? She doesn't—suspect—anything. And she won't until after the opening. I want this play to go smoothly. Come to me if you have any problems."

There weren't any problems. But they always had a lot to talk about.

◆ Maxwell Harely was doing the costumes. He and Zara had a long talk about them—the way they always talked about costumes for her plays. Julius Goode was doing the sets: a gracious living room, a corner saloon. Zara had long talks about the sets, too.

"Is Margaret Charles doing the lighting?" Zara asked him.

"Of course!"

"I'll call Margaret about a lighting rehearsal. She can arrange for the spotlight man in the balcony and the light man at the backstage master switch."

Zara knew her business all right. Everyone connected with the play felt that. It hadn't looked like much in the beginning, but it was shaping up all right now.

Kent caught cold. He was home

on the afternoon Zara had her light rehearsal, but it wouldn't have bothered him. Stars like this bit of hocus-pocus—this consulting about where each spotlight was to be.

The light rehearsal was successful. The light men noted just where Zara would stand, agreed with Margaret Charles that the No. 17 special lavender was certainly the best for her.

"It's a pleasure," said Miss Charles, "to have a special light rehearsal for a star who knows what it's all about."

Kent's cold developed into influenza. Vince Grey came by to see him. "You're too old for all that running around," he said.

"Nonsense! I worked hard on the play, got run down."

"Well, you can take it easy now. We don't need you. There's a run-through today, a dress rehearsal tomorrow, three previews before the opening. Lucky for you we're opening cold—you don't have to trail to Philadelphia or worry about things."

"You think Jo-Anne is all right? It's her first chance!"

"Marshall has done all right by her. Never dreamed she would be that good."

"I'm glad," said Kent. He must remember, when he felt better, to see that Vince took the credit for discovering Jo-Anne.

Kent lay in bed and fretted. When he felt better, he shuffled into the library and tried to read. His play in rehearsal and Jo-Anne there without him! Not that she needed him. Everyone had acted all right, she had reported.

Zara rushed home between rehearsals, ate sandwiches, rushed back again.

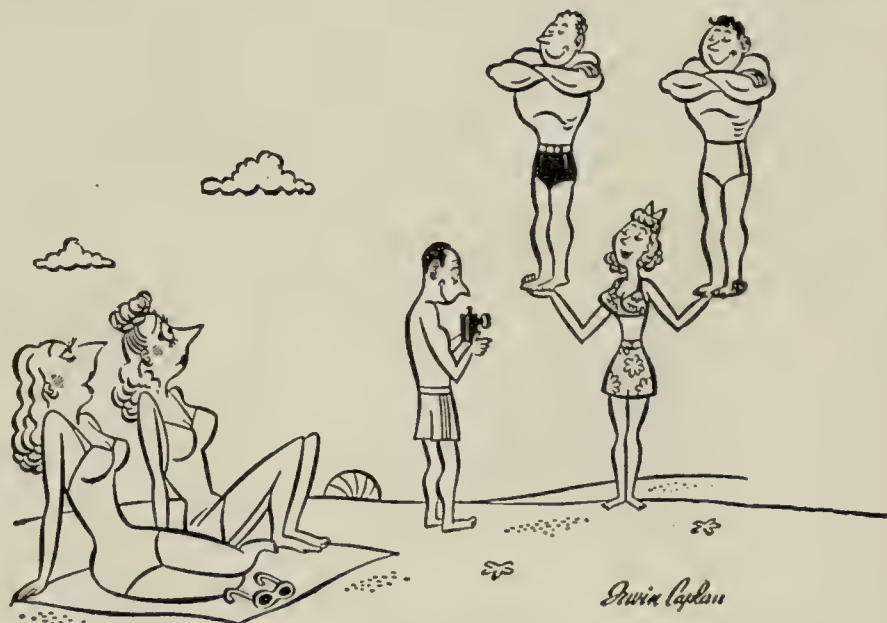
"How's everything going?"

"Couldn't be better."

"You don't miss me?"

"Of course we do! But there isn't

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in

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Part III of a thrill-

filled tale of danger

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a thing—we haven't changed a line in days."

"The cast?"

"They know their lines and they're all scared—a typical before-opening feeling."

He wanted to ask about Jo-Anne. Didn't dare. Poor Zara! He was filled with remorse and humiliation as he thought what the critics would say about her in this minor and unrewarding role, while a young girl got all the honors. A star going up and a star going down. Well, he'd made her what she was! He couldn't help it if he'd fallen in love with a younger girl—a real artist has got to do what his heart dictates.

He managed to get to one of the before-opening performances for a few minutes. But the lighting wasn't right and everything looked drab and gray, even Harely's costumes; but he knew Jo-Anne, with her cute little figure, would look fine. His head hurt and he felt weak and didn't even recognize some of the lines. Zara's additions. From now on, he'd have to work without Zara. Oh, he could manage! He was glad to get home and into bed. He'd be all right for the opening. Not that he ever saw a play through, opening night. He always wandered backstage or to the top-most seat in the gallery; or, if things were going well, he stood in the back of the house, pretending he didn't want to be seen. This opening would be different: Kent Crane's new play, *Triumph*, introducing the young girl he loved.

♦ Jo-Anne McKensy was nervous on opening night—and yet sure of herself. She'd always known something nice would happen. Hadn't she always been different—the prettiest girl on the block! Here she was practically starring in a play written just for her! She was sorry she had quarreled with her folks—so she could not write them about it. Maybe it was just as well, or the whole family would land on her. Better let well enough alone!

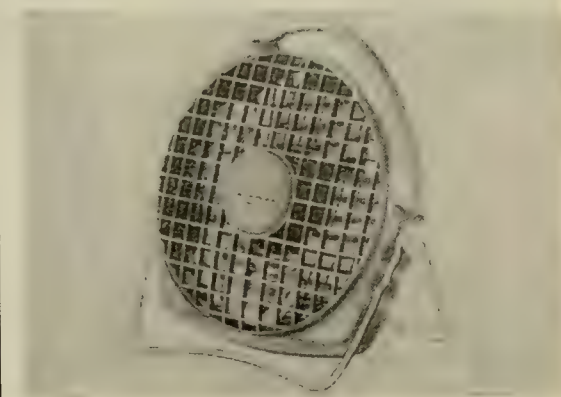
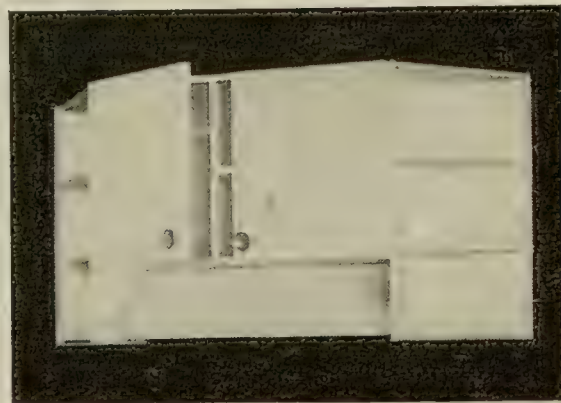
Kent Crane—he was an old fool, but sweet. Tiresome as all getout, but after the opening he'd promised he would take her places where she'd see famous people—he wouldn't be afraid of his wife any more.

From the first moment she'd seen Kent she knew she could land him. He fell for everything she said and just lapped up compliments as if they were cream. She'd marry him—unless someone better came along. She'd be on top and not have to take just anybody. She'd be a star—when the critics saw how much better she was than Zara Evans. She was a funny one, that Zara. Cold as a cucumber. And always keeping to herself. When she was a star, she'd see that things were gayer around the theater.

Opening night and people worrying and fussing. She got only a few telegrams, but she spread them

Liberty SHOPS FOR

Continued from



THE FAMILY

page 75

If recent price tags on equipment have kept you from modernizing your kitchen, note the value in this four-piece Hollywood metal wall cabinet, with left and right corner shelves, utility or spice shelf, and two-door cabinet. It is smartly and durably finished in white baked enamel, with insulated flush doors, concealed hinges, and chrome-plated handles. Entire unit measures 42 by 20 by 9½ inches. Department and appliance stores; \$10.95.

This tubular-steel Cosco posture chair is scientifically designed to take the back strain out of weekly ironing days; but it's recommended also for a varied and useful life around kitchen, utility, or sewing room. The curved form-fitting back adjusts to any height you wish; like the seat, it's comfortably upholstered in long-lasting red or black plastic. Department and appliance stores; \$9.95 in white-enamel finish; \$12.45 in chrome.

Perhaps you contemplated getting through the summer months without a fan. If torrid July is rapidly changing your mind, see the versatile Fresh'nd-Aire Fanette. It's compact, light weight (less than three pounds), and portable anywhere. The U-shaped legs allow the fan to stand firmly on any surface while you tilt its plastic housing up, down, or around. Department and hardware stores; \$11.95.

Tired of lugging heavy chairs around when friends gather for an evening of television? Tired of neck-stretching? It's less strenuous to mount your table model receiver on a Krenco turntable and swing it in any direction. The heavy steel plate, covered with felt, is fitted with rubber suction caps to protect furniture and keep the turntable firmly in place. Holds the largest sets. Department and radio stores; \$6.95.

We used to believe a toaster was used to toast bread, but now it seems that if it's teamed with a Bartz Snacker, your toaster is quite versatile. The Snacker is a two-piece aluminum device which fits into any pop-up toaster and cooks wieners, bacon, hamburgers, and such in about five minutes. Comes apart so either side may be used as a server. Bartz Snacker, 18 East Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.; \$2.98, or 2 for \$5, ppd.

around. White orchids from Kent—he thought white orchids were wonderful. He and Zara were having a party for the cast and some friends after the show. Wait till Zara saw the notices! Didn't she even suspect that the play showed her up as an old crow who couldn't hold her man? She'd see—when she read the notices!

Jo-Anne, dressing alone, as Zara did, put on her make-up slowly. She felt she didn't remember a line—but that's the way it had been in summer stock. When she got on the stage she'd be all right. She knew she was good. Kent always told her so, and even if he was in love with her, he wouldn't have given her such a swell part unless he thought she was swell. During those long weeks of rehearsal on that dusty stage she'd taken Marshall's direction, but there were a couple of places where she was going to read the lines her way. There was nothing he could do about it!

She dressed herself. She didn't have a maid, but she decided she'd have one before long—just like Zara. She wouldn't ask for a raise just yet—men like to think you're unworldly and not greedy.

Knocks on the door—half hour—fifteen minutes—time to go on!

There she was—in the wings! Someone slapped her bottom—for luck. And she was on!

◆ Her first scene was in the saloon where she and Lawrence got acquainted. The lines said themselves easily—after the first minute it all seemed familiar. Funny, though, Lawrence's lines sounded cheaper than she remembered them. Coarse, almost! And Lawrence looked kind of common, too, and his clothes were loud. Maybe he looked all right from the front. She liked her dress—sort of fancy, but pretty, and she felt it was becoming. Because Lawrence's lines sounded cheap, she began to get more elegant in her own delivery, to show the audience this wasn't just a cheap pick-up, but the beginning of a beautiful romance.

The audience laughed at some of her best lines! That surprised her. She hadn't thought them funny. But she knew the value of laughs.

She got quite a hand at the end of the scene.

At the end of the first act, everyone said things were going just fine. Just before her next entrance, Kent came in. He looked tired. He was getting old, that one!

"I hear you went over swell!" he said. She knew that, without his telling her, but hearing it wasn't bad.

"You missed my scene?"

"I was with Vince. I'll catch your big scenes, baby!"

She had another scene with Denvers. It went over all right, in spite of the laughs in odd places.

Then she had her first scene with

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Zara. And it was entirely different than it had been at rehearsals. Zara's voice was different! She had sort of run through during rehearsals. Now she paused at odd times, and while Jo-Anne spoke, she picked up things, or pulled at a thread on her dress. Or turned her back! It made Jo-Anne have to sort of run after her, as if she were saying, "Please listen to me!" That was not the idea at all! Sometimes Zara acted as if she didn't hear what Jo-Anne was saying. And she stepped on the end of Jo-Anne's speeches. Or waited longer than she had at rehearsals, which made Jo-Anne sort of fidgety. Maybe Zara was nervous—opening night and all. She hadn't acted this way at the dress rehearsals or the previews. Well, she didn't make Jo-Anne go up in her lines, and she didn't keep her from getting applause!

The lighting annoyed Jo-Anne, too. A funny spotlight followed Zara around, and she couldn't get in it, no matter how she tried.

The next scene was better. There were a lot of people on the stage and Jo-Anne knew where to stand and didn't have much to say. She hadn't remembered that the groups all seemed to form so that Zara was the focal point—with that spotlight on her—but that's the way it was. Oh, well, wait until that big scene, when she'd put Zara in her place!

◆ The big scene! They'd rehearsed that enough! Zara had always played it the way you'd expect—the way a woman would act if a pretty girl had stolen her man and left her alone. Now Zara made all the words sound different. She was calm and—well, sort of superior, and with a sort of condescending tenderness. Jo-Anne didn't know what to do. When Zara had grown angry, she had screamed at her. It was difficult to scream at this calm woman, but she'd rehearsed screaming, so she screamed. And while she screamed, Zara did little things—whirled her skirt around or fingered her pearl necklace. And she smiled when she should have been in tears. What was the matter with Zara? Was she folding up? Jo-Anne was angry. She didn't want her best scene ruined just because Zara had forgotten what to do. Well, the audience applauded loud enough! Oh, they applauded Zara, too. Loyalty, undoubtedly!

Jo-Anne heard the applause for Zara's scene with Denvers. Well, at least she hadn't gone to pieces. There was one more scene—the three of them together. She did hope the play wouldn't fail because Zara forgot what to do.

Zara acted just as oddly as she had before! She acted deaf—and walked upstage. And you've got to shout when someone acts like that! Lawrence sounded coarser than ever—but the audience appreciated

it when Jo-Anne acted like a lady! The ending certainly was odd—Zara forgot what to do—almost laughing—and only half pretending to cry. Well, the show was over.

Everyone applauded like mad. They all took bows. And Zara didn't understand that her part was unimportant and pitiful, and that she hadn't even played the way she'd rehearsed. She bowed with all the others. And then took a bow all alone! The conceited fool! She just had sense enough to motion for the others for the final curtain!

Jo-Anne put on her new black dress and put her new pearls around her neck—she didn't know how good they were. Kent had given them to her and she hadn't had time to take them to a jeweler for appraisal. A knock on her door. It was Kent.

"Ready?" he asked. "I want you to drive to the house with us."

"I'm ready!" She'd driven in that big black car, but not with Zara or the others there.

"Your first big opening night is over! Tired?"

"Of course not! At my age! How did it go?"

"Good, I hope! Now we'll just drink and act cheerful until the morning papers come out!"

Zara was already in the car with two bit players. Jo-Anne crowded in—luckily she could lean against Kent.

Some of the guests were already there—a couple of unimportant critics on weekly publications, some actors and actresses who weren't working, some friends of the Cranes who had been out front. All of the company arrived—Marshall, Grey...

◆ Everyone drank champagne and ate lobster mousse and creamed chicken and ham and tongue. And voices were too high, nervous. Only Zara seemed self-contained, calm. Maybe she knew what a fool she'd made of herself—and that she was through! Maybe she knew that Jo-Anne had—well—taken her place!

A man played a long, dull piece on the piano. Jo-Anne didn't believe anyone enjoyed it. A man sang, and they applauded like mad. An oldish couple did a silly English music-hall act.

No one paid any attention to her. They'd sing a different tune when they read the reviews.

Someone telephoned to Art Ford at WNEW.

"Ford says that John Chapman loves the show!" No details. Just that. People began looking a little more cheerful.

"I'll go out and get the papers," said Vince Grey finally. "They'll be at Times Square any minute."

When the reviews arrived, things would happen. That would be the most important minute in her life! They'd see how Kent felt—and that Zara was a has-been. She imagined reading: "A new star is born!" and

"The first genius of the season!"

Some of the guests left—to catch a train, they said. Jo-Anne felt that they didn't want to hear of Zara's failure.

Any minute now . . . Her head whirled, the way she felt when she'd had a wisdom tooth pulled and took gas. The others in the company were nervous too, but of course they didn't have so much at stake—didn't realize . . .

The doorbell rang. Everyone straightened to attention. Kent hurried to the door.

Vince came in, bringing almost a definite breeze with him. He had papers in his hand.

"We've done it again!" he said. "I read as much as I could in the taxi. Brooks Atkinson and John Chapman raved. Howard Barnes was nearly as enthusiastic. Bob Coleman thinks Kent has written a classic!"

"Isn't that wonderful!" "Let's see!" "I was sure all along!" People spoke in staccatos, a jumble of words.

"Let Kent read the notices," someone said.

"I'm much too modest," Kent said, "and my throat's sore. Vince, you read them."

Everyone froze into silence. Jo-Anne dropped her eyes—felt more self-conscious than she'd ever felt; she was usually at ease any place. Vince was reading. Jo-Anne didn't know what paper or hear all the words. His voice was not too smooth—he wasn't accustomed to reading aloud.

"... Zara Evans and Kent Crane came into their own last night. If, before this, we have regarded them too lightly, our hat is off to them now. In *Triumph*, Kent Crane emerges as a mature and expert playwright, and Zara Evans, looking more beautiful than ever, works magic with the brilliant and subtle lines. No other playwright could

turn such a simple theme into such poignant drama, and no other actress could achieve, with seeming simplicity, such heart-tearing climax. The story is the hackneyed one of two women in love with one man. Lawrence Denvers plays brilliantly the cheap, conceited, and unworthy man, and the young woman, a tawdry little tart he picks up at a bar, is adequately played by a newcomer, Jo-Anne McKensy. The older woman, played by Zara Evans, emerges as a three-dimensional character, a woman who knows she has loved unwisely and who knows that renunciation is her only way of happiness. Her third-act scene with the younger woman is a flawless bit of playing. The young tart, demanding that Laura give up the young man, loses her veneer of refinement and becomes a screaming little vixen, while Zara Evans underplays every emotion. With Miss Evans' unobtrusive assistance and with such perfect technique you are hardly aware of it, she helps Miss McKensy to get along very well in a difficult role. Otherwise, she might prove a colorless new ingénue . . ."

Jo-Anne couldn't believe it. What did that critic mean? She a gutter-snipe, and Zara a great actress! It couldn't be! Why, Zara had done all the wrong things, while she, Jo-Anne, had done all—well, nearly all—the things Marshall had taught her! This critic was probably a friend of Zara. The others—

◆ Vince read on. Jo-Anne dug her nails into her palms.

"... could have been a monologue by the beautiful and magical Zara Evans, as she showed us, last night, that glamorous middle age is superior to colorless youth. In the brilliant and subtle *Triumph*, Kent Crane has shown depths that those who enjoyed his lighter plays never suspected. His dialogue is brilliant and understanding. Zara Evans' lovely voice has never been used to better advantage. Jo-Anne McKensy, as the cheap little street girl, and Lawrence Denvers as the stupid young man, do little to assist Miss Evans, who needs no assistance, so perfect is her technique. Smaller roles show taste in both writing and acting. The splendid direction . . ."

What did they mean? Why, this wasn't the play about two lovely young people in love and the awful clinging older woman! Something had gone wrong. Vince was reading another review. Maybe—

"... to make us believe that Zara Evans is a middle-aged woman whom any man could cease to love is pulling the cord of probability too far. To ask us to accept the fact that she has given her affection to a worthless rotter who picks up cheap girls in bars is humanly possible. Kent Crane, with knowledge of psychology and the theater, has mixed both ideas into probability. Zara Evans, looking younger

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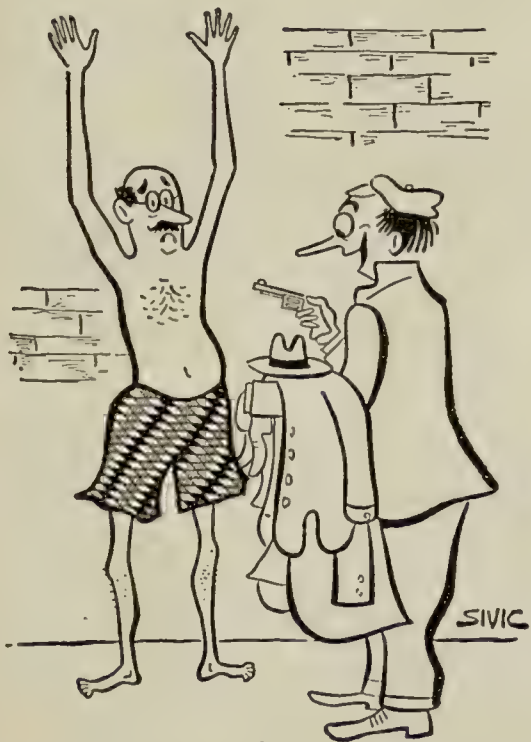
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LIBERTY

"You're lucky I'm not the flashy type!"

and acting better, leaves you moist-eyed when she sends the soiled doves away together. Lawrence Denvers, as the rotter, and Jo-Anne McKensy, as the shrill-voiced girl, are adequate. The bartender . . ."

They kept on, those newspapers! Where was her big night?

"Add Triumph to the list of plays you must see. Zara Evans and Kent Crane have added their best play to the new season. The always brilliant Zara Evans of the golden voice has added new technique . . . Kent Crane, our most brilliant playwright . . ."

◆ Vince finished reading, and everyone moved suddenly, kissed Zara, said, "Isn't it wonderful!" "You've done it again, you two!" And "Wait until you read Dick Watts and Bob Garland—you know how they love Zara!" And "Ward Morehouse thinks he discovered Zara—he'll go to town . . ."

Jo-Anne tried to smile. But it didn't matter—no one paid any attention to her. She felt a thickening in her throat, was almost dizzy. She couldn't stand it! Not a minute more!

"I've got to talk to you!" She hurried up to Kent.

"In a minute. Can't you see—"

"I see a lot of things! I've got to talk to you!"

"All right!" His voice was impatient. "I'll go into the library."

She'd left her coat in the library, so she knew where it was. Kent followed her into the room.

"What did you think you were trying to do?" she asked.

"Telling my guests good-by."

"I don't mean that, as you well know! Writing a play and pretending it was for me!"

"It was for you, Jo-Anne! I swear—"

"That's a good one!" Her voice grew louder. "You're going to make a star out of me, and your wife gets all the praise—and—and they called me a guttersnipe."

"They were referring to—to your acting."

"But you told me the part was entirely different."

"That is what I thought. But, evidently, the way it was played—"

"That's a likely story! After all the things you said, you and—and Zara plotted behind my back—double-crossed me!"

"You don't mean that! You talk like a wife who has been betrayed. 'The best years of my life!'"

"I don't know what you're talking about! You promised me a lot—and look what happened!"

"You mean—you wouldn't have—have—well, gone with me if you hadn't thought I'd—well, make a success of you?"

"You guessed it! You're twice my age! I'd—I'd call you an old man if I wasn't a lady."

"That sounds like a line out of a play," Kent said seriously.

"Always a play! Look. I won't

stand for this! You've—you've got to do something!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, you can just rewrite that damned old play—the way you promised."

"I don't see how I can do that, Jo-Anne. I—I tried to write it for you. I'm sorry if things—"

"You're a liar! That's what you are!"

"I don't like that, Jo-Anne!" Was this the girl he'd thought about, dreamed about?

"That's too bad! What you like! You promised me something! You can just go to those old critics and tell them your wife played a trick on you."

"Why, Jo-Anne! What do you mean?"

"You know all right! Either you double-crossed me, or you're so dumb you don't know what happened. I did just what Marshall told me and then she talked funny—sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow, and always too low—and I had a hard time saying my lines at all!"

Suddenly Kent started to laugh.

Answers to Questions on Page 7

- 1—A slang expression for kiss (especially Southern).
- 2—From Kenosha to Waukegan on the Chicago & North-Western Railway.
- 3—John Jay of New York.
- 4—Seaweed.
- 5—Six hundred and fifty-six skeletal muscles.
- 6—A cube.
- 7—Ten quarts (9.77).
- 8—Charles Augustus Lindbergh (ten-cent stamp issued in 1927).
- 9—El Greco.
- 10—Angel Falls in Venezuela.
- 11—Ten inches.
- 12—Emanuel Leutze.

Real laughter. And he couldn't stop laughing.

"You!" said Jo-Anne. "Playing tricks on a girl like me! You—an old man—and your old middle-aged wife! I—well, I'm through! That's what I am—through!"

She expected him to crumple up. Grovel. Apologize. After all the things he'd said. He stood there laughing instead.

"I'm going to quit the show! You'll never see me again!"

"Perhaps that's just as well," Kent said. "Now that I know how you feel. Your understudy—"

"You! You!" screamed Jo-Anne, and couldn't think of a thing strong enough to say. She flounced out, furious, still trying to think of a proper answer.

◆ Zara was telling the last guests good-by. She knew Jo-Anne and Kent had left the room together.

She felt a great wave of relief when he came back alone. The girl was gone, then. She didn't allow herself to wonder what had happened.

She and Kent were alone.

She stood very straight and still.

"We did it again!" Kent tried to make his voice sound natural, hearty. "Swell notices!"

"Yes, they were fine!"

He swallowed, tried again: "They all said how well you looked—admired your technique." Compliments had always worked before.

"They were kind." A wall of ice hung between them.

◆ "Zara," he said, "I'm sorry! I'm a fool! To have let things come between us like this! You were swell—about the play—"

"You sound like a bad actor in a melodrama," she said. "What came between us? The fact that you wrote a good play for me?"

"You devil!" he said. "You beautiful, terrible, brilliant person!"

"That's better!" she said. "Makes more sense! More consistent!" Suddenly she was laughing.

"How could you, Zara?" he asked. "When did you know? And how did you think of—of—of doing a thing like that? I didn't think you were capable—"

"—of being a good actor, Kent?"

"Be yourself, can't you! How did you think of it? When did you begin? The clothes and the sets and the lights and the dialogue—and your acting. I caught just enough of the show, but I wasn't sure until I read the reviews."

"It's a good play."

"It is—now. Zara, you'll never know how—how grateful I am to you—for everything. But then, I've always been. But when did you know—how much did you know?"

She laughed again.

"That, darling, you'll never find out."

"But you must care for me, or you wouldn't—"

"Of course I do," she said, "or I wouldn't have done—anything! You'd be even more conceited if you knew how much. I guess I had to—well, fight for you. My way. The only way I had. In the theater. Technique!"

He put his arms around her, held her close. He had almost forgotten how wonderful she was—and how wonderful in his arms. Her perfume . . .

"Oh, Zara, it's been such a long time!"

"Only a season," she said, purposely misunderstanding him. "Zara Evans and Kent Clark, good dressers on and off, as they used to say in vaudeville. Plays written and acted to order."

They laughed together. Zara thought her laughter sounded real—real enough to fool Kent. She had done it! The play was a success and Kent was back! Kent was back! This time. Maybe for a long time, please God.

READING TIME—ONE EVENING

liberty book condensation

THE RED NAPOLEON

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Illustrated by Tom Sinnickson



TODAY is the 17th of July, 1941.

It is the fifth anniversary of the conclusion of the War between the United States of America and the World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. On the veranda of the old Bermudiana Hotel in Bermuda, in a rattan deck chair twenty feet away from me, sits the man who rocked the world. Representing the World Press, it is my job to sit and watch this man die. I report daily on his captivity and exile, his opinions on his military victories and mistakes.

Karakhan of Kazan is still a young man. Age has not yet taken a tuck in his six feet one of slim erectness. The years have put no additional weight around his girth. Only in the sallowness of his complexion are revealed the traces of the disease by which he is slowly dying.

Karakhan was born July 16, 1900, in the village of Almaz on the slopes of the Urals, east of the city of Kazan, capital of the Tartar Republic located on the easternmost frontier of European Russia. The year of the fall of the Russian Empire, Karakhan, at the age of seventeen, became a soldier of the Red Army.

By 1921 he was promoted to general, and, following the victory parade in the Red Square in Moscow, he was married.

Strange forces of psychology met and struggled in this union. Lin Larkin was six years older than the successful twenty-one-year-old soldier she married. She was born in Boston, of factory-working, tenement-living Irish immigrants, from whom she inherited the rebellious nature she first demonstrated in the industrial strikes in the Fall River region.

In 1921 she went to Russia and was given representation on the American delegation to the Third International in Moscow, together with other American Reds. Lin was class-conscious, but not race-conscious. I had many conversations with her in Moscow the following year. Her hatred was centered on the capitalistic system.

To Karakhan, this educated, brilliantly spoken, composed yet rebellious woman was a spirit from a far world, but a spirit that attracted him far and beyond any of the cowed and beaten Asiatic women he had known. He wanted her and he felt that he needed her. According to communistic regulations, they announced their marriage and registered the union.

◆ I arrived in Moscow the latter part of August, 1932, and established a Bureau for the Chicago

Tribune in the Savoy Hotel. During the first week of my arrival, a slender, blond-haired, smiling-faced, bright-eyed, twenty-two-year-old bundle of flaming American youth introduced himself to me in the lobby.

"Mr. Gibbons," he said, "my name is Steve Binney, and you knew my father, Speed Binney, during the days of the A.E.F. in France. I have this letter for you from him."

I opened and read the letter. It ended: "I have told him if he can sell himself to you for a job as an air chauffeur, I will buy him the speediest, latest plane that's made. Make him work. And make a man out of him."

"Sincerely your Pal,
"Speed Binney."

Over two small glasses of vodka, "Speed" Binney, Jr., and I came to terms. He left Moscow the following morning by the passenger air line for Paris, and one week later returned to the Moscow airdrome with a big bi-motor Breguet.

We were ready for the most hectic year of our lives.

◆ "Saw the kids going to school carrying their cute little gas masks at the ready," Speed said one morning. "Wow! What a war scare."

"The papers are bristling with it." I added, "Here's a translation from yesterday's Izvestia, which I sent on the radio."

Binney read it aloud:

"The failure of the Washington Arms Limitation Conference means another World War. . . . Capitalism and imperialism once more show themselves unwilling to bend their policies in the direction of peace. Socialistic Russia must be prepared to defend the principles of the Revolution to the last man, the last woman, and the last child."

The afternoon newspapers brought the climax. Karakhan was appointed by the Union Council of People's Commissars, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Air, and Sea forces of the nation, and was given full authority to reorganize the national defence and place Russia in a position to defend herself against the expected storm. Then came America's great gesture of peace—the passage by the United States Congress of a bill granting full and complete independence to the Philippine Islands. The Asiatic squadron of the United States Navy sailed out of Manila Bay and took up its new base at Honolulu. America's western frontier was drawn back halfway across the ocean.

The return of the Japanese delegation to Tokio from the Conference was the signal for the terrific anti-war, anti-monarchy, and anti-Government demonstration. Emperor Hirohito and the members of the Imperial family fled by air-

plane, and a week later the infant Philippine Republic came in for much denunciation in the Moscow press when the reports of the Japanese Emperor's arrival in Manila were published. Russia immediately recognized the new Japanese Government.

That month of October, 1932, Moscow was a busy one for Speed Binney and myself. Once, when communication lines out of the country became congested, I obtained permission to send Binney out by air with my dispatches to Riga, and I was able to score a twelve-hour scoop with the first news of the capture and execution of the Japanese Imperial Governor of Korea. Binney flew back two days later, with cables which the editor in Chicago had addressed to me in Riga and which informed me that I had been awarded a thousand dollar bonus for "beating the world to the story. I split this windfall with Binney and that night we decided to celebrate.

The Cafe Mont Blanc was the scene of our party. It offered the best night entertainment in Moscow. The attendance was international and motley. At the next table to us was a curious pair: a girl with bobbed blond hair and a young man with dark eyes and yellowish complexion. Both were in European attire. Her eyes watched the dancers on the floor; his ever sought her face.

"And there sits Miss Russia, straight from the Atlantic City contest," Binney said to me, indicating the girl. "Wonder what language she would agree to dance with me in."

Their eyes met. Binney's twinkled. His lips parted, revealing a row of even white teeth that carried the almost pleading "Will you?" The girl did not move her gaze but her features remained immobile.

"Four out of five get it, back in St. Louis," Speed observed, as he shifted his now silly smile to me. "Is my face dirty or have I got a wart on the nose? Somebody ought to make Communists safe for Democrats."

◆ A roll of drums, a chord from the orchestra, and one of the managers took the floor with his hand lifted for silence. The headwaiter answered my nod by standing at our table and translating what followed.

"Comrades," the manager announced, "here with us tonight are two new heroes of the World Revolution: Comrades Ishii and Karugi, both of whom took glorious parts in the fighting at the Imperial Palace in Tokio three weeks ago."

Amidst cheers and applause two waiters placed two large armfuls of cut flowers, bound with blood-red ribbons, on the table of the Japanese Revolutionists, both of whom smiled back their embarrassment.



KARAKHAN



LIN
KARAKHAN



SPEED
BINNEY



MARGOT
DENISON



WHIT
DODGE



COLONEL
BOYAR



FLOYD
GIBBONS

The smaller of the two, in a clipped speech, expressed thanks for Russia's assistance to Japan in throwing off the "monarchical, imperialistic yoke," and then laid the flowers on the table of the blond-haired girl.

She flushed and smiled with embarrassment as a roar of applause greeted the gesture. But her companion, rising angrily to his feet, grabbed the flowers in both hands and swung them across the smiling face of the astonished Japanese.

◆ Chairs scraped across the floor, tables overturned, and bottles and glasses crashed, as all present jumped to their feet. The girl also was up, speaking hurriedly. Her companion floored Karugi and at the same time tripped a huge Russian who lunged at him. In falling, the man's shoulder struck the girl and staggered her.

"My cue!" shouted Speed, as he dove into the melée. I followed instinctively. We had just reached her side when the lights went out.

"Boss," came Speed's voice, "I've got her. Come this way."

Several shots rang out above the general bedlam.

"Here's a door," came Speed's voice. "Here we go!"

Although still in the darkness, we were out of the fight and running ankle-deep through the snow, mud, and rubbish of a backyard.

"Some party," said Speed. "Now can you ask this baby in French, or something, where we can go and have my dance?"

A light laugh came from the slender figure.

"No need for French. I believe I can understand you if you speak slowly." Her English was perfect. Her voice was well-modulated, warm.

"Let's get out to the alley and onto the street," said Speed. "If this was St. Louis, the cops would have been here by now."

"I fear it will be impossible for me to go with you, although I would like to very much," said the girl. Her words conveyed a chuckle. "I am so sorry, but I need a coat and a skirt. I lost mine in the fight. I am quite satisfied to carry on as I am here in the dark, but I rather dread a public appearance. Wouldn't you?"

"We've all had that dream," said Speed, "but yours came true. That's what you are—a dream come true—if you are the one I think you are—and now I'm sure you are. Here, take my coat."

Leaving them giggling in the darkness, I made my way through an alley to the side street and hailed a passing drosky in which we drove back to the Savoy. The girl's transfer from street to our rooms was made with the assistance of a

polo coat which Speed brought down from the rooms. While she went into temporary retirement in Speed's room, he started the samovar and brought out glasses. She joined us in five minutes, a radiant, striking figure in a pair of Speed's gray plus-fours and a light-blue golf sweater, V-shaped at the neck. She swaggered in with hands in the trouser pockets, plumped into an easy chair, and lighted a cigarette.

"Lady Godiva, what's your name?" inquired Speed.

"Does it matter, Sir Walter?" she replied with a smile.

I interrupted to remark it might be advisable, in view of the constant espionage to which all foreigners were subjected in Moscow and the fact that her presence at the hotel might require explanation at the desk below, that she tell us as much as she cared to about herself.

"Name? Margot Denison. Address? 24 Sophjiskaya, third floor front. Stenographer. When last employed? Three days ago. Last employer? Moscow Office, British Platinum Co., Ltd. Reason for leaving last job? Suspected of being a Red spy. Nationality? British."

"Who was the Chink with you tonight?" Speed broke in.

"Oh, that was Ahmed," replied the girl. "He is an Arab. It was horrible of him to hit that little Jap, but he understands not a word of Russian. He thought the Jap was forcing his attentions on me."

◆ We chatted until past midnight. There was a quiet dignity about the girl that I liked. Her knowledge of current affairs belied her twenty-three years. An ardent internationalist, her interest in the Russian sociological experiment had brought her to Moscow. When I asked her if there were any grounds for the suspicion that she was a Red spy, she told me no, and I believed her. Her facility with languages made her a valuable acquisition for my office, so I arranged with her to work part time there. Then Binney took her home and I went to bed.

The following morning I was called to the Bureau of the Moscow Cheka, the Russian secret police.

"We have a prisoner who claims to be a fellow countryman of yours," Zuroff, the chief of the Cheka, said, fixing me with his eyes, "and we must know what you know about him. He uses the name of Whitney Adams Dodge and says he is from Boston and is an American journalist. We have reason to believe him a British agent. We arrested him a month ago at Astrakhan, on a technical charge. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing," I replied, with honest relief. "But I don't know everyone that writes for American papers."

Zuroff pressed a desk button. Two guards entered from a side door with a tall young man between them. The prisoner's dark hair was uncombed and his face carried a month's growth of stubble. He was coatless and his khaki shirt was open at the collar. The absence of necktie, belt, garters, and shoe laces was evidence of the prisoner's importance in the opinion of his jailers.

I introduced myself, and he said eagerly, "I saw you in Cairo during the fighting on the Nile. I do wish you could get me out of this mess. I have no connection with my own Government. I have a roving commission from the Boston Transcript."

A half-hour's interrogation of Dodge in front of Zuroff convinced me he was *bona fide*, and after a delay of twenty-four hours he was released on my recognizance. He moved into the Hotel Savoy and that night received me buoyantly in the salon of his suite, where he had invited Speed Binney and myself to dinner.

"You'll have to excuse my sky cowboy," I explained, "but I couldn't locate him with your invitation. We've a new stenographer in the office and I suspect he's out rushing her. But I want you to tell me what it was that prompted you to take the risks you did in crossing the fire zone on the Nile."

"It all started with the disappearance of the Princess Victoria Louise," Dodge told me. "Did you ever see the account I cabled on it from Cairo? That was the last story I wrote, and what a story it was! I haven't seen a newspaper in months. Has she been found yet?"

"Nothing published on it, if she has been," I informed him, "but it is presumed in London that her disappearance was a ruse and that, as a matter of fact, she was secretly sent back from Egypt to England on a cruiser and is now doing penance for her escapades in some English convent. Isn't she directly related to the King?"

"He's her great-uncle," replied Dodge, "and at one time she was his favourite. Back in 1918, when she was nine years old, she made one visit to a war hospital with the Prince of Wales, and the King's physician believes that her recollection of the maimed and crippled soldiers she saw there is responsible for the pacifistic obsession she has today. She is wonderful! I danced with her one night at Cairo and..."

Dodge stopped abruptly and then launched into a bitter denunciation of Egyptians, Russians, Communists, Bolsheviks, and Rebels.

"Easy, easy," I countered. "Please,

Dodge, soft-pedal that stuff around here or you'll be back in the Cheka, and I might be with you this time."

◆ Joseph Stalin was assassinated November 2, 1932, and the man in whose arms he died was Karakhan of Kazan. Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent for the New York Times, and myself happened to be in a bookseller's shop on the Red Square at the time. Although we did not hear the shot, we saw people rushing across the square, and followed them. Learning what had happened, I raced back to the bookstall and telephoned a flash bulletin to my office to be dispatched immediately by cable and radio to Chicago. And at the same time I told Margot Denison to notify Speed Binney to have the plane ready for a quick flight to Riga, with a "follow" story.

Karakhan immediately took over the complete reins of Government and made himself Stalin's successor as the permanent Secretary-General of the "Politburo." The nation of 150,000,000 people remained in name the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, but actually it came under the force and power of one man more abjectly than it had ever been in the days of Nicholas II.

Within ten days all opposition had been completely crushed, but newspapers spread the report of widespread counter-revolutionary plots, and hundreds of suspects were arrested. Karakhan called two classes of trained soldiers to the colors, bringing the total strength of his forces under arms to 1,700,000.

It was by far the largest army in the world.

The significance grew in my mind when I found an old 1928 edition of the "World Almanac and Book of Facts," and read therefrom the table entitled "Available Military Man Power of the World, as Revised by the United States War Department up to October 1, 1927."

The grave import of the figures I embodied in a 2,000-word dispatch, which my secretary filed over the radio early that afternoon. Speed Binney flew the Tribune dispatch plane westward with the duplicate of my story, with instructions to place it on the cable in Riga.

It was six o'clock next morning when an officer, wearing the uniform of a colonel, stood smiling at the foot of my bed.

"Good morning, Comrade Gibbons. I am Colonel Boyar, of the staff of General Karakhan, and I bring you the invitation to breakfast with the General."

"Fine," I replied, rolling out of bed. "Be with you in a jiffy."

I left the hotel with the Colonel in his military car.

"The Little Uncle read the For-

eign Office dossier concerning you last night," he said. "Interested him intensely, as did also the dispatch which you filed yesterday on the new mobilization."

"Was the story all right?" I asked.

"Entirely too much so, I fear," Boyar replied with a smile. "Your story was not sent."

We drew up at the old Petrovski Palace, in the park of the same name, and passed down a marble hallway. Boyar opened a door, and I followed him into a side room. A slim, medium-height, uniform-clad figure stood with its back to us. A round flat Cossack cap of black Persian lamb topped the head at a jaunty angle. There was something unnatural in the poise and stance of the thin-legged riding boots. The figure turned, facing us, and I found myself looking into the familiar face of the American wife of the Russian Dictator. But it was not the same face that I had last seen in Moscow some eleven years earlier. The proud, defiant expression, which Lin Larkin had worn at the time of her self-imposed exile to Russia, was gone.

She stepped forward with a smile and an outstretched hand.

"Like old times to see you here again. There must be excitement in the air! Why are you here? Do you smell war?" she said gaily. Then, turning to Boyar, who had advanced to introduce us, she continued, "Not necessary. We know each other from the old starvation days of the famine. It was a different Moscow then. I am not supposed to be at headquarters, but I wanted to show the General my riding habit. I designed it myself. Do you think it befits the wife of the Commander-in-Chief?"

◆ As I was about to answer, a young officer appeared and nodded to Boyar. We arose. Madame Karakhan stepped forward and said, "I will take the pleasure of presenting you to my husband," and the three of us walked into his presence.

Karakhan stood alone in front of the fireplace at one end of the large room. The surmounting gilt mirror reflected the back of his head. The close-cropped black hair seemed to add intensity to his searching eyes. His head was inclined slightly forward, and the tight-lipped mouth bared no smile.

Madame Karakhan stood several paces forward of us, facing her husband. No glance of greeting passed over his yellow features.

"My dear," Madame Karakhan essayed to speak, but the voice, even the tone, was completely different from that we had just heard. "How do you like—I thought maybe you—eh, eh—I wish to present an old comrade of mine of— But, but—maybe you are busy, dear."

The silence was painful. Her figure seemed to wilt and a forward movement of her head told me that she had torn her eyes away from the compelling gaze before her—had lowered them like a dog facing punishment from his master.

"Return home immediately," came the almost hissed English words. "My children await you. Change that clown's costume before you let them see you. Trousers remain the exclusive male privilege of my family."

Madame Karakhan half-turned and half-backed out of the room. Her eyes escaped mine as she passed, but I saw the quiver of her lips. Karakhan's eyes never so much

know entirely too much about military affairs to be at large in Russia at present. You will not be permitted to communicate your dispatch of last night to your newspapers by any route. I desire that you remain here of your own accord. I believe I can trust you. That is why I am now offering you your choice of arrest or parole.

"If you give me your word that neither you nor any of the members of your staff will communicate with any place outside of Russia except through censorship, I will permit you to see everything, and we will endeavour to supply you first-hand with official statements concerning matters of interest to the world,

assured him. "Just a mixup with the censor. Glad you came along. See you two have introduced yourselves."

Half an hour later, Speed Binney was delivered by two guards. His appearance in the doorway brought shouts and an outburst of laughter from all of us. He was wearing a beautiful black eye.

While Dodge ordered a big breakfast to be served in the room, and Binney disappeared for a much needed bath, I dictated my message to the cable editor. Boyar O.K.'d it and dispatched it to the radio office by one of our guards. It was a merry breakfast party with the genial, beaming Boyar sitting at the head of the table like a happy father. Binney kept us in gales of laughter with the account of his pursuit, capture, incarceration, and return in handcuffs.

Late that night an answer to my cable came. The message read:

ACCEPT PAROLE REMAIN WITH KARAKHAN STOP CABLE DAILY FULLYS POSSIBLE HIS PERSONALITY ALSO POLITICAL MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS RUSSIA UNDER NEW REGIME STOP TREMENDOUS WORLD INTEREST

CHITRIB

◆ Messages from the Chicago Tribune offices in Europe acquainted me with the fear that went across the Continent during these tremendous days in the last month of 1932. France, Italy, and Spain held up the shipment of new reinforcements to their battling armies in North Africa, and world interest centered on Moscow. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came that unexplained explosion of poison gas, on New Year's Eve, in the Russian Embassy in Warsaw, resulting in the death of the Red Ambassador and eight members of his diplomatic family.

It was War.

I cabled my office:

RUSSIAN INVASION POLAND BEGAN DAYBREAK THIS MORNING STOP UNDER PERSONAL COMMAND KARAKHAN COMMA RED TROOPS WHICH CROSSED FRONTIER DAWN HAVE ADVANCED FROM TEN TO TWENTY MILES INTO POLISH TERRITORY ON FRONT OF APPROXIMATELY FOUR HUNDRED MILES EXTENDING NORTH SOUTH FROM MINSK TO KAMENETZ. PODOLSK STOP POLISH RESISTANCE SHATTERED STOP HAVE JUST INTERVIEWED RED COMMANDER IN CHIEF WHO PERMITS ME QUOTE HIM FOLLOWS QUOTE OUR LINES ADVANCING ACCORDING PLAN UNQUOTE NOTE CABLE EDITOR MORE FOLLOWING STOP BINNEY FLYING THIS BULLETIN TO CABLE OFFICE RIGA

GIBBONS

Karakhan and a number of staff officers departed by air for the front. He nodded to me with one of his rare smiles as he stepped into the cabin of his plane. Colonel Boyar, Binney, and myself, in our Breguet amphibian, accompanied



Lin demonstrated her rebellious nature in the Fall River strikes.

as acknowledged our presence with a glance until the door had closed on his wife.

"Good morning," he said then, in a tone a shade kindlier than the one in which he had addressed his wife. "We will have tea. We ride in ten minutes. You may take an American breakfast after our return."

We drank glasses of steaming tea, standing before the fireplace. Then, in the courtyard, we mounted and rode off, followed by other officers. I rode on the General's left, Colonel Boyar on his right.

For a correspondent seeking an interview, it was discouraging. Karakhan, even against my will, was interviewing me. His questions covered almost every phase of military subjects, the effects of the famine and the influenza epidemic in Europe, morale of the troops, and my opinion on the various European army commanders I knew personally.

We arrived back at the Petrovski Palace and dismounted. With Boyar I followed him into his office, where cigarettes and tea awaited. This time we were seated. Karakhan looked steadily into my eyes.

"I have decided. You will remain with me; that is, you will remain in Moscow. As a matter of fact, you

which, of course, will not be injurious to Russia."

I asked him if he would permit me to report my situation to my cable editor in Chicago.

"If you accept the parole, yes," he replied.

"May I accept the parole, limited to the time I receive an answer from my cable editor?"

He was silent several moments and replied, "Yes, but your report to your cable editor must be submitted to Colonel Boyar."

"Naturally," I replied.

Karakhan arose and Boyar and I were on our feet.

"I will see both of you when the reply arrives. Good morning!"

Boyar accompanied me back to Moscow. Two soldiers were standing guard at the doors leading into my rooms. They stepped aside upon Boyar's command, and we entered, finding two more guards inside. Whit Dodge and Margot Denison were seated on a divan in front of the fireplace.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Whit, jumping to his feet. "I called here and was talking with your secretary when the guards appeared and told us we were under arrest. Hope your intercession with the Cheka for me hasn't caused this."

"Nothing to do with it," I lightly

the Commander-in-Chief's squadron, which was escorted on both flanks by fighting planes.

Shortly before noon next day we landed at Minsk, army group headquarters, where I wrote my initial dispatch. After Binney's departure with it, Boyar found places for us in a staff plane, and we flew southward once more over the advancing lines. Late in the afternoon we landed in the captured Polish town of Ostrog. Boyar passed my second dispatch and I dictated it over the telephone to Margot Denison in Moscow, to radio to America.

"Is Speed with you?" Margot asked. I told her he was flying back from Riga, and asked about Dodge.

"The poor fellow is miserable and raging," came Margot's voice. "They won't let him go to the front."

Although Whit was actually a competing correspondent, I felt sorry for his predicament. But more engrossing matters demanded my attention. It was not until late on the night of that first day that I learned of Russia's first ally in the war: Lithuania. Pilsudsky called upon the other nations of the Little Entente: Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia. I put a long-distance telephone call through immediately to Moscow and started dictating. Margot told me that Moscow was in the throes of a wild war demonstration.

The Little Entente had asked France and England to send naval strength to the Black Sea. Russia at once countered this threat by broadcasting Mustapha Kemal Pasha's secret alliance with Moscow. The Bosphorus was closed and Turkish mine fields were planted across the Dardanelles.

◆ Karakhan's forces occupied the capital of Roumania ten days later. Colonel Boyar had obtained a staff car, and in this we rode into Bucharest behind the advance cavalry. At the Plaza Athene Hotel we awaited the arrival of Speed Binney and Margot, who came by air from Moscow. Late in the afternoon we took the air for Warsaw. Margot sat beside Speed at the dual-control board, while Boyar and I studied the maps in the cabin.

The following morning, from a balcony of the Bristol Hotel in Warsaw, we looked down upon Karakhan's triumphal entry.

The fate of Central Europe was decided on the plains of Bratislava, east of the old Austrian city of Pressburg. In the two days of terrific fighting that began on the morning of January 29, Karakhan decisively defeated the forces of the Little Entente.

On the night of January 31, Bin-

ney left by air to bring Margot Denison and the office equipment forward, because already we knew that our next headquarters would be Vienna. Austria offered no resistance to the onward sweep of the Asiatic tide.

I was installed at the Grand Hotel in Vienna when Speed and Margot burst in, followed by a file of porters carrying typewriters and office paraphernalia. They stood in the doorway, their goggles perched back on their leather flying helmets and their hands held in mock salute beside their glowing youthful faces.

"Maggie's a regular Amelia Earhart," Speed said. "Took hold of the controls and held them three hundred and fifty miles. Rode her right over the Carpathians without a flicker. She'll be taking them off and putting them down in no time, if this war don't suddenly go dead on us."

That very night Italy carried the war to Karakhan. Vienna was visited by a terrific air bombardment, executed by several squadrons of Italian planes. Karakhan now directed preparations against Italy from Vienna, making almost daily flights to the Italian front.

On February 6, Whit Dodge, who had finally reached the southwest front from Moscow, turned up in Vienna. And while the opposing forces on the Austrian-Italian front measured one another and reinforced themselves for the impending clash, the theater of news suddenly transferred itself to the north.

Leaving Margot in charge of the Vienna office, Binney and I flew to Berlin. I landed at Tempelhof air-drome shortly after midnight, and the German *coup d'etat* materialized the following morning. Without bloodshed, the capital of Germany, and with it the country, changed overnight from a normal socialistic defeated nation into a communistic and active ally of Karakhan.

Binney and I returned to Vienna by air by way of Prague. Although

it was barely dawn, I found Margot in the office.

"Karakhan's wife has come to Vienna," she said in a low voice. "I wanted to tell you before Colonel Boyar arrives. Karakhan forbade her to leave Moscow. I presume he is aware of her departure by this time, but I am not sure whether he knows she is here."

"Where is she?" I asked.

"In my bedroom," said Margot. "She came here at midnight, after your departure for Berlin. She asked for you. I told her I was your secretary and that you were in Germany. She explained her plight and asked to remain until you returned."

The door of the adjoining room opened and Lin Karakhan appeared. Her dark eyes bore traces of weeping. We talked in the adjoining salon.

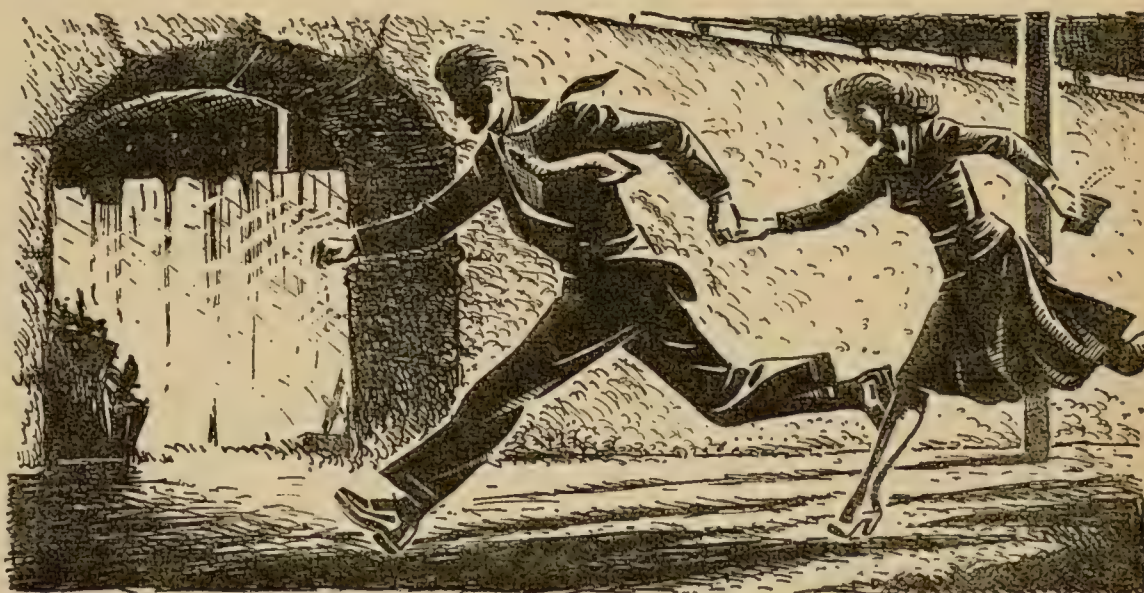
"I know it's wrong," she said. "I know he will be terrible when he finds me here. I fear it will be bad for you."

"But why did you come?"

"To be near him, if I can. I know I am not wanted, but I cannot help it. I am his wife. I am the mother of his children. I am his slave. I love him."

◆ Benito Mussolini was killed on February 18, 1933, by an air bomb that landed squarely on the advance general headquarters of the Italian armies at Udine. It was the third morning after the opening of the terrific general Red offensive against Italy under the personal command of Karakhan. The Eternal City fell on March 6, without a single shot from Government troops. My dispatch, quoting Karakhan's decision not to execute Pius XI, was interpreted by Catholics as a response to prayers offered up for the safety of the Pontiff.

"No sentimentality in that decision," Boyar unfeelingly explained. "As long as Karakhan keeps the Pope a prisoner, we retain control of the Holy See—whatever that is."



We were out of the fight and running through a backyard.

Prior to the occupation of Rome, King Victor Emmanuel III and the Royal family fled from Naples to Lisbon aboard an armoured cruiser. Karakhan occupied the Quirinal Palace, where Boyar arranged quarters for Binney and myself in the old guards' barracks. We felt an ever-present anxiety for Margot Denison. The fact that Whit Dodge also remained in Vienna contributed no special pleasure to the thoughts of Speed Binney, who had twice asked permission to fly Margot down from there.

"Intrigue bears heavily on the shoulders of you Western innocents," Boyar announced one day. "Karakhan has known all along that his wife was befriended by your secretary and hidden in your offices in Vienna. But you will see both Mrs. Karakhan and Margot tomorrow. We leave for the north at three o'clock with Karakhan's staff squadron. Be ready."

In Frankfurt we found Lin and Margot established in the largest suite in the Kaiserhof Hotel. Whit Dodge, who had made the trip by motor with them from Vienna, explained that Karakhan had not yet permitted his wife to see him, but had ordered everything to be done for her comfort and accommodation. Staff officers had told Margot everything would be satisfactory as long as Lin refrained from "bothering" the Red leader personally during the approaching conflict.

◆ Paris was occupied on April 3.

Karakhan's victory over the combined French, English, and Belgian armies forced world recognition of his military genius. The third Battle of the Marne brought to him the name "the Red Napoleon." In four months he had extended his influence across Europe. Although Government was administered in the name of the Dictatorship of the proletariat, the newly conquered and adhering states were promised political autonomy.

Japanese-Philippine relations, which had been none too good since the Filipinos had granted temporary asylum to the Japanese Imperial family in October of the previous year, were not improved when Emperor Hirohito and his suite removed surreptitiously to America. Karakhan now radioed the order by which the Japanese fleet and troopships sailed for Manila Bay. American pacifist opposition to any move by which America might become involved, spiked the guns of the United States State Department, which had prepared a vigorous protest.

Spunky little Australia cabled a futile complaint to London and denounced the proposed invasion upon the Philippines by the Japanese. Manila surrendered, and the

Red Japanese fleet, accompanied by a French battleship bearing Karakhan's special representative sailed into Manila Bay.

On May 1 the Churchill Cabinet tried to pass a revised Defence of the Realm Act, which covertly included authority for emergency mobilization of the United Kingdom. The Socialist, Communist, and Labour members of the House of Commons marched out in a body and thirty minutes later extra editions of London newspapers were on the street announcing a general strike on twelve hours' notice. In the face of this revolutionary threat, the Churchill Government resigned. Three days later, Joe Cook, labour leader, presented the names of a new Cabinet to the King.

Cook's first act as Prime Minister was the announcement of a new First Lord of the Admiralty, the Communist seaman, Bill Brandon, V.C., former gunner's mate who had won his high decoration at the Battle of Jutland. Brandon at once issued orders, the execution of which meant that the entire British Navy would be brought to anchor in its home ports and the Channel left free for the passage of Karakhan's troops.

I sat in the Press gallery of the House of Commons when Cook spoke the most startling words ever uttered in that historic chamber:

"Comrades, the Parliament of England is dissolved."

There was a conflict in London lasting three days. The Scotch guards in Buckingham Palace were exterminated to the last man, the Palace looted thoroughly. The fate of the Royal British family was not known for two weeks, when it was revealed they had reached Halifax.

With a bribe of twenty-five pounds in gold, Speed Binney had been able to sneak the Tribune plane out from the hangars at Croydon, and take off for Paris with my dispatches. Boyar and Margot returned with him.

On June 20, Karakhan announced the formation of the Pan-Eurasian Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and formally invited the proletariat of the old British Empire to full membership in this new association of world peoples. Cook and his Cabinet, obviously as a matter of form, publicly accepted the invitation on behalf of the Empire.

◆ "KARAKHAN ASKS U. S. JOIN REDS."

This was the screaming front-page headline carried by dozens of American newspapers after the first official statement outlining a similar invitation to the United States and the nations of South and Central America.

While Karakhan's proposal was repugnant to the political, eco-

nomic, social, and racial ideals of America and generally denounced as such, later editions of the London press that day reported the Red invitation had received consideration in some American quarters. Lin Karakhan pointed this out that night as all of us dined at the Savoy Hotel in London, where she and Margot occupied a large suite adjoining the apartments of Speed Binney and myself.

Washington's refusal had been expected in London, but the unanimity with which the other member nations of the Pan American Union took the same course registered a public surprise. Pan American unity was a show of strength. I saw Karakhan the day the answers arrived.

"You Westerners will have to join some day," he said calmly, looking into my eyes. "If not now, a little later. It matters little. There is but one race—the human race. The herd must be kept together."

I asked him if America's refusal had surprised him, and he replied:

"No. It is just as I expected, and fits in exactly with my plans."

◆ Then Karakhan's automobile was blown up by a bomb hurled from fourth-floor windows of an American newspaper reading room on Trafalgar Square. Eleven civilians and four soldiers were killed in the explosion which wrecked the car and rendered the Red Napoleon unconscious from steel splinters which grazed his skull.

Julio Vincenzo, who had been valet and orderly to Mussolini, was caught and admitted the outrage. He had fled from Italy to America when the Reds reached Rome, and had lived in the Italian quarter in New York until his arrival in England one month previous. So the press of the Red Union, without exception, laid blame for the attempted assassination on America.

Karakhan's wound was slight, but for the assurance of the masses he made a public appearance on the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

On the night of November 29, 1933, a tramp steamer, *Sandino*, flying the Nicaraguan flag, steamed slowly into the Pacific entrance of the channel leading to the Panama Canal. According to custom, it stopped opposite Flamenco Island, where an American pilot took over the wheel, while a Canal officer retired to the captain's cabin to examine the ship's papers. The inspectors and guards proceeded on their respective duties, while the ship, according to custom, resumed headway up the narrow channel toward the signal station located at the Balboa entrance to the Canal four miles away.

The *Sandino* approached within two miles of the signal station with-

out establishing the customary communication by blinker light between the American zone signalmen on board and the waiting officials in the signal station. The station signalled the *Sandino* to flash its code password. No reply came from the ship, which increased speed as it moved toward the Canal entrance. The station then signalled to the *Sandino* to anchor immediately. Still no response, and its speed was increasing. The station next signalled by blinker light:

"Anchor at once, or we open fire."

The *Sandino* continued under way, ignoring the signals. Then guns of the Canal defences, which had been trained on the *Sandino* for the preceding five minutes, spoke in unison from the darkness of the shores. The *Sandino* suddenly changed from a dark blotch on the water to a volcanic eruption.

By noon of the next day it had been established by the United States Intelligence that the *Sandino*, although flying the Nicaraguan flag, had been under charter to a firm of harbour construction engineers of Liverpool, and had sailed four days previously from Salina Cruz, Mexico, with a cargo of sisal bound for Liverpool. It was clear that, once she had put out to sea from Salina Cruz, she had dumped her cargo and shipped one of T.N.T. and that her purpose had been to explode this charge within the Panama Canal and block it.

Washington expected the usual expressions of official disavowal and regret from London, but in this respect diplomatic Washington was destined for a shock. The Red Union denied the presence of explosives on board the *Sandino*, and asked for a diplomatic explanation for the sinking of an unarmed merchant vessel and the killing of twenty-two citizens of the Red Union. The act was characterized as "unwarranted."

◆ While the Foreign Offices in Washington and London exchanged long cable dispatches, the combined forces of the American Navy, comprising all warships in the Atlantic and Pacific, were mobilized in one fleet off the Atlantic entrance of the Canal.

Even the clamouring of organized American pacifism was silenced by Karakhan's next step. The Mexican Ambassador in London was notified that unless the Municipality of Salina Cruz paid the sum of ten million dollars back interest overdue for ten years on bonds now held by the Red Union for debts contracted between the Mexican State of Oaxaca and Compton Thompson, Ltd., for harbour construction at

Salina Cruz within twenty-four hours, the Pan-Eurasian Union of Soviet Socialist Republics would land forces at Salina Cruz and take over the customs authority of the port.

In the Tribune office on Fleet Street, I was completing my dispatch on the inevitable outbreak of hostilities, when Speed Binney and Whit Dodge both burst into the room. I do not know which one of them asked the question first. It might have been both.

"Where is Margot?"

The girl had been missing since morning.

Our telephone inquiries for her whereabouts covered London, but the sum total of our search was that she had left the Savoy Hotel in a closed car after receiving a telephone call.

"She's all right—just wait," Colonel Boyar said.

◆ It was the night of that same second day of the New Year—January 2, 1934—that the news of the Red bombardment and occupation of the town and harbour of Salina Cruz, far south on the Mexican-Pacific coast, was made public on the streets of London. I was to learn later that American and Red air forces were already in contact over the Mexican front. Upon my request, Boyar arranged an interview for me with Karakhan. Without delay I was admitted to the long salon in Buckingham Palace in which he had his office. As the door closed behind me, I found that the Red Napoleon and I were alone.

"I have come to surrender my parole," I told him. "You are now at war with my country, or you will be in a few hours. I am a citizen of the United States and, as such, I have been pleased to serve with your forces during the last year. I have enjoyed and respected the confidence which you have seen fit to repose in me, and which I have even presumed to cherish in the light of a personal attachment. You know my personal views on patriotism and nationalism, in brief, on plain loyalty. I am requesting permission to return to my country and to take my two co-workers with me."

The yellow features beamed with an intensity almost sardonic. Then he spoke:

"The world is on the threshold of a new era. Taken as a house, it is now too small to accommodate two conflicting systems of thought. This division of opinion is about to be eliminated. There must be one master. The people of the New World are hoping that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans offer them the security that England found in the English Channel in the days of Bonaparte. That hope is their mistake.

The Atlantic and Pacific offer no obstacles to me.

"You appreciate, of course, that it remains within my power to keep you here with me. I would have no moral scruples against such a course. Morals are surplus baggage in war, but it serves my purpose better to send you back to your people. All that you know, all that you have seen, all that you have heard—you have my sanction to reveal it all. Present the information to your Government and your people with my compliments."

I bowed. Karakhan consulted a sheet of paper.

"Your airplane pilot, Binney, will go with you," he said, "but your stenographer or secretary will not. She is a citizen of the Red Union. You and your pilot will be escorted in safety to the American lines and, if the fortunes of war are kind to you, it is quite possible that we will meet again. I will look forward to the meeting with pleasure."

I hurriedly returned to the Tribune office, where I found the smiling Colonel Boyar and the nervous Speed Binney.

"Where's Margot?" I demanded. "You know."

"Now I can tell you," Boyar replied. "Safe and sound and as happy as it would be possible for a pretty girl to be while separated from the exciting rivalries of an American democrat and an American aristocrat. By the way, the aristocrat ought to be here also. Where is he?"

"To hell with Whit. Where's Margot?" from Binney.

"She will not be allowed to return with you," Boyar replied. "Karakhan feels that she has done much to prevent him from being bothered by a hysterical wife. He will see that the two of them remain here together. He has seen neither of them, and I doubt if he will. Such an arrangement will guarantee the safety of both Mrs. Karakhan and Margot. That ought to please you."

"And she'll have to remain in England until the war is over?"

"Unless the General permits her to accompany his wife to New York."

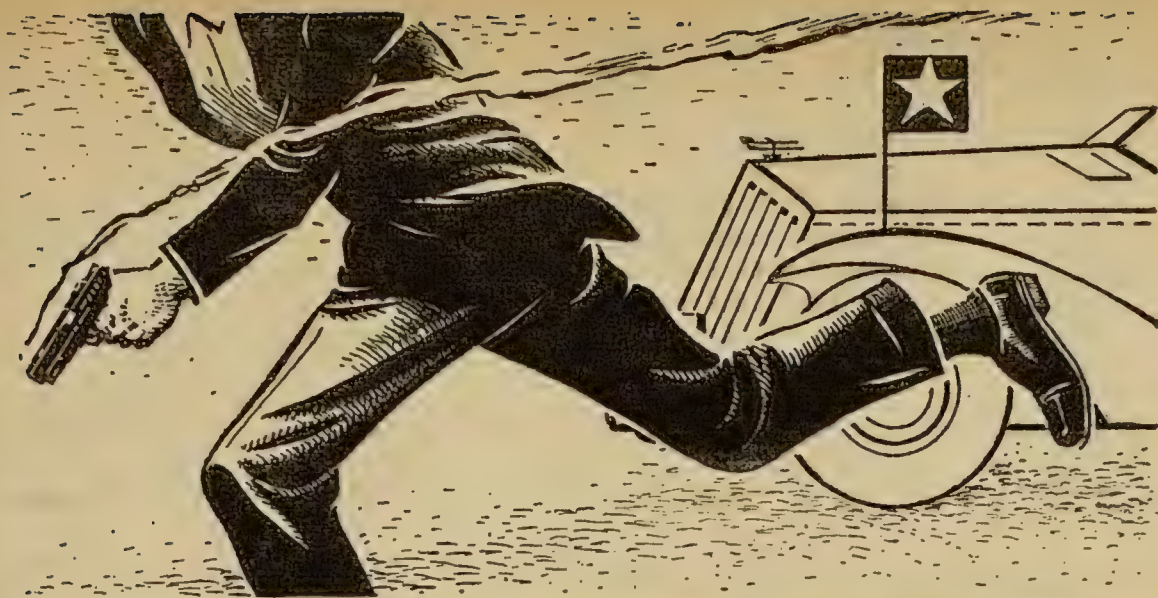
◆ Packing my bag for our departure that night, I discovered the following note in my toilet case:

"The Reds are rounding up all Americans for internment. You and Binney are all right, but they are after me. I do not know how I am going to get to the States, but I will get there and be in the fight if I live. I think I know where Margot is, and I will see her before I go."

"Good luck, and good-bye."

"Whit."

Late that night, Binney and I, accompanied by Boyar, left London by night plane, destination Yokohama.



Stalin was assassinated, and the man in whose arms he died was Karakhan.

Boyar explained that we would be returned to America via the Pacific.

◆ At the White House, Charles Hand, the President's secretary, led me into the Cabinet room.

President Al Smith greeted me kindly with a few words recalling the night in 1919 he had introduced me before a lecture audience in Carnegie Hall and had pronounced the "h" in Château-Thierry. "My French always was poisonous," he observed. "You see, I learned it in a fish market."

Then he said, "Floyd, tell us what you know about Karakhan. What's the source of his power? What's the secret of his repeated successes? Where does his strength lie? What's he really want?"

The members of the Cabinet around the long table were silent as I prepared to answer the questions. It was a long recital, frequently interrupted by questions.

"And this man, gentlemen," I concluded, "this Asiatic, told me in London, hardly a month ago now, that he intends to crush America."

In the adjoining waiting room I ran face to face with Whit Dodge.

"It's good to see you," I said, wringing his hand. "How did you get away from them? Where's Margot? How is she?"

"Long story, but here I am," Dodge replied. "I have just come from the Navy Intelligence Office. I am a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Navy!"

In his apartments in the Mayflower Hotel, where baths, shaves, and clean pajamas gave new life to Speed and myself, Dodge related his escape with an American Secret Service agent.

"Where's Margot?" Speed insisted. I saw the two boys exchange a look that had little of friendliness in it.

"In Ireland with Lin," Dodge replied. "Karakhan shipped both of them over and has them in a castle on the west coast. He won't see his wife, or either of them, for that

matter. He wants to keep Lin out of London. He's amusing himself for the present with a titled English girl, a society pink."

"Why couldn't you bring her back on the sub?" asked Speed.

"I tried to. She wouldn't come," replied Dodge. "She has a duty to perform and she's doing it. It cannot be discussed."

I fell asleep during the subsequent bickering between Speed and Whit, but the latter reopened the subject with me on the following morning and outlined the means by which I was to communicate with Margot. I was to include a spoken code in my radio broadcasts which she would receive there in Ireland. Long accustomed to taking my dictated dispatches, she would take my radio reports stenographically, locate the key word introducing the code, and decipher the letters from the key words that followed.

Dodge confided that although he was in the submarine service, his duty assignments were with the Intelligence Section, and it would be his mission to make frequent trips to the Irish coast and frequent contacts with Margot.

"She's a brave little Britisher," he said proudly. "Her King is a refugee in Canada, but she serves him still within the enemy lines. She knows the penalty if they catch her."

◆ The nation received a shock on February 9 when the troopship *City of Memphis*, carrying two regiments of reinforcements bound from New Orleans to Panama, was torpedoed and sunk as it passed through the Yucatan Strait. It became known that Kingston, Jamaica, was the base from which the Red submarine operated. The superior Red fleet, based on Bermuda and Trinidad, patrolled the Atlantic seaboard, and the American fleet was forced to abandon its base at Colón and withdraw to the Gulf of Mexico.

At dawn on March 2, two enormous enemy air fleets of seaplanes,

bombers, and fighters appeared over the Straits of Juan de Fuca, sixty miles inland from the Pacific. American and Canadian fighting planes flew to meet the invaders but were overwhelmed by the enemy strength. Unopposed now, the enemy air fleet flew eastward across the strait to the American defences at the entrance to Puget Sound. Returning from their silencing of the Puget Sound ports, the Red air fleet swung westward. All American and Canadian resistance in the air was overcome and all long-range defences on the ground were destroyed.

In two days of easy fighting the Red invaders pushed inland. Quebec fell June 15 and Karakhan established headquarters there. On the war maps in front of the American newspaper offices the battle line in New England on June 17 ran southward from Quebec along a line ten miles east of Jackman and thence to the coast at Belfast, Maine.

Then on June 18 the headlines read:

U. S. WAR BIRDS BOMB HALIFAX KARAKHAN'S ATLANTIC BASE BLOWN OFF MAP.

Karakhan retaliated the following night by launching terrific air raids over Boston. The first Red bomb landed in Boston Common, just off Park Street. The following detonation blew all of the windows out of the State House. A second raid broke over the city. This one, as later learned, was launched from Red sea carriers standing off the coast. Gas mains broke and new fires started. The raiders carefully avoided damaging the docks. Karakhan had use for them later.

On the morning of July 20 the Red advance penetrated Montreal from the north. Montreal capitulated on the afternoon of July 21 and a rear guard of some five thousand Canadians and one thousand Americans was taken prisoner. On both the east and west shores of Lake Champlain the Red flood poured southward into northern New York and Vermont. American lines of communication were continually torn up by air bombardment. On the left flank of his line in Maine, Karakhan maintained a steady pressure down the coastal strip between the White Mountains and the Atlantic. Portland was taken from the land side.

While the Red line pushed southward steadily on Lake Champlain, American counter-attacks on the Atlantic seaboard achieved local successes south of Portland, but never once were the counter-offensives able to threaten the Red hold on the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway, connecting Portland with Montreal.

Five million Americans spent the winter on the line that ran from Plymouth Rock to Watertown, New York. In the Pacific Northwest, two million more held the Red flood back in Oregon. Another million hung desperately to the barrier that held Karakhan's forces back from the Gulf of Mexico, in which the American fleet was bottled up.

I met Whit Dodge in New York City several days after the New Year.

"Margot is in America by now," he said.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Two weeks ago I went ashore at night at Bantry Bay on the west coast of Ireland, where Karakhan has kept her and Mrs. Karakhan ever since he opened the New England drive. That devil still refuses to see his wife. Lin conceded that she would not go near him if he would permit her and Margot to go to America. She pleaded to be allowed to go to Portland, Maine, and mentioned her fear for the welfare of her parents, who live somewhere north of Boston.

"Karakhan granted the request. Although he ignores his wife completely, I believe there is just that spirit of vanity within him which makes it not unpleasant that she see his new conquests over here.

"Margot and Lin were packing on the night I saw them. I described to her Gray's Cove, a point on the Maine coast north of Portland, where our submarines had hidden out during their operations against Red troopships, and that is where I am going ashore five nights from tonight to see her."

"But how will she know the night to expect you?" I asked.

"That's where you come in," Dodge explained. "Wherever she is in Portland, she will be listening for your broadcasts over the radio. You will use the same key words and the old code."

"My God, Whit, this is death for both of you if you are caught."

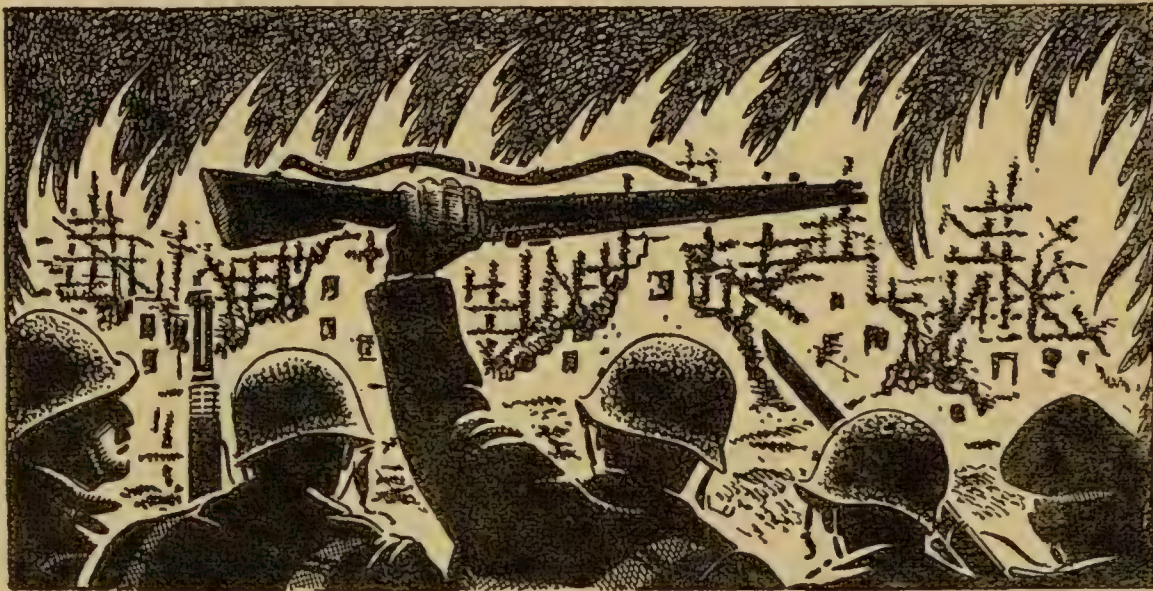
"I know," said the boy. "But it's no more risk than that girl has been under night and day for the last year. I have been only a messenger boy. Her information concerning the condition of the Red industrial machine in England and the interior politics of the Red Union has proved the most important intelligence that Washington has been able to obtain from behind the enemy lines. Margot realizes her risk and ignores it in the face of a duty she considers higher."

The code message which I included in the radio broadcasts which I made for the following five days through the New York microphone was:

"GRAY'S COVE, MIDNIGHT, JANUARY 7."

◆ On January 15 Whit popped into my room in New York, his face wreathed with smiles.

"Worked like a clock," he said. "We were together an hour. She's the most glorious girl in the world. Karakhan has her and Lin quartered in an old country residence on Lake Sebago. They have perfect freedom of movement and make motor trips around the country. Lin has located her parents at Salem, Massachusetts, and she and Margot are moving there this week. I have



By four o'clock the city of Kingston was a mass of ruins.

arranged a new meeting place for us on the coast between Salem and Gloucester, called Lobster Rock. I used to fish there when I was a kid."

"Has Karakhan seen Margot yet?" I asked.

"No, thank God," Dodge replied. "That devil has seen neither of them."

"Who's with them, then? They cannot live there alone," I exclaimed.

"No other than your talkative friend, Colonel Boyar," Dodge replied. "More cocksure of victory for Karakhan than ever. He rides with him in Boston when he visits his headquarters there, and is full of gossip about the Red spring drive. Margot gathered much, and I am taking the information to the General Staff tonight.

"New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington will get hell from the air this year. She thinks Karakhan will try to break the American lines based on the Erie Canal. His objective is the coal mines and steel mills of Pennsylvania. The date for the opening of the offensive depends upon the melting of the ice in the St. Lawrence."

As though to verify Margot's information, a terrific air raid was launched over Philadelphia the very

night this conversation took place.

On the following night I was in Washington, D. C., when the enemy raiders executed a three-hour aerial offensive which killed only a comparatively small number of people, but destroyed a number of public buildings and local transportation lines. President Al Smith witnessed the beginning of the raid from the roof of the White House.

At dawn on April 21, from Cape Cod to Lake Ontario, the massed artillery of the Red Napoleon erupted simultaneously to the accompaniment of terrific aerial bombing. Synchronized to the min-

ute, his armies in the Pacific Northwest launched new onslaughts against the American forces in Oregon, and far south in Mexico the Asiatic hordes renewed their drive northward to reach the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. But the advance information Margot Denison had sent, confirming the deductions of the American General Staff, had resulted in a tremendous reinforcement and strengthening of the American defences on the line of the Erie Canal.

◆ My paper had been able to obtain a dispatch plane for my use, and I had been able to have Lieutenant Speed Binney assigned as pilot, although the young war bird was much opposed to being withdrawn from duty with the fighting forces. Our plane could not be armed, but our status in the air was designated by a large red letter C imposed on a circular green field on both the upper and lower surfaces of the wings and the sides of the fuselage. It was equipped with radio transmission in constant touch with the land receiving station which the National Broadcasting Company had established at Binghamton, New York, headquarters of Lieutenant General Francis X. Mullins, commanding the army of New England. My observations,

spoken into the microphone in my plane above the fighting lines, were the first war corresponding ever done by radio broadcast.

Day after day American spirits rose as the western New York line on the war maps remained stationary. The American front held. There was a new birth of optimism in America's celebration of that Fourth of July, 1935. But it was premature.

◆ In five days of terrific fighting, Karakhan was able to break through the defence zones, both in the valley of the Connecticut River and on the east side of the Hudson. The American lines rolled up before the advance. Speed Binney and I covered most of that terrible retreat and heard the pitiful stories of the American refugees. Trains and bridges were bombed; telephone and electric-light wires were hanging in broken festoons from their poles. It was a debacle.

The line swept onward to the south. Evacuation of the civil population of New York had begun. A two-thousand-pound bomb, landing in front of the Astor Hotel at Forty-fifth Street and Broadway, killed hundreds in the enormous crowds watching the electrical war map on the New York Times Building. Then came the rain of bombs. Downtown streets caved in under the terrific impact of dropped explosives. Central Park was a refugee camp packed to suffocation. There was bitter house-to-house fighting in the Bronx, but the advance of the enemy along the lines of Riverdale Avenue, Broadway, Fordham Road, Jerome Avenue, the Grand Concourse, and the Boston Post Road did not cease.

Upon rare occasions, when the opportunity offered, Binney and I flew from airfields on the Jersey side and looked down from above on the ruins of the metropolis. Manhattan Island, after three months of bombardment, was an irregular mound of debris, rubbish, and wreckage from the Battery to the Harlem River. No longer could one see the narrow canyons that marked the streets of the city. Those ravines had been gradually filled with the wreckage of the ruined buildings. Tunnels had been excavated through the debris. The buildings were lighted by electric power wired in from Jersey and were ventilated through the elevator shafts extending upward to the ruined top of a building at about the twentieth floor. Engineers had repaired the subways, now far below the surface, and military trains were running between the Battery, Brooklyn and Harlem.

Colonel Grover Whalen, former Police Commissioner of New York City, acted as military provost and

directed all movements of underground traffic.

I spent Christmas night with doughboy friends of mine quartered in a twenty-thousand-a-year apartment on the third floor of a building at Park Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. Toward midnight someone turned on the loud-speaker and we were silent as the voice of my old friend, Quinn Ryan, the announcer, came over the air from the broadcasting station in St. Louis.

"On this Christmas night every heart in America beats for our noble defenders holding forth so valiantly on the blazing battle front on Manhattan Island. Tonight's bulletin from the front states the line of the Harlem River holds strong and our defences on the west end of Long Island still stand. President Al Smith today forwarded Christmas Day greetings and congratulations to General Aaron Rosenthal, in command of the sector, and all the troops under his command for the glorious defence they have put up against terrific odds. General Rosenthal telegraphed the following reply to President Smith:

"'East side, west side, all around the town, the American lines stand solid, barring the way. They shall not pass.'"

◆ At noon of the following day, Speed Binney and I were flying above the ruins of New York in the radio plane and I was attempting to give, through the microphone, a description of the subterranean city and also to describe the enemy positions north of the Harlem River. To do the latter it was necessary to fly behind the Red line.

Just east of Yonkers, New York, the plane gave a violent lurch to the left, and looking suddenly at Speed, I saw him slump into his seat. We had been attacked from above by an enemy plane and were headed down at a terrific speed. Grabbing the stick of the dual control, I managed in a bungling way to bring the machine out of the dive and flatten the plane out. I saw the ground spring up toward me.

My next conscious impression was one of suffocation. I could not breathe through my nose. I opened one stiff and swollen eyelid and looked up into the sad eyes of a pale-faced woman whose black hair was topped with a nurse's cap.

"You were shot down behind the Red lines two days ago," she told me. "You are wounded and you are in a hospital in Boston, a prisoner."

Speed Binney was raving in a delirium in the next bed, where two blacks, wearing the uniform of the Red Senegalese Legion were holding him in bed. A Chinese doctor quieted the disordered mind with a hypodermic.

"Welcome home, Tovariztch Gibbons," said a voice. The smiling Colonel Boyar grasped my hand warmly. "Lo! the prodigal has returned. Almost two years now since we parted over the front in Mexico. The flag of our Little Uncle Karakhan still moves forward. Two days ago," he went on jubilantly, "the Red Army, which has been slowly advancing down through Central America toward the Canal, finally reached its objective. The American forces defending the Canal were forced to retire southward through the jungles into Colombia, but before going managed to blow up the locks of the Canal. The Atlantic and the Pacific are now distinctively divorced in the approved American fashion, but Karakhan's rainbow standard flies over the ruins from Balboa to Colón."

"I cannot see that that affects the situation any," I replied. "With the Canal blown up, the Canal Zone is useless to the Red fleet."

"Quite wrong," Boyar explained. "The mines have now been swept out of Colón Harbour and the Red fleet is using it for its principal Caribbean base. Our throttle-hold on the United States fleet is now complete. Karakhan is happy. He heard of your capture and wanted to see you, but instead he left by plane to inspect the Red Navy in the Caribbean. He wants to see you upon his return."

"Tell me the truth, Boyar. How does he feel about me? Am I due for a squad and ten rifles?"

"No, my dear Gibbons, you will not face the execution squad—neither you nor Binney. But one man has already faced it in your place."

"My God, who?" I asked.

"The pilot who shot you down," replied Boyar. "That Polish idiot who shot you down failed to recognize the markings of your plane."

◆ "Where is Lin?" I asked. "And is Margot with her?"

"They have been here in America for over a year now," Boyar replied. "They occupy a big place called 'Greystones,' up on the coast near Salem."

"Has Karakhan seen Lin yet?"

"Yes. There was a meeting last fall, and since then he has spent a number of week-ends at Greystones."

"And what about Margot?" I asked. "Has Karakhan seen her?"

"Frequently," Boyar replied. "The three of them ride together. How much do you know about Margot?"

"She is English-born and her home is just outside of London, I believe."

"What's become of Whit Dodge?" Boyar asked. "I think he was in love with Margot. I saw it in his eyes. I believe she made him forget all

about the little English Princess who disappeared in Egypt. A young Yankee in love with royal blood suddenly transfers his affections to a stenographer. Didn't that ever occur to you as curious?"

"I never saw the Princess Victoria Louise," I replied, "but I don't blame Whit for falling in love with Margot Denison. She is one of the most wonderful girls I have ever known."

"Well, you are going to see her in an hour. She and Lin are motoring in from Greystones."

I fell asleep after Boyar went, but was awakened an hour later when Lin and Margot came in, each with an armful of chrysanthemums. I smiled as best I could through the bandages of my battered nose.

"Thank God you're alive," said Lin.

"Will he live?" said Margot, one hand in mine but her eyes gazing into Speed's drawn features beneath his turban of white bandages.

"I feel sure he will," I said as I pressed her hand. I saw a tremble on her lips.

"When I heard what had happened," said Lin, as they sat down, "I prayed for your lives. Radical, atheistic, communistic Lin Larkin prayed! I have completed the inevitable cycle of the radical. I am back at the place I started—back to religion."

Margot was holding one of Speed's hands in both of hers, murmuring, "Speed, Speed dear."

◆ The boy's discoloured eyelids opened. A smile struggled around his battered lips, and there came the word "Maggie." Then the weary eyes closed, but the regular breathing was evidence of normal sleep.

It was arranged that Binney and I were to spend our convalescence at Greystones, and two days later Speed had regained sufficient strength to be removed by ambulance. Boyar was a frequent visitor there. During the third week of our captivity—it was about January 18 of that momentous year of 1936—he told me Karakhan was returning to Boston.

"You'll see him at Greystones within a week," he said.

I conveyed this information to Lin as we sat alone before the glowing logs in the library. The firelight shone on her wearied face, which betrayed by new lines the fear constantly in her heart.

"I want to see him, and yet I dread his coming," she said. "I will always belong to him, and yet he no longer belongs to me. To him I am a battle won—a battle commemorated by the monuments of my children. I believe I was the first woman in his life, and I am the

only woman he has ever married. And now he wishes to divorce me. I have not kept pace with his soaring ambition."

"How do you know this, Lin?"

"He hasn't told me in so many words," she replied, "but I know what is in his mind. Who my successor will be I do not know, but I feel certain that his choice will light upon someone of blooded aristocracy to breed with his boasted strain of Genghis Khan."

◆ Ten of us sat at the long table at dinner one night, Karakhan at the head, Margot on his right and Lin at the other end. I was on his left. Karakhan's greeting to me had been curt and businesslike—not a word spoken—just a nod. Talk and laughter rippled around the table, but Karakhan seldom, if ever, participated. Occasionally he spoke to Margot.

He received me the next morning alone in the library.

"Your war correspondent days are over," he said. "It was unfortunate that you were shot down. Glad you survived. I have much work for you. I have decided that you will write the story of my life."

"The war will end this summer. Nothing will be able to withstand my spring drive for victory. I will dictate the terms of the peace. They will not be harsh, but America will become a part of the Red Union of the World. Your countrymen will need to know me better. They will know me through you."

"I am," he continued, "about to make a change in my domestic affairs. My position warrants a consort who can contribute to my heir a lineage and a strain of blood as worthy of leadership as my own. To accomplish this it will be necessary for me to divorce my wife."

"May I ask the General a question?" I ventured.

"What is it?"

"Has the General selected the lady who is to be his next wife?"

"I have, but for the present there will be no announcement of her name. She has no knowledge of my intentions."

"When will this marriage take place?" I asked.

"Immediately after my conquest and occupation of the United States," he replied. "My wedding will occur in the month of September this year, in St. Louis. I intend to make that city my world capital. I will not place you under parole, because I am confident you cannot escape if you desire. After your full recovery, I will assign Colonel Boyar to help you in research and the compilation of material."

"If the General permits me to select my private secretary, I request the appointment of Miss Denison for this post."

"That is impossible. For the time being she will remain with Mrs. Karakhan. I wish it. I believe that is all. Good morning."

I saluted. He ignored it. I withdrew.

Karakhan and his staff left by motor for Boston that evening, and after their departure Margot and I chatted an hour with Speed, and then I left them alone. Later Margot joined me in the library. I pretended not to notice her bright eyes and flushed cheeks.

"I have information of tremendous importance," she said quietly. "It came to me from Karakhan this afternoon, right in this room. He asked me with a politeness which is not his custom, and which I loathe, if I would take notes on a letter he wished to dictate. I did so, and typed it for him. I have retained a duplicate of it. Here it is."

I read the paper hastily.

"This is of tremendous importance to the General Staff," I said to her. "It reveals an entire change in Karakhan's sea policy. How can we get this in their hands?"

"There is only one way," said Margot—"Whit Dodge."

"But how will we know when he will come? I am not there to broadcast the code."

"We foresaw that possibility," she explained. "In the event of anything happening to you, Whit arranged to have Quinn Ryan include the message in his broadcast. I will be tuned in on him all the time."

"But if Whit comes, Margot, you must leave with us. I cannot let you stay here with Karakhan."

"I want to go, also," she said. "I detest the feeling of his eyes upon me every time I look up. He has made no advances and I feel that I do not have to fear force from him, but bit by bit he unconsciously reveals himself to me. But I must stay here with Lin."

◆ The following day at luncheon, Boyar turned on the loud-speaker in the dining room, and over the air came the voice of Quinn Ryan, broadcasting from St. Louis. We listened to his account of the artillery duel which still continued on the Harlem front, and his story of an air raid in the vicinity of Utica, New York, and then there came to me the Indian name—Kenosha, followed by the reading of a dispatch from that town. Kenosha was the key word and in the words that followed was hidden the code message that Whit Dodge wanted to reach Margot.

After luncheon she told me the import of the message.

"Whit's sub will be lying off lobster Rock at eleven o'clock three nights from now."

On that night, Speed Binney and I—the former still weak on his feet

—made the rendezvous with Whit, who came ashore in a collapsible boat. Up to the last I had been afraid that Speed would jeopardize our plans by his unwillingness to leave Margot behind. I don't know what the girl said to him in the necessarily brief moment of parting, but somehow she convinced him that she was right.

It was with gloom in our hearts as heavy as the night which shrouded our movements that we boarded the V-4, which submerged and headed for Jersey.

◆ It was the first of February, 1936, when I reached St. Louis with the stolen Karakhan letter. Knowing the contents presaged a conflict between the hostile fleets, I asked the General Board for information on the subject, and Commander "Blink" Russell was assigned to bring me up to date on the status of naval affairs. Speed flew Russell and myself south to the Gulf for an inspection of the improvised naval bases of the American fleet.

The Battle of Jamaica opened at dawn on March 4, 1936. By four o'clock in the afternoon the city of Kingston was a mass of smoking ruins, and that night American troopships were unloading stores and men in the harbour. It was Karakhan's first loss and our first territorial gain in the war. Binney landed us in the harbour shortly after the entrance of the marines, and we were present in the market place for the impromptu ceremony which marked the capitulation.

At dawn next day we joined a group of navy seaplanes flying east. Within an hour we saw ahead of us a large number of warships which Russell identified as the second battleship group of the United States fleet. It must have been around three o'clock when we sighted the American first battleship group down on the southwest horizon. Russell's keen eyes saw a squadron of planes leave the decks of the *Langley*.

When we caught up, they were engaged in a dogfight with several

Red planes. Our plane hovered off to one side of the combat. When the first American plane spun downward, out of control, Binney raced for it. We taxied toward it as it began to sink.

"Poor devil, he's through," Russell said. "A flyer's death and a sailor's grave. Good-bye, and—"

Binney shouted, "Here comes another!"

As we taxied at full speed, a second falling Yankee plane was still in the air. It managed to come out of the dive just before it struck the water. As the tail rose, a whirling body catapulted out of the fuselage. A minute later, Russell, hanging dangerously far out of the bow opening, was grasping the collar of an American boy. With some difficulty we brought him on board—seventeen-year-old Paderewski Czarnecki of New Leipzig, North Dakota. Private First Class, United States Air Corps.

A jet of water jumped twenty feet into the air, fifty feet away from the plane. We heard the whine of another shell. We left the water and climbed up and sped northward.

"That came from an enemy sub," said Russell. "The Red fleet and our battle groups are converging, according to my calculations. It's time we got out of here."

We did. We met a squadron of navy planes and joined their course to the eastward. There was not a vessel in sight on the smooth surface of the sea below. An hour of this patrol cruising and then a compact fighting formation of about forty Red planes dove down on our group. A general dogfight followed. I was looking into the glass face of the descending altimeter when the dial flew into bits from a bullet. Czarnecki took one straight through the head and toppled over dead.

"What fine picking we are," Russell said. "Unarmed fools."

"Gas line cut." Binney spun the ship over on one side in another effort to shake off that chattering machine gun behind us. The cabin filled with the strong smell of gas.

"Pressure tank hit," Binney

shouted. "I'm dumping her." He pulled the master switch on the roaring motors just as the amphibian straightened out and touched the water. Fire broke out in the left-engine nacelle. There was a roar over our heads and a splintering stream of machine-gun lead ripped through the top of our machine from nose to tail. The Red pilot skimmed away to the left, leaving us alone—a blazing wreck on the surface of the sea.

While Binney and I applied pressure extinguishers to the flaming left wing, the air fight above shifted—the three surviving American planes heading off to the north, pursued by three times their number of Reds.

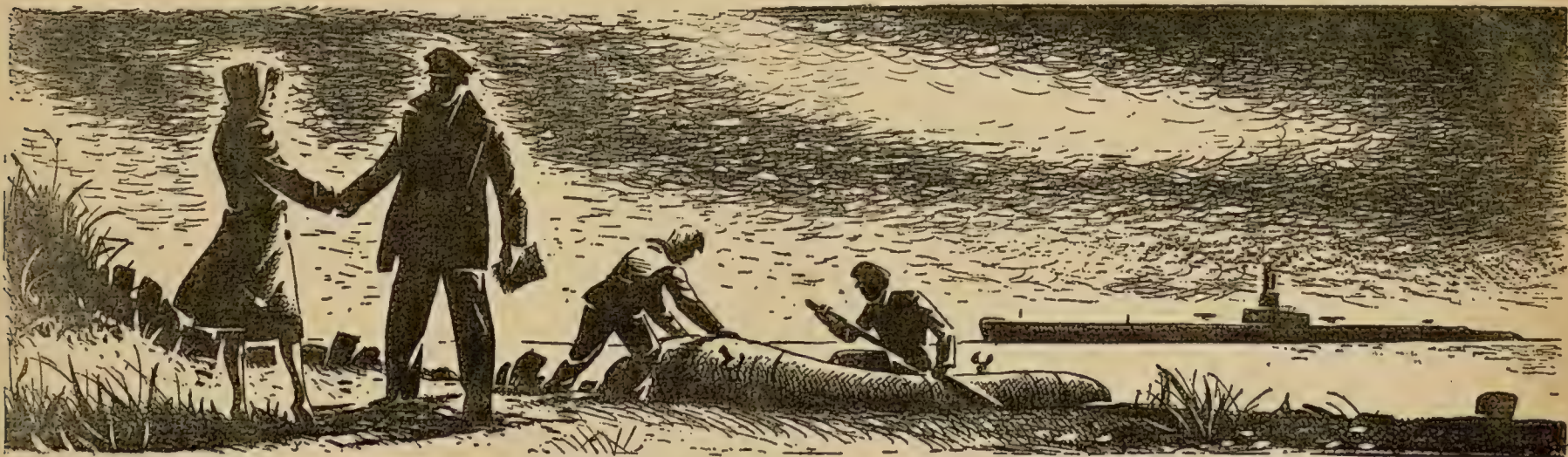
"Not a chance to put that fire out," Russell shouted. "The wings are soaked with gas. Drop the motors and cut the wings. We're all through for flying, but maybe the hull will float if we keep the flames away."

◆ Night fell black and sudden. Now the moving battle was almost on us—guns crashed right and left in the night and shells tore across the water above our heads. Some fell near by, sending jets of water into the air. A terrific explosion right in front of us shattered our eardrums and turned the night into day.

"A battleship at least," Russell said.

Destroyers shot by us right and left. A disabled one sank not fifty feet on our right, and across the water we could hear the voices of men in the water. We called to them and several of them swam to us. We pulled them aboard. Another destroyer stopped close by to pick up survivors. We shouted and they bumped alongside our little hull. We clambered aboard. The wreck of our amphibian drifted off, carrying with it the body of little Czarnecki.

An hour before dawn we came up with the rear of the American fleet which, having just achieved a concentration of its three separate groups, was now deploying in line of battle. We drew alongside the



Whit came ashore in a collapsible boat. With gloom in our hearts we boarded the V-4.

Oregon midway in the steaming line of battleships and our semaphore carried the information that Russell, Binney, and myself wished to be taken aboard her. Rope ladders came down over the wet steel flanks of the warship and we clambered up on deck.

As day broke, there came the sound of renewed firing south of our position. Russell told me the faster Red fleet had finally caught up with us. This was the opening of the major and final engagement of the Battle of the Windward Passage.

The thunder of the guns of the *Oregon* became deafening—maddening. The belching smoke and flame, the terrific reverberations of the guns, and the crashing, rending impact of shells striking the armoured turrets, I can only characterize as beyond human endurance.

Binney's clear voice came to me over the telephone line in the fighting top. Throughout the day he had been with the flying officers.

"I've got a bus with a gun on it this time," he said. "Bring Commander Russell down with you and we'll go up and get into the mess. I want one chance to get even."

Five minutes later the three of us were shot off the *Oregon's* catapult in an armed naval observation plane. Binney nosed up for altitude and we saw our fleet win the Battle of the Windward Passage.

Finally Binney landed Russell and me beside the *Oregon*, and we went aboard. Binney stood by, taking the sheets as they came from my typewriter and rushing with them to the radio communication office.

"Gee, chief, what a story," Binney said. "I'd give a million dollars to be beside Margot up there in Massachusetts when she gets it. Good God—what's going to happen to her now?"

◆ Control of the seas was ours, and now was to come the decision on the question of the mastery of the air. The American air offensive was launched on March 17. The objective was an attack on Boston, which, in addition to being Karakhan's military headquarters and principal base, was also his principal air-force center.

Our air fleet made its aerial assembly an hour after dawn on the morning of March 17 in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It flew straight out to sea and, once out of sight of the coast, took a northeast course.

A few hours later the American battle cloud swept in from the Atlantic and appeared over Boston. Once more the rain of death fell on the old city and enemy anti-aircraft guns fired their barrages, but no

enemy planes were in sight. Air Marshal Rumsay's scouts reconnoitered far inland to the north and south, but the Red airdromes were empty. This curious absence of the Red fleet was explained at one o'clock that afternoon when Rumsay received the following radio communication:

TREMENDOUS ENEMY AIR FORCE THOUSANDS OF PLANES OVER BUFFALO, NEW YORK STOP INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF CITY IN RUINS STOP NIAGARA FALLS POWER PLANT DESTROYED ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCES OUT OF ACTION

Rumsay radioed immediate orders to his group commanders and the American air fleet started westward across Massachusetts. Almost at the same time the enemy cloud, having completed the destruction of Buffalo, swung eastward on its return flight. The fleets met at four o'clock in the afternoon in the vicinity of Albany, New York. Both were low on fuel.

Thousands of ground soldiers watched this great battle of the skies. Planes fell thick and fast—tumbling down out of control; many were in flames. Rumsay's orders were to fight on to the last shot and the last drop of gas. The combat covered a tremendous area and took place at all altitudes up to 21,000 feet.

◆ Shortly after five o'clock the air combat swung westward over the battle front. Soon planes began to fall from lack of fuel. The American Air Commander generally held in line of formation to the north and to the east of the enemy. Dusk was falling as the fight swept southward and westward into New York State. Enemy airmen, falling behind the lines, were captured by civilians and soldiers. Many, whose planes landed in the country, sought to escape by hiding.

As a whole, the air combat was indecisive, but after its conclusion the advantage rested with the American forces, and it was with distinct aerial superiority that we opened that famous victory drive on the first day of April, 1936. It was preceded by a tremendous bombardment along the entire battle front from Lake Erie to the Harlem River.

On the second day of the artillery preparation, our infantry advanced across the fields of barbed wire on the east bank of the Hudson opposite Albany. In the first day's fighting, much of it bitter hand-to-hand bayonet combats, the enemy were driven out of Waterford and Troy. Opposite Albany the advance was supported by the massed American artillery on the west bank of the Hudson. Night and day the enemy hinterland was subjected to a terrific rain of bombs from the air.

American losses in the first week of the advance were severe, but in seven days our lines pushed twenty-five miles eastward and crossed the New York-Massachusetts border. The center of the line held on Williamstown on the Hoosic River, and twenty miles directly south we had occupied Pittsfield and were still pushing in. North Adams fell into our hands, and on the north our forces, after intensive fighting, occupied the town of Bennington.

Karakhan's efforts to apply pressure on the left flank of the American push were countered by a terrific bombardment of his infantry concentrations caught in the open by five groups of the American air fleet.

Binney and I covered the battle daily from the air. Albany was now out of range of the Red guns and we used it as a base from which I dispatched my stories.

◆ As the American advance pushed forward on Boston, I received a code radio message from Whit Dodge, informing me that Margot had failed to meet him at his last rendezvous at Lobster Rock near Salem. I communicated the information to Speed Binney.

"I can land near Greystones," Speed said. "Know a nice little field one-fourth mile from the house and back from the road. Spotted it one time when Lin and I were walking."

We left Albany an hour before dawn.

"If that devil ever lays so much as one hand on my girl," Speed said, "I'll tear his heart out."

We could see the panic-stricken masses in the streets of Boston as we flew over the city and continued up the coast toward Salem. Somewhere in these waters offshore I knew that Whit Dodge and the V-4 were keeping their vigil.

Binney headed the plane inland from Salem, flying above the familiar road we knew during the days of our convalescence hardly two months previous.

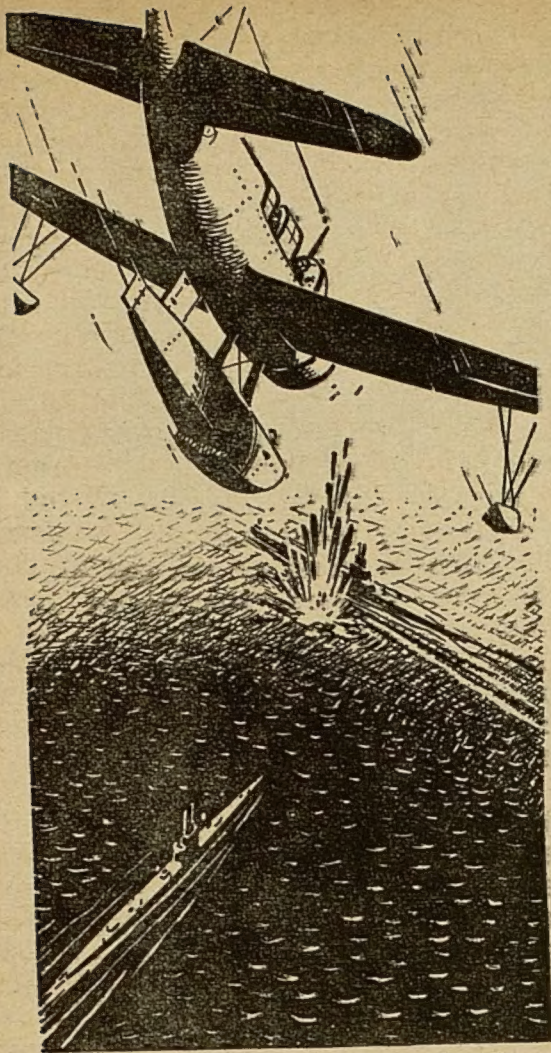
"That's the lodge and the driveway, but where's the house?" I shouted, and then my eyes fell upon a pile of smoking ruins.

Binney swore. "Burns his camp and takes it on the lam. God! Where's Margot? I've got to land and find out."

"No use, Speed," I cautioned him. "If she is in the ruins, it's too late. There's only one hope now: Find Karakhan. He must be in flight. But where?"

"Can only be one place left," Binney replied. "From the way his army is rolling back, he's licked on land, and we have the jump on him in the air. His only chance of escape is the sea."

"Not the sea, Speed, but under the sea," I shouted in his ear with new



We saw our fleet win the Battle of the Windward Passage.

hope. "What a pair of saps we are. We have forgotten *The Star of Asia*."

"His super-sub, of course," said my pilot eagerly. "Margot told me Karakhan always kept it moored up the coast in a cove near Manchester. We'll be there in a minute."

I recalled the description Margot had once given me of this enormous modern submarine which Karakhan had turned into a private undersea yacht. I had asked her why Dodge didn't sneak in some night and destroy it, and the girl had told me that Dodge had avoided operations near Greystones for fear of betraying Margot's daring mission in the household of Karakhan's wife.

"No luck, chief," Speed was saying. "There's the cove. Surface water smooth and clear. You can see the bottom. She's not here. It's probable he's on a course north for Halifax. He'll travel on the surface to make speed. We might be able to spot him from the air."

I agreed, but reminded the boy we had been in the air a long time from Albany, and I didn't think we had many hours' gas left in the tanks. His reaction to our prospect of being marooned far out from land without fuel was a shrug. I read the thoughts behind his tense, drawn face. What difference, if he lost the girl?

Flying northward on the Halifax course, we scanned the surface of the sea in all directions, as far as my binoculars would reach.

"Looks like a fishing boat down there ahead of us," said Binney. "We'll drop down. Maybe they've seen what we're looking for."

My glasses soon discerned one person, and I was almost certain it was a woman, in the boat. I told Speed, just as he brought the amphibian's bottom down on the surface. The woman was standing now and waving her arms to us. I recognized Lin Karakhan.

"Where's Margot?" Speed's voice rang out, as he taxied alongside. I reached out and drew Lin into the plane.

"In the submarine," the distraught woman gasped. "In *The Star of Asia*. He has her with him. He put me adrift here to die."

"How long ago?" I demanded.

"About an hour."

"Where are they going?" Speed was opening his throttles.

"I don't know—Halifax, I think, for fuel. And then to England."

"Hold everything and watch 'em sharp!" Speed shouted over his shoulder, as we shot into the air. He hasn't hurt her, has he?"

"No, Speed. Not yet, at least; but he will. He is beside himself with rage. He attributes his defeat on the front to betrayal."

She told us how Karakhan, with a few staff officers, had appeared at Greystones at dawn, had forced her and Margot into a closed car, ordered everybody out of the house, and then blown it up. As we had surmised, he had motored to Manchester, taken the women and Colonel Boyar with him aboard *The Star of Asia*, and put to sea.

"He fears the blockade," Lin explained, "and is running submerged most of the time, but he came up two or three times to make observations. The last time, he dragged me up on deck and put me in the small boat. He shouted to me as the sub moved off, 'Go back to your country of pale-faced mongrel immigrants! The next consort of Karakhan of Kazan will be a woman worthy of the blood of Genghis Khan.'"

◆ With binoculars I scanned the horizon right and left.

"Turn right and head back! Something over there," I shouted.

"It's a sub," said Speed. "But not *The Star of Asia*. I can tell from her superstructure. She's a Yank type. Looks like a 'V' class. But what's she shooting at? I can't see anything else."

"I can now," I replied. "It's another sub, about a mile beyond her. Here, Lin, look through these."

"I can't see—oh, now I do—I don't know if it is the same. Yes—yes—it is! It's *The Star of Asia*. It's Karakhan!"

The wind through our struts rose to a shriek. Speed had heard and

we were whistling down the long slide at a terrific pace. Now, with the binoculars, I could see the exchange of shots between the deck guns of the two undersea craft. I held my breath in fear as Speed brought us down on the surface at a terrible speed, and taxied in between the two fighting subs.

"Not there, for God's sake!" I shouted. "Swing around to the other side. We're between both fires. They'll rake us."

As I spoke, the forward gun on the Yank sub barked, and I saw the gun on the afterdeck of *The Star of Asia* crash over and point skyward. The Yankee crew was preparing to fire again. Standing out in white on the wet side of her superstructure was "V-4."

"It's Whit Dodge!" I shouted as we raced through the water.

We saw the gun crew load. A blue-clad figure on the superstructure lowered his binoculars and angrily waved an arm, ordering us out of the way. I recognized Dodge.

◆ "For God's sake cease firing!" Speed shouted, bringing the amphibian alongside and blocking the pointed gun with its wings.

"You'll sink her. Karakhan's aboard," I shouted.

"I hope to God I do," Whit Dodge shouted back. "Get that crate out of the way." Then to his gunners, "Give her hell and sink her!"

"Margot's there too, you idiot. Karakhan has her a prisoner," I shouted. "My God, man, you will kill her!"

"Cease firing!" Whit commanded. I could see his face whiten beneath its tan. "Good God, I've hit her twice already. She's disabled and both her guns are out. I hope she isn't sinking."

"She's afire!" one of the crew shouted.

"She's not afire," Dodge said. "That's a smoke bomb, and he's screening something on his forward deck. I can't see what it is."

"Here, then, take Lin on board, and we will find out what they are doing while you keep them covered with the guns," I said, as I helped Lin out of the amphibian onto the deck of the submarine.

At that moment a speeding object skimmed just above the water out from behind the smoke cloud.

"It's a plane!" Speed shouted. "He thinks he's going to get away."

Speed climbed faster than the Red plane and soon had achieved his fighting position above and behind. He tested his forward machine gun. I could see the bulky parachute bundles strapped on the backs of the three occupants of the plane. Occasionally the pilot changed direction in an effort to shake us off. Then I saw the gun mounted over the rear cockpit

trained on us, although the distance was yet too great for effective firing. I looked and knew at once that the man behind the gun was the Red Napoleon.

Speed shouted, "I'm going to dive and let him have it."

He nosed her down and trained his guns. Karakhan fired. A burst of lead shattered the wooden cowl in front of our faces, and then the figure in the second cockpit turned around. It was Margot.

"My God, that was close," Binney said. "I'd almost fired."

He banked the machine out of the line of Karakhan's machine gun. Around and around in circles we went, Speed endeavouring to keep out of the stream of fire to which we could not reply.

◆ Then we saw a tall, slender body stand up in the middle compartment, straining against the terrific rush of air. One foot reached the coping, and Margot launched herself into space. We saw her parachute open immediately. She drifted down toward the water.

"Atta gal, Maggie!" Speed sang out.

The Red plane swerved, dove, and brought its guns to bear on that little inflated patch of white silk on which Margot's life hung. With a sudden burst of speed Binney headed straight for the Red plane. His machine guns spoke in unison, and a stream of lead tore through the Red pilot's cockpit. The plane nosed up, fell on one wing, and started down to the water. I saw Karakhan helplessly enmeshed in the belts and mountings of the machine gun.

We went down to the surface several minutes later beside Margot and pulled her aboard, white and somewhat breathless, but unhurt. Speed held her in his arms. "Maggie, what an ace you are!"

We taxied over to the floating wreck of the Red plane. The pilot was dead and Karakhan was sitting limp in the rear cockpit, a trickle of blood on his forehead. We dragged him aboard. I sat beside him and Speed launched the plane into the air with its now heavy load of four people.

To the south we picked up *The Star of Asia* and the V-4 steaming side by side toward us. The Stars and Stripes flew from the superstructure of the captured sub, indicating that Whit Dodge had put a prize crew aboard her. I also presumed, and correctly, that Dodge was on board in command of his prize.

Yankee sailors drew us alongside. Speed left the controls and helped Margot on to the deck. Back of them

the tall, thin figure of the dejected Karakhan walked. I brought up the rear of the procession. Lin was standing near the conning tower beside Dodge. She gasped and stepped forward involuntarily with hands outstretched toward Karakhan. "You're hurt—you're hurt!"

"You," he snarled at her, "you did this."

His right hand, from which dangled his heavy leather helmet, shot out and he whipped it across the woman's face. Before Speed or I could move, a sailor tugged out his service revolver and fired.

Even though staggered and almost blinded by the blow, Lin saw his movement, whirled, and threw herself in front of Karakhan. At that instant came the shot. She slumped down at the feet of her husband.

Margot and I were beside her in a minute. Margot held her in her arms. Lifting her head, Lin looked up at the Red Napoleon.

"I love you," she whispered. She died in Margot's arms.

Karakhan stood unmoved, a blue-jacket holding him by either hand.

Whit Dodge confronted him. "That's the last white woman you'll ever lay hands on." Karakhan turned his head and looked into Margot's face. Dodge said with slow emphasis, "Do you know who this lady is? I have suspected that you knew all the time."

Karakhan's smile was enigmatical.

"I'll wipe that smile off your mush," Speed said angrily, and then to Dodge, "If anybody wants to know who she is—she's my girl and she's going to be my wife."

"Is this true?" Whit said slowly.

"It is, Whit. I love him," the girl replied.

◆ Speed was beside her in an instant, his arms around her. Dodge hesitated, then extended his hand.

"You win, Speed." Then, facing Margot, Whit continued. "I presume you release me from my promise of silence?"

Margot's eyes sought Speed's, then she nodded assent to Dodge.

"I have the honour and the pleasure to wish all the happiness in the world to your Royal Highness," he said.

"Is that supposed to be comedy?" Speed demanded.

"No, Speed, it's the truth," Dodge replied. "The lady who is to be your wife is her Royal Highness, the Princess Victoria Louise."

Speed looked from one to the other and then turned to the girl.

"Maggie, is this on the level?"

"Yes, Speed."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

She looked Speed squarely in the eyes. "I thought it might make a difference if you knew—a difference between us, dear."

Speed pulled her closer. "It wouldn't make any difference if you were the Queen herself," he said, "and anyway, I've got a swell new title for you: 'Mrs. Speed Binney.' How's that?"

A cheer came to us from across the water. The crew on the deck of the V-4 were cheering and throwing their hats in the air. She pulled closer to us. A bluejacket aloft was madly wigwagging a message with his arms.

An officer at a megaphone shouted across to us, "The war is over. American Official Communiqué just received by radio reads:

"CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE RED ARMIES OF NEW ENGLAND SURRENDERS STOP UNDER WHITE FLAG OF TRUCE HE ENTERED AMERICAN LINES SOUTH OF BOSTON TO NEGOTIATE ARMISTICE STOP KARAKHAN HAS ESCAPED AND IS NOW SUPPOSED TO BE IN FLIGHT."

Good Lord, the story! Me standing here tingling sentimentally over a couple of romantic young fools, and the biggest news story in the world in my hands! The whole Army and Navy of the United States looking for the Red Napoleon, and we had captured him.

A few minutes later the first lines of my story dated "On board Karakhan's super-submarine, *The Star of Asia*," were going over the air by radio.

◆ Speed Binney and Margot flew over from New York to visit me here in Bermuda just last week. The former Princess Victoria Louise is now a Congresswoman. Speed says that Margot's victory in the election of 1940 squares up the old score with the British, who took an American girl—Lady Astor—and made her a member of Parliament.

Colonel Boyar shares the exile here with Karakhan and has helped me with maps, documents, and information for the compilation of this work.

Karakhan is a sick man. I walk with him and sometimes we ride together. But most of the time he sits alone in the sunlight on the veranda of the Bermudiana Hotel, and most frequently he has in his lap a map of the Caribbean Sea in which his star of destiny went down to the Battle of the Windward Passage. I talk with him daily in my capacity of joint representative for the World Press. His armies gone, his navies sunk, his air fleets brought low, and world empire disbanded, the Red Napoleon refuses to be crushed even in defeat and exile.

He is aware that the world is still too conscious of the losses it suffered at his hands, to permit even the remotest chance of his return to power.

But in the seeds of discontent he has sown, he holds stubbornly to the hope of future vindication. ◆ ◆



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